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THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF MAN FLIGHT

BY AUGUSTUS POST

EX-SECRETARY OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA

IT is time to take a census of the population of the air, and the results will surprise a good many people who have not realized how swiftly aviation has progressed.

Its history begins with 1908; 1909 was the year of experiments to perfect the machine, 1910 the year of meets to reveal its wonders. In 1911 the aviators, who had by this time learned to leave the aviation field for the open country, and to cut out aerial routes for themselves, made the great cross-country flights of Europe and America, which astounded the world by

their skill and daring, the distinguishing feature of the year. There is no possible doubt that 1912 will show equally startling advances, and that of the statistics to be recorded, whether of miles flown, of passengers carried, of licenses issued, or of any other feature, every number will show a sharp increase.

There is one number that we could well see made smaller instead of larger, and that is the number of fatalities. Yet it can be foretold, as confidently as any future event may be, that there will be in 1912 two hundred deaths due to the navigation of the



E. NIEUPORT (FRANCE), CONSTRUCTOR OF THE WINNING MONOPLANE IN THE GORDON BENNETT RACE, 1911—KILLED SEPTEMBER 14, 1911, WHILE FLYING IN TREACHEROUS WINDS



HENRY FARMAN (FRANCE), A PIONEER AVIATOR, NOW
A CONSTRUCTOR OF BIPLANES AND
HYDRO-AEROPLANES

air, and that of these a larger proportion than heretofore will be in America.

This is not fortune-telling, as will be seen from a study of the conditions from which the calculation is made, and of the causes which, if removed, will happily disprove it. The aviators themselves have forecast it, and are forming an aviators' benefit fund as a measure of insurance, since they are not a commercial risk.

The "air men" of whom we once read, one by one, in magazines or newspapers—creatures that seemed to most of us semi-mythical, or at least of a quite extra-human quality—these "bird men," whom some thought crazy, have been proved to be not only normal, but possessed of qualities that must be still further developed than they

are now. Almost every one has seen an aviator fly; some have seen so many that they are as blasé as the Parisian baker-boy of whom Hubert Latham tells. Latham, who had accidentally upset the lad's tray of cakes in the street while looking up at a monoplane, excused himself by calling attention to the sight.

"Oh," replied the youth, "that's only an aeroplane!"

Most people have on their list of personal acquaintances many who have flown, perhaps as passenger, perhaps as pilot, or at least some one to whom the air has taken on, in this way, a new phase of usefulness and interest, and who knows by experience the delightful sensation still in store for



MAURICE FARMAN (FRANCE), CONSTRUCTOR OF
BIPLANES AND HYDRO-AEROPLANES

those who have not already invaded the domain of Æolus.

THE RULING BODY OF THE AIR

The upper air is even now well organized, like any of the countries on the

tions which affect the citizens of its domains. Rudyard Kipling would have all earthly governmental questions finally decided by this aerial tribunal, in the distant future, concerning which he speaks at some length in his famous story "With the Night



THE BROTHERS, WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT (AMERICA), THE PIONEERS OF PRESENT-DAY AVIATION, AND CONSTRUCTORS OF THE WRIGHT BIPLANE

earth's surface. It has its supreme government, known as the Federation Aeronautique Internationale (International Aeronautical Federation), or, in common parlance, the "F. A. I.," which makes laws for the issuance of licenses and the conduct of contests, and controls all ques-

Mail." It may well come to pass that when the tremendous military preparations for aerial equipment, which almost all the foremost nations are now carrying on, shall culminate, many questions will be settled, if not by such a deliberative body, at least in the upper atmosphere, where supremacy

would mean a very practical and material advantage.

The F. A. I. represents seventeen nations, and more than two hundred organizations, aggregating, according to the best and most conservative estimates, more than thirty thousand individuals, all more or less directly concerned in the problems and pleasures of the upper air.

Of this great population pretty nearly half are members of German organizations. This is undoubtedly due not only to the national interest in things aeronautical, but especially to the great wave of patriotism that swept over the Kaiser's realm last year, when the German constructors made such remarkable successes with lighter-than-air craft.

As might be expected, France is second in the number of her representatives, there being about one thousand members in the Aero Club of France alone. There are innumerable small societies and clubs in all the large French cities, nearly all having excellent flying-fields, in addition to the numerous military grounds, which are by far the best in the world in regard to their equipment and facilities.

There are more than twenty-five recognized aero clubs in America, with a membership of fully five thousand, not counting many important clubs and associations who have lent their organized support to the holding of meets and the arranging of great contests which otherwise could not have been held; for not only boards of

trade, but even city governments, have been generous in promoting the success of what has already been done, often under the most adverse circumstances. There are now more than forty flying-fields in the

United States provided with from one to thirty hangars apiece. Many of our larger cities have more than one field, and it will not be long before it will be as necessary for a city to have its own starting-points and landing-places for aeroplanes as to provide docks for steamers on the water-front and cabstands for street traffic.

Great Britain has more than twenty clubs, with more than a thousand members. It has sixteen flying-grounds, besides large military plains which are extensively used for this purpose.

All the foremost countries of the world appear among the other nations of the Federation. Russia, Egypt, and the Argentine Republic are ably represented, while the proverbial "Swiss navy," with its mythical admiral, is in a fair way to material recognition and actual duties in the aerial marine of to-day, for the ocean of the air makes every place a port.

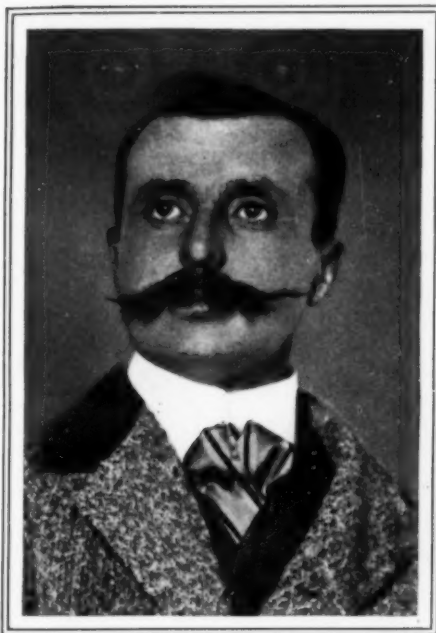
Flying has been by no means limited to the countries represented in the F. A. I., but all parts of the civilized globe, and some that we should hesitate to call entirely civilized, have been invaded by the daring pioneers of the

new age. China, Japan, the Philippines, Siberia, India, the arctic regions, the islands of the Pacific, and the heart of the African



GLENN CURTISS (AMERICA), WINNER OF THE FIRST GORDON BENNETT RACE, AND CONSTRUCTOR OF THE CURTISS BIPLANE AND HYDRO-AEROPLANE

From a photograph by Sawyer & Dwyer, Los Angeles



LOUIS BLÉRIOT (FRANCE), THE FIRST AVIATOR TO FLY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AND CONSTRUCTOR OF THE BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE

jungle—all have echoed to the sound of the whirring propeller beating the unaccustomed air.

THREE THOUSAND SKILLED AIR MEN

With this outline of the domain, and this idea of the total population of the air, we must center our attention upon one part of the new race. This branch is not the most numerous, but it includes those actually engaged in developing the resources of the air, and in fighting to extend its frontiers and to add to its already illustrious list of accomplishments. These are the more than three thousand skilled air men who are duly qualified and tested pilots.

Thirteen hundred and ninety-seven of these, nearly half of the entire number, are licensed aviators who have been duly recommended and have passed a rigid examination conducted by technical representatives, themselves specially trained and appointed for this purpose. France has the largest number, now very nearly seven hundred. England comes next, with two hundred and seven at the beginning of this year, when Germany had one hundred and twenty-four; Russia, ninety-nine; Italy, seventy-two; Belgium, forty-seven. The

Aero Club of America has now granted one hundred and five licenses, and applications are coming in rapidly.

The rate at which the population of the air is likely to increase during the present year may be inferred from the fact that at a single French school—the Blériot, at Pau—twenty-two new pilots obtained their licenses within two months. This, too, was before the season had started.

The present state of aviation in France, which has been swept by a patriotic excitement at fever heat, has resulted in what the French themselves call an "explosion of enthusiasm." One phase of this has taken the practical form of a great public subscription for the purchase of military aeroplanes. At this writing the total of



CHARLES T. WEYMAN, WINNER OF THE GORDON BENNETT RACE, 1911, AND FIRST IN THE FRENCH ARMY TRIALS



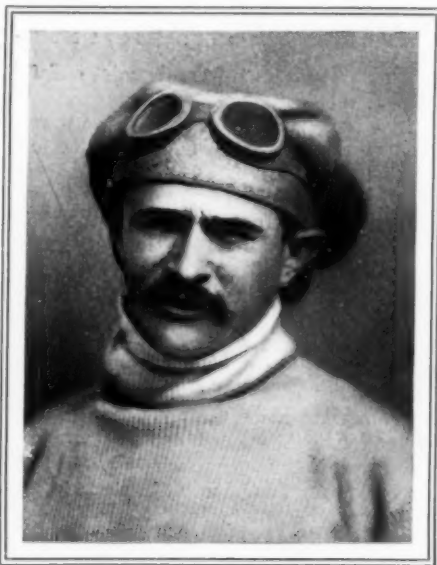
ROLAND GARROS (FRANCE), HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR ALTITUDE, THIRTEEN THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE FEET

the fund is approaching three million francs. At recent performances of "L'Aiglon," Sarah Bernhardt, in the white uniform of the great Napoleon's son, went through the audience gathering subscriptions in her military cap. Wherever aviators appear at political meetings they are

greeted with tumultuous applause. Védérines has been making a popular campaign, flying from place to place, and addressing enthusiastic crowds from his aeroplane. The city of Brest has opened a subscription to purchase hydro-aeroplanes for French seaports and the navy.



LIEUTENANT ANDRÉ BEAUMONT (FRANCE), WHO LAST YEAR WON THE PARIS-ROME RACE, THE EUROPEAN CIRCUIT, AND THE CIRCUIT OF ENGLAND



JULES VÉDRINES (FRANCE), WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S PARIS-MADRID RACE, AND HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD, ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR MILES AN HOUR

This direct expression of the will of the French people with regard to what they are calling the "fourth arm" of their service* becomes even more significant when taken in connection with the repeated utterances of their orators to the effect that "the lost Alsace-Lorraine is the wound that must never be allowed to heal until the wrongs of 1870 be repaired." No wonder that a similar fund is being organized in Germany, and that its success reminds one of the splendid response of the German people to the needs of Count Zeppelin, when they raised fifteen hundred thousand marks by popular subscription to assist him with his aeronautical work.

England also had a popular subscription last year, through its Aerial League, and the United States should have one without delay, in order to assist our military authorities to develop both men and machines, so as to maintain their lead over the French, German, and English skilled aviators, and to equal them in numbers and equipment. In 1915 France alone will have nine hundred machines and fifteen hundred trained pilots. Her army can now mobilize three hundred and thirty-four aeroplanes, each manned by two officers, with suitable field equipment and an aeronautical regiment.

OTHER STATISTICS OF THE AIR

The large figures are not all associated with military operations. A conservative estimate places the total number of aeroplanes at three thousand, and we have figures from the general secretary of the Aero-Club de France, stating that thirteen hundred and fifty machines were built last year in France alone, as against eight hundred the year before. There were fully as many built in all the other countries put together.

*The "four arms" of the French military service are (1) infantry, (2) cavalry, (3) artillery, (4) *avions*.

The recorded number of passengers carried in France, last year, was twelve thousand—three times as many as were carried the year before—and the record in this country and England was probably as large or larger, for many aviators were engaged in passenger-carrying as a regular business.

The French figures giving the number of hours flown, compiled from records and other data, show a grand total of thirty thousand—four times as much as in the previous year. This agrees with the total distance flown in France of one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand miles.

There were twenty-six fatalities in France during 1911—which means one death for sixty-two thousand miles flown. In 1910 there were ten fatalities, which, with three hundred and twelve thousand miles flown in that year, shows one death to thirty-one thousand miles. In other words, flying was just about half as dangerous in 1911 as it was in 1910. If the number of fatal accidents is increasing, the first thing it proves is that the total amount of flying is increasing at a still greater rate.

It must be noted that these figures are for France alone. A total estimate to include all countries would show at the very least twenty-two thousand passengers carried last year, and fifty thousand hours of flying, while aviators covered three and one-quarter million miles through the air, or a distance equal to a flight thirteen times around the equator.

There were two single continuous-direction flights across the North American continent, of more than four thousand miles each, made by our famous countrymen, Rodgers and Fowler, and one of twelve hundred miles by Atwood, from St. Louis to New York. Three racing circuits of a thousand miles in distance were held in France, England, and Germany, the num-



CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE (ENGLAND), WINNER OF THE GORDON BENNETT RACE, 1910

From a copyrighted photograph by Thompson, New York



CALBRAITH P. RODGERS (AMERICA), THE FIRST AVIATOR TO FLY ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT—KILLED APRIL 3, 1912

ber of competitors being respectively fifty-two, eighteen, and eleven.

Among the other great events were cross-country races from Paris to Madrid, with twenty aviators entered, and from Paris to Rome, with twenty-eight.

This year we are promised a race across the continents of Asia and Europe, from Peking to Paris, a distance of seventy-five hundred miles; a great European race from Paris to Vienna; a race across the Atlantic in hydro-aeroplanes, the lusty babies of aviation, over at least twenty hundred miles of water; and an American circuit of twenty hundred miles, taking in the chief cities of the Middle West.

It is to be expected that with this tremendous increase in activity there will be an increase in the number of fatal accidents. So much is, indeed, to be expected; but what we look for is that the percentage of fatalities will be greatly diminished, and that the men to die will not, as heretofore, be taken from those whom the science of aviation can least spare—the trained exploiters of the machines' resources.

The first year of the aeroplane's appearance before the public was marked by one death. In 1909 there were three. In the following year, 1910, there were twenty-nine; and in 1911, eighty-three. In this year of 1912, with the flying season as yet

hardly begun, there have already been more than twenty fatalities.

THE DEATH TOLL OF 1912

Of the fatal accidents of the present year, some will be among the "innocent bystanders," for with the vast crowds that assemble at meets and races, and the tense excitement that prevails when nation is competing against nation, it is to be expected that there will be more than one accident like that which cost France a minister of war last year. The difficulty of properly policing such crowds—a difficulty due only to the fact that the problem, like everything else in aeronautics, is too new to have been fully mastered—makes such accidents a probability of the coming aviation season. There will be great cross-country races going through rural districts, with landings to be made in places where people are unaccustomed to the high speeds of these ma-



HARRY N. ATWOOD (AMERICA), WHO LAST YEAR FLEW FROM BOSTON TO WASHINGTON AND FROM ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK

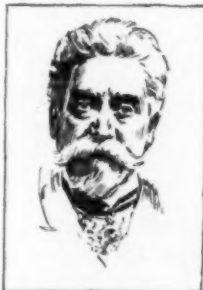
From a copyrighted photograph by Thompson, New York



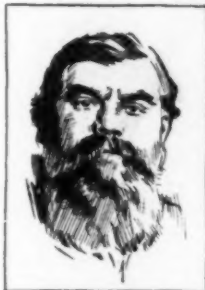
OCTAVE CHANUTE
(America)



OTTO LILIENTHAL
(Germany)



SIR HIRAM MAXIM
(England)



LÉON LEVASSUEUR
(France)

chines, and to the attendant excitement. Atwood and Rodgers and Fowler all attest that it was sometimes impossible to land at all in the places assigned, and they were forced to make their landings far beyond the dense crowds that had gathered.

Then, too, the flights over cities, although they are regarded with official disapprobation, will probably not be done away with until some spectacular accident impresses the necessity for such action upon the public mind. How near we have already come to such an accident any one can understand who read of the dropping of a heavy moving-picture machine in New York harbor from the aeroplane in which Frank Coffyn was performing his remarkable and fascinating feats. The machine did not hit a ferry-boat, but it might readily have done so, and the popularity of the sport would not have been helped thereby.

Then, too, the aeroplane is not only a subject for military experiments, but an actual engine of destruction in real warfare, this year, in Tripoli. Moreover, there are the men who will drop to death in parachutes cut loose from aeroplanes, not only in attempts to perfect safety devices, but from the fact that the parachute-drop, a favorite feature of the county fair, has now begun to pall upon the public taste when performed from a balloon. With the aeroplane as an adjunct, it will remain a headline attraction, although in the present experimental stage it is very much more dangerous both to parachutist and to aviator. That the parachute and the glider are not such safe propositions as sometimes supposed is shown by the fact that no less than fourteen scientific investigators have lost their lives in this way, to say nothing of the innumerable accidents at exhibitions and county fairs where unknown acrobats drop from balloons.

But with all these set aside, there still remains the strong probability that a great many aviators will die this year, and of a class that the world can ill afford to lose. As M. de la Hault, of Belgium, says in his report to the F. A. I.:

I know that with an admirable courage ten aviators, or even a hundred, will present themselves to replace those who are no more; but is it not frightful to see this fair and noble youth cast as food to the Minotaur of progress?

The first step in a consideration of this kind is to examine the causes of previous



SAMUEL P. LANGLEY
(America)



W. KRESS
(Germany)



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
(America)



JOHN J. MONTGOMERY
(America)



LAWRENCE HARGRAVE
(Australia)



R. ESNAULT-PELTERIE
(France)



A. SANTOS-DUMONT
(France)



LÉON MORANE
(France)

accidents. From the statistics hitherto published—of a far too summary nature, unfortunately—we can draw conclusions that give one much to think about, especially in view of the fact that this heavy death-list is predicted in the fifth year of aviation, when the machine is better than ever before. Not only has the motor now reached a marvelous development for the purpose required, but the structure of the aeroplane is such that its fragility is only apparent—or, to express it better, only relative.

In a total death-list that now contains one hundred and thirty names, besides four hundred seriously injured, none of the more famous of the pioneer builders have been killed in their own machines. These men know how easily an aeroplane can be smashed; they have been thoroughly schooled in this regard by their own experience. The novice has not had this training, nor does he realize the seriousness of what he is doing, and how easily something may go wrong. Moissant would never have started to fly from Paris to London if he had known just a little more about his machine. Before he reached his goal he had found out how a streak of luck plays out. Nieuport is the only exception to this record, but he does not come in the class of early experimenters.

In an analysis of the causes of fatal accidents up to the end of February of this year, twenty-four were due to defects of the machine—and most of these occurred in the earlier years of aviation. Thirty-four were doubtful, for they are listed as due to "vol-plane smash," and it is seldom possible to tell whether such a loss of control was due to breakage or to some error of judgment, physical breakdown, or other personal reason. This leaves fifty-eight fatalities, directly traceable to the aviator himself, the victims being in many cases men of world-wide reputation.

DEVELOPING THE FLYING MAN

The fact is that the machine has been developed so rapidly that it is ahead of the average aviator. Its possibilities are already as far ahead of anything that has been realized of them as were those of the ship before Columbus made his great voyage. And yet flying is an art in which, of the combination of man and machine, man is worth fully three-quarters.

The flying man is not a new species; he must be developed out of the existing race,



GABRIEL VOISIN
(France)



ROGER SOMMER
(France)



C. VOISIN
(France)



LOUIS BRÉGUET
(France)



COLONEL CODY
(England)



CAPTAIN BALDWIN
(America)



LIEUTENANT SELFIDGE
(America)



J. A. D. MCCURDY
(Canada)

as birds were developed from some terrestrial ancestor. Scientists agree that the earliest birds could only hop, and that it has required the slow evolution of ages to produce the flight of the sea-gull. Man, who condenses the processes of centuries into the brief circuit of a few lives, must have at least a little time to adjust himself to a speed that was until this decade unbelievable, to habitudes to which neither the mind nor the body of the human race has been trained. He must meet new demands on eyesight, hearing, and powers of enduring cold and fatigue. He must develop a new sense of equilibrium, and all the unnamed, because hitherto unneeded, qualities of brain and body that birds were born with, but men have died without. In other words, as well as strengthening the machine, we have to strengthen the man.

The machine itself has been strengthened by a careful study of these very accidents. The most recent and convincing example of this is the result of M. Blériot's investigation, at the request of the French government, into the causes of three successive deaths in monoplanes—those of Chavez, the conqueror of the Alps, of Blanchard, and of Lautheume. In the report made by the great designer, he exposed the structural weakness of this type, including his own machine, in the failure of the upper guys to resist forces coming from above. As a result, the French war minister suspended all military flights in monoplanes until all the army machines of this type could be sent to the workshops to be re-trussed above the wings, so as to support top loading, or air pressure from above. Such pressure occurs when a monoplane is placed in certain positions—for instance, in making an abrupt volplane or glide at a steep angle of descent.

This is as convincing an example as one could have of the value of a study of accidents, and many others could be adduced. I might also mention the work done by the aerological laboratories, such as the Aero-Dynamic Laboratory, at the Catholic University of America, in Washington. At this bureau, established by Dr. Zahm, an elaborate wind-tunnel was built to measure the air-resistance of bodies of various shapes, and to determine the friction that various surfaces offered to the air.

Other laboratories have been established at Koutschino, near Moscow, in Russia, and at the Military Aeronautical Institu-



LÉON DELAGRANCE
(France)



CAPTAIN FERBER
(France)



EUGÈNE LEFEBVRE
(France)



COMTE DE LAMBERT
(France)



LOUIS PAULHAN
(France)



PAUL TISSANDIER
(France)



G. LEGAGNEUX
(France)



ALFRED LEBLANC
(France)

tion at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris. The University of Göttingen has one under the direction of Professor Prandtl, and a fund has been raised to found a chair of aeronautics at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

Such laboratories will not only decide upon the new and immensely valuable instruments by which the man-bird seeks to replace the bird-senses not yet developed in men, but will develop in general the new science of aerology, or rather that branch of meteorology which deals with the upper air. This is a department with which, in all the history of the world, man has had little directly to do, but the most important part in its relation to weather and atmospheric disturbances.

WHEN AN AVIATOR FALLS

We see that the machine can be made to rise on the wings of its failures; but in the case of the aviator, no such circumstances present themselves. The machine, after its fall, usually gives mute but unmistakable evidence of the fault or flaw that caused its wreck, but the aviator is too thoroughly dead ever to tell us whether, at the critical moment—and in an aeroplane what moment is not critical?—his judgment swerved, his eyesight betrayed him, cold paralyzed his senses, or the long strain of continuous flight benumbed his will.

Even though the accident be not mortal, the aviator usually has little to say as to its cause. A curious aphasia is apt to accompany or follow a serious fall, as in a case of which I had personal knowledge. After coming down eighty feet in a most successful smash, this particular aviator extricated himself from the wreckage of his aeroplane, saw the machine taken away, and talked rationally on the way to the hotel. Nevertheless, he could not remember a thing that took place from the moment when the machine turned over in the air to the time, three hours later, when he woke up in his room.

After Calbraith Rodgers recovered from the effects of a fall from a great height with his aeroplane—much the same sort of accident that finally killed him—he spoke of what he called the "aerial asphyxia" that overcame him, and declared that the sensation of such a fall is far from unpleasant. This last point would seem to depend, as do so many things in aviation, upon the individual, for surely Witmer, who recently lived through an accident of the sort that



HUBERT LATHAM
(France)



HUBERT LE BLON
(France)



MAURICE TABUTEAU
(France)



EUGÈNE RENAU
(France)



PIERRE PRIER
(France)



JEAN GOBRON
(France)



T. O. M. SOPWITH
(England)



ARMAND GORB
(France)

has killed many a man, was far from being in a state of peaceful relaxation at the time.

Witmer's report—one of the most thrilling that have come to my attention—tells how he went up in weather which he knew was extremely unfavorable, taking the risk in order to please the crowd, and found himself caught in a storm. He had two courses open—to continue flying into the wind, which would have taken him directly over the city of Pittsfield, or to execute a right-hand turn into the only open space available. Midway in the turn, with the motor running at full speed, the rudder hard over, the ailerons banked to the limit, and all his weight thrown on the bamboos, his efforts were unavailing.

For all I was able to do, the machine apparently might have been as well without an aviator. For a very brief space of time, while the struggle continued, the aeroplane writhed and twisted in the wind, and, at a height of about seventy-five feet, whirled over—turned turtle completely. I didn't think then of the consequences of a fall. My first thought was to get from under, and somehow—mighty quickly, too—I climbed on top of the descending machine.

While falling, I observed objects on the ground below as plainly as if I had been looking out of the window. Also I noticed particularly the position and condition of the aeroplane; though upset, the machine was intact; until it smashed on the ground, no part was broken.

As the machine shot down, it retained some onward motion. Suddenly it occurred to me that if I should separate myself from the machine then, I could drop into clear ground. I let loose, but only got a few feet away from the aeroplane. As I saw the plane hit the ground, I put out my left arm to break the fall.

When I regained consciousness I was in the ambulance.

It is such records as these that picture to the man on the ground, as no cold figures could ever do, the lightning rate of thought that is required of the man in the air, and the speed at which this thought, which must anticipate events, must be translated into action. How, then, are we to train men not only to such quick thought-action, but for all these new and scarcely realized demands upon his organism?

TRAINING THE AIR MAN OF THE FUTURE

The obvious first step is to establish schools where proper scientific training may be had from teachers themselves properly trained—which means that they must have learned not only the structure and workings



HENRI ROUGIER
(France)



HON. CHARLES S. ROLLS
(England)



J. ARMSTRONG DREXEL
(England)



GEORGES FOURNY
(France)



CHARLES F. WILLARD
(America)



W. COCKBURN
(England)



RALPH JOHNSTONE
(America)



ARCHIE HOXSEY
(America)

of the machine, but the psychology of flight. The human element, so important in mechanical flight, must be recognized in the schools for its teaching. In this respect there is every reason to suppose that the American schools will soon be well in advance of the foreign ones, at least for American fliers.

The next point to consider is that as the power of the machine has now become so high—so much higher than the proportionate increase in the power of the man—it becomes necessary to strengthen, not the machine, but the man. First, we must endeavor to strengthen his nerves and to quicken his judgment, which is already working almost at the limit of its rapidity. This year the foremost aviators must deal with machines going at a recorded speed of more than one hundred and four miles an hour. At such a fearfully high rate, landing becomes a problem in itself.

Some of the most experienced aviators have been killed, not by falling from great heights, as we think is generally the case, but near the ground. It was in landing tail on to the wind that Moisant was tipped out by a puff of wind that lifted the tail of his machine and sent its nose into the ground. The same wind, had he been coming down head on, would merely have given him a little longer time to glide to the earth. The lists of accidents show how many are killed by being crushed under the motor in a bad landing.

Another error in judgment—more likely, however, to occur with the inexperienced—is that of climbing or rising abruptly on the turns. It was this that cost the life of Dr. Clarke at Nassau Boulevard. As Mr. Ovington describes it:

Poor Clarke thought he would rise and bank at the same time. The next day we were looking at the marks of his teeth in the gasoline-tank.

Another direction in which the air-man's judgment must be strengthened is in knowing when not to go up at all.

"An aviator," said Witmer, "shouldn't kid himself into the belief that he is a bird."

In other words, he should not attempt to fly when the conditions are unfavorable. Sometimes this is due to weather conditions; for although aviators now think nothing of going aloft in gales that would have been deemed suicidal two years ago, there are

*The portrait of Walter Brookins is drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



EUGENE ELY
(America)



WALTER BROOKINS*
(America)



CHARLES K. HAMILTON
(America)



J. C. MEARS
(America)



CLIFFORD B. HARMON
(America)



ST. CROIX JOHNSTONE
(America)



LIEUTENANT KELLY
(America)



LIEUTENANT MILLING
(America)

still well-recognized conditions which mean to the flier that he is taking his life in his hand. Yet often—more often than is always known—he takes chances, for a variety of reasons. The first of these is the spirit of emulation.

"I'll beat Beachey or die!" said Ruth-erford Page, as he swung into the air; and he did.

This is the very spirit of the exhibition contest. It was this that sent Moisant whirling out to the Statue of Liberty in a flight over house-tops, crowded streets, shipping, and the hazardous cross-currents of New York Bay, in an aeroplane which he had only just purchased, and which he was operating for the very first time. He lived, and he won his race—nothing else counted for much.

But besides this spirit of emulation, to which so much of the success of aviation is due, as well as so many of its fatalities, there is a more sinister manifestation of feeling that the aviator must learn to withstand. I refer to the push of the crowd, which, angry at the prospect of losing the show, drives the aviator into the air and to his death. A typical case was that of Frisbie, who went up in bad weather with a machine which had only just been hastily repaired, only because the ugly temper of the crowd taunted him into proving that he was game.

It is all very well to say that a man should be strong enough to withstand the taunts of brutal ignorance; but any one who has ever had experience with the feeling of a disappointed mass of human beings knows how strong is the influence they exercise, even though they do not—as has happened several times on the continent of Europe—show their feelings by personal violence to the aviator, or by wrecking hangars or machines. This is what occurred when Védérines failed to fly at Angoulême. The air-man must learn to take his chances of such unpleasant incidents.

It is, I think, because they have understood the necessity of knowing not when to fly that all but one of the pioneers of aviation are alive and well to-day; though no one doubts their bravery, every one knows their good judgment. Meantime, a whole generation, as aviation goes, of the dare-devil exploiters has come and gone.

The man's senses must be strengthened. The army regulations show that military authorities recognize this point keenly, for



THOMAS G. ELLTSON
(America)



CAPTAIN BECK
(America)



J. H. TOWERS
(America)



JOHN RODGERS
(America)



EARLE L. OVINGTON
(America)



HOWARD W. GILL
(America)



J. C. TURPIN
(America)



FRANK COFFEY
(America)

they require special and searching tests, far in excess of the ordinary requirements of service.

An aviator's eyesight must adjust itself not only to the long distances involved, but to great rapidity in the change of focus. Although glasses may do much for this, and there are many who wear them, it would be better if they could be dispensed with, as was shown by the recent death of Lieutenant Boncourt, while flying near Paris in a military aeroplane. As his glasses were found covered with frost, it is supposed that they prevented him from seeing, until it was too late, that he was flying directly into a thick forest in making a landing.

It does not seem that it will ever be necessary—even were it possible—to develop in the organism of man any of the peculiar, inexplicable senses of the bird, such as the power that we call "seeing the air," or the mysterious homing sense. These will be supplied by the new instruments that the aerological laboratories will provide—instruments that will be like antennæ in their delicate adjustment. Some of them are already in practical use, showing the speed through the air, the angle of flight, altitude, direction, and number of revolutions of the motor.

It is the aviator's ear that enables him to distinguish the characteristic sounds of the motor. The fact that there have been aviators of very defective hearing—notably the transcontinental flier Rodgers—shows that this faculty is not so important as at first supposed. The psychological and physiological investigations now going on with a view to establishing a connection between the sense of balance and the semi-circular canals of the ear will no doubt put the whole matter of the aviator's hearing in a different light.

The tremendous noise of the motor, which one might think would deafen the operator, has rarely even an unpleasant effect. Mr. Curtiss told me that when he landed at Poughkeepsie, on his way down the Hudson in his flight from Albany to New York, his ears pained sharply when the motor stopped, and that when the motor started again the pain disappeared.

The main point in all this is that it has become necessary for the flier to form entirely new sense-habits. Not only must he use his senses differently, but he must do so automatically; he must have his habits



H. A. ROBINSON
(America)



JAMES J. WARD
(America)



LINCOLN BEACHEY
(America)



CROMWELL DIXON
(America)

firmly fixed. This is the real reason why, of the probable deaths of the present year, a large proportion will be in America. American aviators in general have not yet established the habits of flight as have the foreign fliers who will visit us this season.

THE PACE WILL BE SET HIGH IN 1912

These expert foreigners will compete in our meets and our cross-country flights, and will set a pace that our fliers, with courage as great but with experience quite unequal, will follow as fast as it leads, wherever that may be. Among them will be men in the class of Beaumont, Védérines, Garros, Fourny, and Gobé—men who have made recorded flights of eleven consecutive hours; who have gone four hundred and fifty miles without landing; who have flown in the varying air-pressures of altitudes up to nearly thirteen thousand feet; who have attained speeds of one hundred miles an hour; who have maintained for long stretches a speed which but a short time since was regarded as attainable only in the distant future.

These men will come across the Atlantic for the great aerial event, the Gordon Bennett race, which will be flown at Chicago in September, and in hope of winning the prizes—aggregating more than one hundred thousand dollars—which are to be competed for in the great circuit race covering Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Indianapolis. American aviators will take any pace that is set, and this year the pace is going to be set high.

But whether the expected high mortality will be reached depends, most of all, on whether exhibition flights continue to buy public favor by increasingly reckless exhibitions of daring. For in this respect we are already pressing the limit. Spiral dips, Dutch rolls, the maneuver known as the "dip of death"—a steep dip from the sky ending in a sudden swerve upward just before the machine is dashed to the ground—these have become so common that they

scarcely suffice the jaded audiences of the exhibition meet. Instead of a legitimate development of the powers and resources of the machine, the invention and exploitation of new forms of aerial "stunts" send yearly to their death some of those who should have had long years of useful activity; for it is precisely among the young aviators that this class of accident prevails.

Some such fatalities are no doubt due to the same sort of impulse as that already referred to—the presence of the crowd. In most cases, the exhibition audience has not assembled to see straight flying, or to compare the merits of various machines or the competence of different aviators. The spectators have come for the plain purpose of watching aerial "stunts," with the exhilaration of knowing that the death each man is defying may be at any moment close at hand. It is the attraction of the circus not only raised to a high power, but flavored with a much more unworthy element—one that puts it into a class with gladiatorial combats.

One of the meets announced for the present year was heralded, in the advance press-notices, as "an aerial three-ring circus," and the list of attractions showed how far this spirit in the audience has been deliberately fostered by arrangers of meets. Knowing that the crowd expects a display of daring, that the man just before him has given it to them, the aviator, especially if he be young and light-hearted, gives his audience a little more than it has been expecting—sometimes the fall which, perhaps subconsciously, perhaps consciously, it has been waiting to see.

No wonder that an important movement for "safe and sane flying" is now on foot among the best known aviators—men whose bravery and ability are unquestioned, and have indeed been constantly proved. Walter Brookins heads the list of these by the formation of a club to do away with these unnecessary, suicidal feats—suicidal not only to the individual flier, but to the fu-

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sixty-four portraits printed on pages 323 to 330 form what may be called a historical portrait-gallery of aviation. The eight men on page 323, together with Hargrave, on page 324, include the most famous of the fathers of the science. Next follow eleven of the most noted of the early experimenters, from Santos Dumont to McCurdy. The remaining portraits, forty-four in number, show some of the most celebrated fliers of the past three seasons.

In all, of these sixty-four names, fourteen appear in the death-roll of aviation, namely: Lilienthal (August 9, 1896), Selfridge (September 17, 1908), Delagrange (January 4, 1910), Le Blon (April 2, 1910) Rolls (July 12, 1910), Lefebvre (September 7, 1910), Ferber (September 22, 1910), Ralph Johnstone (November 17, 1910), Hoxey (December 31, 1910), Kelly (May 10, 1911), St. Croix Johnstone (August 16, 1911), Dixon (October 2, 1911), Ely (October 19, 1911), and Montgomery (October 31, 1911).

ture of the sport, and even more to the business of aviation.

Just lately, the hydro-aeroplane has put an entirely new face upon the business side of flying, by so greatly reducing the element of danger that at last, for the first time, flying may be called safe. Moreover, it is the makers' ambition really to popularize the new machine as a practical means of locomotion. With such developments in view, it is the height of folly to emphasize mortality possibilities in this spectacular way.

It is not in the province of this article to explain in detail just how much safer the hydro-aeroplane is and why, but the photograph of a recent accident to Hugh Robinson, the very counterpart of the fall that killed Moisant in a land machine, shows how he was absolutely uninjured and unaffected, except for an involuntary wetting. No wonder that with all the hydro-aeroplanes now flying, and in spite of the fact that it is such a recent development as to be still in practically an experimental stage, there has not been a single death placed to its account, here or abroad.

THE SAFE AND SANE AERONAUT

When I am asked if it will ever be possible to have a safe and sane aeronaut, I reply that they will all have to be so in time, for the others will be dead. And yet the contracts already signed for the coming season show that there will be half as much again of this sort of exhibition flying in 1912 as in 1911, if the present plans are carried out. There are politics in the sky as well as on the earth, and everything is preparing for a whirlwind campaign to settle who is to be the "king of the air."

What, then, is to be done to make the mortality figures as steadily decrease as all the other statistics of aviation steadily increase?

In the first place, we must establish more and better-equipped laboratories, especially in America, not only for the study of wind and weather—the former, especially, being of paramount importance—but for the invention and perfection of the new flying instruments which are to be the new flying man's equipment.

Along with this must go the making of proper air maps and charts—a science now in its infancy, but destined to be of the greatest importance in the progress of man-flight. The aviator needs such guides no less than the mariner needs his charts.

There must be many readjustments as man's view-point shifts from the earth to the air. Now that signs are being put on the tops of buildings as well as on their sides, it must be recognized that we need maps not only indicating the conformation of the ground, but also marking the course of wind-currents such as various physical formations create. There is no reason why the new element should longer remain the "uncharted air," when upon a practical series of charts there depend, not only the proper development of the business of flight, but often the very lives of the fliers.

The next point is to establish better flying-fields, so that the dangers of learning to fly will be minimized. At the same time there will be a general change and improvement in the nature of teaching, so that the pupil will not only learn more about the structure of his machine, but will have a theoretical course as well as an experimental one. This is in line with the direction that American schools for aviation have taken from the first, and it is for that reason that I regard them as excelling those abroad, although some of the latter are older and larger, and enjoy strong governmental and popular support.

Clubs will not only make stricter rules for the granting of licenses, but will make the tests used for this purpose more effective. Especially will they find it wise to discourage flying over cities, or even over dense crowds, and, in general, all dangerous feats at exhibitions.

Furthermore, clubs should make a special effort to obtain and tabulate the facts in all fatal or serious accidents, wherever obtainable. The results will be of the greatest value to the constructor or the laboratory worker. Already dangerous methods of construction have been eliminated by such study, notably the "lifting tail" and the front control. We have learned, too, that the gasoline-tank must go where there will be the least danger of its causing that terrible catastrophe, fire in the wreckage.

The rapid development of the art and science of aviation has thrust upon the human race greater problems than it has ever had to meet in its own development; but the greater the problems, the greater the men that their solution will produce. They will be men who will act from instinct, but that instinct will have been formed by the men themselves out of the wisdom that comes from knowledge added to experience.

STONEWALL JACKSON

BY COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY

COMMANDER OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

That land is glory's still, and theirs!
'Tis still a watchword to the earth
When man could do a deed of worth.

—Byron.

WHEN the people of Virginia sprang to arms in April, 1861, Major Thomas Jonathan Jackson, afterward known as Stonewall Jackson, had been for ten years a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. He gained his military rank in the Mexican War, in which he started as a brevet second lieutenant of artillery, immediately after graduating at West Point in 1846, when he was twenty-two years old. He earned great distinction in command of a section of Magruder's Battery at Contreras and Chapultepec.

"No other officer in the whole army in Mexico," says his staff officer and biographer, Dr. Dabney, "was promoted so often for meritorious conduct, or made so great a stride in rank."

In the same class at West Point were George B. McClellan and several others who were destined to win fame on opposite sides in our war. General Grant was a cadet there at the same time, but was the young Virginian's senior by several years. Grant told me that Jackson was the most conscientious being he ever knew, and that if you could convince him that it was his duty to put his head into the mouth of a cannon and have it blown off, he would not have hesitated to do it.

General Stoneman, who was his roommate, spoke in the same way of Jackson. As an example of his eagerness for knowledge, he told me that often when taps had sounded, and the cadets were supposed to be asleep in bed, Jackson would hang bed-clothes over the windows of their room, to conceal the light, and would then lie down on the floor to study his text-books.

About five years after the close of the war with Mexico, he resigned from the army to become a professor at Lexington. He was recommended for the position by General Robert E. Lee. A few days after the tocsin of war was sounded in April, 1861, he was ordered to Richmond, with the cadet corps of the Virginia Military Institute, to organize and drill the volunteer companies. A soldier who was present when he started with the cadets told me that Jackson was called on to make a speech, and that he responded by saying that, when it became necessary to draw the sword, he was in favor of throwing away the scabbard.

Soon afterward he was made a colonel in the Virginia forces, and sent to take command at Harper's Ferry. When I saw the announcement that Jackson had been assigned to that post, which was considered a most important point for the Confederates to hold, I remember asking Captain William E. Jones, who commanded the cavalry company in which I had enlisted, and had been a United States army officer, who Jackson was—for I had never heard of him. Jones said that he had known him when they were cadets together at West Point, and told me of Jackson's brilliant record in Mexico.

Two months afterward, on the evening of Bull Run, after the battle had been won, Jones remarked enthusiastically to a lieutenant in the company:

"I hear that my old friend Jackson just covered himself with glory to-day!"

ON THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM

I never knew Jackson personally. I did not see him more than two or three times, and only once in battle. At Antietam, I rode with Stuart by some batteries while Jackson was directing their fire on the flank of a column that was advancing against him, and I stopped a minute to look at the great

soldier, who was then transfigured by the joy of battle. In a quiet way he was giving orders. I heard him say:

"This officer will go with you."

The recollection of the words I heard Stonewall Jackson utter in battle, few as they were, I shall cherish forever. McClellan had sent three corps against him in succession—Hooker's, Mansfield's and Sumner's. Hooker was wounded, Mansfield was killed, and each commander in turn was repulsed. While I was near him, the last onset was made; but Jackson held the same ground at sunset that he had held in the morning.

Riding on over the field, I overtook Stuart. The killed and wounded were strewn on the ground "like leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown," and I had to be careful not to ride over them. Whole ranks seem to have been struck down by a volley. Here occurred an episode which I may perhaps be pardoned for recording, although it is not directly connected with Jackson. My attention was in some way attracted to a wounded officer, who was lying in an uncomfortable position, and seemed to be suffering great pain. I dismounted, settled him more comfortably, rolled up a blanket, on which he rested his head, and then got him a canteen of water from the body of a dead soldier lying near. As I passed another wounded man, I offered him the canteen, but he said:

"No, take it to my colonel—he is the best man in the world!"

It was a speech worthy of Sidney, the model of chivalry, who refused a cup of water when dying on the field of Zutphen, because, he said, a sorely wounded comrade's necessity was greater than his.

When we parted, I asked the officer his name, and he told me that he was Colonel Isaac Wister, of Philadelphia. I never expected to see him again; but some years afterward, I called on him in the Quaker City. When I told him my name, I remarked that we had met before. He said he didn't know it. I inquired if he was not left wounded on the field at Antietam, and if he did not remember that two horsemen rode by, and that one of them dismounted and got him a canteen of water.

"Perfectly," he said.

I told him I was the man. He then asked who the other horseman was. When I told him that it was General Stuart, he was greatly surprised, and said:

"Well, I never knew before that I had ever seen either you or Jeb Stuart!"

Jackson had a heroic faith. As he was by conviction a Puritan, no doubt his sympathies were with the Ironsides against the Cavaliers; for his military spirit seems to have been inspired by the song of Saul in his last battle:

Bury your steel in the bosom of Gath.

It seems to be a contradiction that, as a teacher, he was so rigid in enforcing and obeying the very letter of rules that he was considered a martinet; yet as a commander of an army in the field, he cared nothing for maxims and traditions. Again, one of his rules was not to open a letter on Sunday, and he expressed great pleasure at getting a letter that had not traveled on that day; yet Sunday seems to have been his favorite day for fighting a battle.

Longstreet very truly said of Jackson that he was at his best when, like an unhooded hawk in pursuit of his quarry, he got beyond the reach of orders. It was for this reason that General Lee often detached him on expeditions that involved all the responsibility and required the ability of one who commands an independent army. In this way, in August, 1862, Lee sent him off with full discretion to the rear of Pope. At Chancellorsville he undertook perhaps the most hazardous thing ever attempted in war, and had almost accomplished it when the fatal accident occurred, as a result of which the great soldier "crossed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees."

Jackson's genius always rose equal to the occasion. During the fight at Chantilly, there was a severe storm, and a general sent a message to Jackson that he could not hold his ground. The cartridges were wet, he said, and his guns wouldn't go off.

"Tell the general to hold his ground," was Jackson's reply. "If his guns won't go off, the enemy's won't!"

The general held his ground.

JACKSON'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

If Jackson had lived in an age of spiritual enthusiasm, he might have founded a religious order and have been enrolled with Ignatius Loyola in the calendar of saints. But Jackson did not profess to be either a stoic or a saint. On the day after Bull Run, when he wrote to his wife, he said very little about his part in the battle, and

gave all the glory to God; but he must have been more than mortal if he felt no pride in having "gathered the Olympic dust." The laurel crown of war has always been the highest prize of ambition. The epitaph that Æschylus, the great soldier-poet of Athens, wrote for himself, says nothing of the immortal tragedies he wrote, but tells that his valor was tried at Marathon, and that the long-haired Medes and the Persians knew him.

On the same day Jackson wrote as follows to his pastor:

MY DEAR PASTOR:

In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday-school.

He enclosed a check, but did not mention the battle. A few days later he wrote to his wife:

And so you think the papers ought to say more about your husband. My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents. I know that the First Brigade was the first to meet and pass our retreating forces, to push on with no other aid than the smiles of God, to boldly take its position with the artillery that was under my command, to arrest the victorious foe in his onward progress, to hold him in check until reinforcements arrived, and finally to charge bayonets, and, thus advancing, pierce the enemy's center. I am well satisfied with what it did, and so are our Generals, Johnston and Beauregard.

My darling, never distrust our God, who doeth all things well.

"He delighted in listening to music, both instrumental and vocal," says Mrs. Jackson; "but he had so little talent for it that it was with difficulty that he could distinguish tunes. When he learned that the tune of 'Dixie' had been adopted by the Confederacy as a national air, he felt that he ought to know it when he heard it. So, during the first visit I paid to him in camp, he requested me to sing the air to him until he could impress it upon his memory, so as to be able to recognize it. It was a tedious service, and became so perfectly ridiculous from his oft repeated command, 'Again,' 'Again,' that it finally ended in hearty laughter on both sides."

Dr. Dabney, whom I have already quoted, said of him:

His hours were early and regular, and rare must be the social obligation that induced him to depart from them. Under a sense of moral responsibility, he acquitted himself punctually of

all social obligations. In such assemblages he was never entirely at ease, but it may be said with truth that there, as everywhere, his courtesy was perfect.

John Esten Cooke, a staff officer with Stuart—who was intimate with Jackson, although Stuart's gay and buoyant spirits contrasted strongly with Jackson's gravity—says:

Such was Jackson at Lexington—a stiff, earnest, military figure, an artillery officer turned professor; stern in his bearing, eccentric in his habits, peculiar in many of his views, leading a life of alternate activity in the section-room and abstraction in the study; independent, devoted to duty, deeply religious in sentiment; notable in person, deportment, and character for undoubted originality. His eccentric figure was as well known as that of the Iron Duke raising the finger to his hat and uttering his curt greeting in the streets of London.

In the campaign of 1862 in the Shenandoah Valley, General Ewell, who had a high reputation for ability, commanded a division under Jackson, and some said that he planned the campaign. But Ewell told me that Jackson never even asked his opinion except twice—once about crossing the fork of the Shenandoah in boats, and another time when he asked Ewell if it did him any good to swear so hard.

Jackson's intimate friends say that under a reserved manner he had an affectionate nature; and his letters to his wife breathe the tenderness of a lover. When his brigade halted on the march to Manassas, long after dark, and the soldiers lay down to rest, an officer reported that there were no camp guards, and said he would order a detail. Jackson replied that he would do guard duty himself; and through the long watches of the night he stood, a solitary sentinel. The poets who sang of the epic ages never had a more heroic theme than Stonewall Jackson standing guard over the soldiers who were soon to make his name immortal.

In a letter to his wife, written a few days later, he tells of his march from Winchester to Manassas, and says:

Resuming the march, my brigade continuing in front, we arrived at the Shenandoah River about dark. The water was waist deep, but the men gallantly waded the river. This halting and crossing delayed us for some time, but about two o'clock in the morning we arrived at the little village of Paris, where we remained, sleeping until nearly dawn. I mean, the troops slept, as my men were so exhausted that I let them sleep while I kept watch myself.

I chanced to ride just behind Jackson when he marched at the head of his column through Frederick City, Maryland, in September, 1862, with his band playing; but I never heard the story of Barbara Frietchie shaking the stars and stripes in his face until I read Whittier's poem. I am sorry that the story is a myth. As the poet tells it, the respect which the Confederates showed to the gray-haired Union sympathizer was in great contrast with the treatment which a certain Northern general ordered to be inflicted upon any woman who by word, sign, or gesture should be disrespectful to a Federal soldier or flag.

JACKSON AT HARPER'S FERRY

I have said that in 1861 Jackson was put in command at Harper's Ferry, at the gap in the Blue Ridge through which flow the united waters of the Potomac and Shenandoah, and through which passes the railroad connecting Washington with the West. Soon afterward he was superseded in command there by General Joe Johnston. Jackson was assigned to a brigade of five Virginia regiments that had just been organized, and was made a brigadier-general. Several of his field-officers had been officers in the Mexican War; several were graduates of the Virginia Military Institute, where he was a professor.

The Lexington institute supplied many officers to the Confederate army. Its cadets first acted as drill-masters of the newly recruited volunteers; but later, the exigencies of war required the battalion to go into the field, and at New Market, under their commandant, Colonel Scott Shipp, they charged a Federal battery like veterans and decided the issue of the battle. I have always regarded that charge of the cadets as the most brilliant feat of arms in our war.

Soon after Johnston took command at Harper's Ferry the first great military blunder of the war was committed by evacuating the place. Both Jackson and Lee—the latter was then in Richmond, organizing the army and acting as military adviser—were opposed to it. They wanted to hold it, not as a fortress with a garrison, but to break the Federal line of communication with the West, and as a salient point for an active force to threaten the flank of an invading army. While Jackson was in command there he had, without waiting for instructions, prepared to hold it by fortifying Maryland Heights.

"I am of the opinion," he wrote General Lee, "that this place should be defended with the spirit that actuated the defenders of Thermopylæ; and if left to myself, such is my determination."

There was always perfect accord between Jackson and Lee in their ideas of military policy. Jackson is known to have said that he would follow Lee blindfolded.

On June 15, 1861, Johnston retired from Harper's Ferry toward Winchester, because, as he says, Patterson's army had reached the Potomac twenty miles above, and he wanted to be in a position either to repel an invasion of the Shenandoah Valley or to reenforce Beauregard quickly at Manassas. He thought, he says, that Patterson was making a combined movement with McDowell, who was expected soon to move from Washington on Richmond. If so, Johnston, at Harper's Ferry, had the interior line and the choice of joining Beauregard or striking Patterson. As Patterson had halted, it showed that he was afraid to cross the river with Johnston on his flank.

A glance at the map will show that Harper's Ferry fulfilled the conditions which Johnston says he desired, and that his movement to Winchester, which was really a retreat, about doubled the distance between him and Beauregard. If he really wanted to join Beauregard, his quickest way to do so would have been to march directly from Harper's Ferry to Bull Run. The distance would have been less than his march from Winchester to the railroad-station on his way to Manassas, where he had to leave nearly half of his army for want of transportation.

It is remarkable that Jackson's biographers—Dabney, Cooke, and Henderson—regard Johnston's retreat to Winchester as only a strategic move on the chess-board. Jackson did not think so. His brigade and Stuart's regiment of cavalry were sent to observe Patterson on the upper Potomac. Patterson had no cavalry for outpost duty, while Johnston had both Stuart's and Ashby's regiments. Jackson's orders were to feel the enemy, but to avoid an engagement.

On July 2 Patterson crossed the Potomac. Jackson showed enough resistance to compel him to display his strength, and then fell back, as Johnston's orders required. He was sure that Patterson had no aggressive purpose, but was making only a feint, to create a diversion, and retain Johnston in the valley, when McDowell

moved on Manassas. A blow at Patterson would have been, he thought, the best way to cooperate with Beauregard.

As Jackson had strict notions of military discipline, he would not criticize his superiors; and, although the order to fall back was distasteful, he did not, like Achilles, sulk in his tent. But a letter he wrote at the time to his wife, read between the lines, shows the chagrin he felt.

Colonel Henderson, an English army officer, in his life of Jackson, says:

The Federal army crawled on to Martinsburg. Halting seven miles southwest, Jackson was reinforced by Johnston's whole command; and here, for four days, the Confederates, drawn up in line of battle, awaited attack. But the Federals stood fast in Martinsburg, and on the fourth day Johnston withdrew to Winchester. The Virginia soldiers were bitterly dissatisfied. At first even Jackson chafed. He was eager for further action. His experience at Falling Waters had given him no exalted notion of the enemy's prowess, and he was ready to engage them single-handed.

"I want my brigade," he said, "to feel that it can itself whip Patterson's whole army, and I believe we can do it."

The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, but Johnston had a great advantage in the morale of his men, and in his superior force of cavalry. Patterson's force was composed of three months' men, and their term had nearly expired.

On July 15, in obedience to General Scott's orders, Patterson moved up the Shenandoah Valley, threw some shells at Stuart's regiment—the First Virginia Cavalry, in which I was a private—and then turned off squarely and retreated toward Harper's Ferry. If the Confederates had taken the offensive, there would have been a foot-race, and McDowell would not have moved. The most effective way to aid Beauregard was to strike Patterson.

In the following year Jackson did what should have been done in 1861. He turned on Banks, swept him out of the Shenandoah Valley, and created such alarm in Washington that McDowell, who was moving from Fredericksburg to join McClellan in front of Richmond, was recalled to save the capital. The following despatch to McClellan from President Lincoln, dated May 24, 1862, shows what Jackson did at that time, and what he would have done a year earlier, if he had been in command:

In consequence of General Banks's critical position, I have been compelled to suspend General McDowell's movement to join you. The enemy

are making a desperate push on Harper's Ferry, and we are trying to throw General Fremont's force and a part of McDowell's in their rear.

To go back to the campaign of 1861. On July 17 McDowell began his forward movement against Beauregard's position at Manassas. Mr. Davis telegraphed to Johnston to join Beauregard, if practicable. In order to do so, Johnston says, he had to "defeat Patterson or elude him." He could not very well defeat Patterson, for the Northern commander was running away; but he had no trouble in eluding him, for Patterson was trying to elude Johnston.

Up to that time Johnston does not seem to have contemplated joining Beauregard, nor was there any plan for their concerted action. If there had been, Johnston would have moved nearer to Beauregard as soon as Patterson began to move backward.

JACKSON AT MANASSAS (BULL RUN)

The march to Manassas did not begin until noon on the 18th. Jackson's brigade was in the advance. It waded the Shenandoah, climbed the Blue Ridge, and arrived at Manassas by rail on the 19th. On the 17th General Scott telegraphed Patterson that McDowell would take Manassas the next day; which would probably have been done, if Scott's program to cross the Occoquan below, and turn the Confederate right, had been carried out. But McDowell changed the plan, waiting to make a reconnaissance on the Confederate left, and deciding to cross Bull Run above, at Sudley.

Beauregard was not expecting aid from Johnston, for in a telegram of the same date to Richmond he said:

I believe this proposed movement of General Johnston is too late. Enemy will attack me in force to-morrow morning.

On July 20 Johnston arrived at Manassas, having left nearly half his army to follow him. Beauregard's troops were strung out along Bull Run for about eight miles, at several fords. McDowell's headquarters were in plain view, six miles off, at Centreville. Johnston's troops, as they arrived, were posted behind Beauregard's, Jackson being put in rear of Bonham. Beauregard proposed a plan of attack, which Johnston approved, but no attempt was made to carry it out; and the battle was defensive on the Confederate side.

Early on the morning of the 21st the signal officers discovered McDowell's column

marching around our left flank, to gain our rear, and reported the movement to headquarters. The Federal commander was repeating the maneuver of the allies at Austerlitz. The Confederate generals did not repeat Napoleon's offensive tactics by a counterstroke on the enemy's other flank. Instructions had been sent to Ewell, on the extreme right, to hold himself ready to march on Centreville; but the order was soon revoked, and he was ordered to the left.

The seven brigades on our right could easily have captured Centreville by the time McDowell reached Sudley. He had left only three brigades to cover his rear and left flank. The Confederates would then have been between McDowell and Washington, and his army would have been in the forlorn condition of the Roman legions in the Caudine Forks. But the Confederates now changed front, conformed to McDowell's plan, and fought a defensive battle in their own rear. For this reason Johnston's troops, being in reserve, were nearest to the field, and were all engaged.

Jackson was directed to support a brigade at the ford above, but marched without orders to the sound of the cannon that indicated where the real conflict was. When he reached the plateau where the Henry house stands he met the shattered brigades of Bee, Bartow, and Evans retreating. He formed his brigade on the crest of the ridge that will be forever associated with his name. General Alexander, who was serving on Beauregard's staff, thus describes the scene:

A fresh brigade was drawn up in line on the elevated ground known as the Henry House Hill, and its commander, till then unknown, was henceforth to be called Stonewall. Bee rode up to him, and said:

"General, they are driving us!"

"Then, sir," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet!"

Bee galloped amongst his retreating men, and called out to them:

"See Jackson standing like a stone wall—rally behind the Virginians!"

It was at this moment, when Jackson's and Hampton's were the only organized troops opposing the Federal advance, and Bee and Bartow were attempting to rally their broken forces, that Johnston and Beauregard reached the field.

The ensuing defeat and panic in McDowell's army are well known; but Johnston and Beauregard made no attempt to reap any fruit from the victory. Not only did they refrain from even crossing Bull Run, to ascertain for themselves the extent

of the disaster to the Union army, but they sent orders to recall the troops that had crossed in pursuit. I was with those that crossed.

Jackson alone seems to have realized what had happened. Dr. Edward Campbell, a surgeon of his brigade, told me that he was at the field hospital soon after the Federal retreat began, when Jackson was having his wound dressed, and that Jackson said to him:

"I wonder if General Johnston and General Beauregard know how badly the enemy are whipped? If they will let me, I will march my brigade into Washington to-night."

Alexander, who was present, says he heard Jackson say the same thing to Mr. Davis on the field.

Edwin M. Stanton, afterward Lincoln's Secretary of War, wrote to ex-President Buchanan on July 26, five days after the battle:

The capture of Washington now seems to be inevitable; during the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without resistance. The rout, overthrow, and demoralization of the army is complete.

Three months after the battle Jackson was ordered to take command in the Shenandoah Valley; but his brigade did not then go with him. On the day of their parting his soldiers were drawn up to hear him bid them farewell. Deep sorrow was expressed on every countenance. It was a repetition of the scene of Napoleon parting with the Old Guard. After speaking a few words, he threw his bridle-reins on the neck of his horse, and, rising in his stirrups, said:

"In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade. In the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade. In the Second Corps you were the First Brigade. You are the first brigade in the affection of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade in our second war for independence."

The brigade and Jackson were not long separated. There had been nothing in war to compare with his campaign the next year in the Shenandoah Valley, except Napoleon's first campaign in Italy. The rapidity with which he struck successive blows against the divided forces that surrounded him recalls Arcola, Lodi, Castiglione, and Rivoli. This is thy glory, Titan!



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From a photograph—copyright, 1912, by the American Press Association

This photograph of Colonel Roosevelt was taken on April 12 last. It shows him engaged in signing a formal application to enter the Presidential preference primary of the State of Maryland, which is to take place on May 6. It is an excellent portrait of Colonel Roosevelt, the Roosevelt of to-day, picturing him as he is at the age of fifty-three, in the prime of life and in the fittest of condition. Ripened in experience, and with the fullest measure of his mental and physical strength, he is standing up under the wear and tear of the most intense, strenuous campaigning as if it were merely the work of an ordinary day.

THE RED BUTTON*

BY WILL IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

AS Tommy North goes up-stairs to his room in Mrs. Moore's boarding-house, he slips in what proves to be a pool of blood in the third-floor hall. The blood has oozed from under the door of the room occupied by another boarder, Captain John Hanska, who is found dead on the floor.

This gruesome discovery causes no little confusion and excitement, but the situation is taken in hand by Mrs. Rosalie Le Grange, who lives across the street. She takes Mrs. Moore and her boarders over to her own house, and the next day she calls upon Martin McGee, the police inspector who is in charge of the case, and whom she has helped in previous affairs of the sort. Tommy North has been arrested, but he is not detained for long. Suspicion fastens more seriously upon Lawrence Wade, who called upon Hanska on the previous evening, and who has since been apprehended in Boston, while engaging passage for Europe.

While McGee and Mrs. Le Grange are discussing the case, two other visitors call at the inspector's office. One is a tall, dark, handsome young woman, who announces herself as Mrs. Hanska, widow of the murdered man. Her companion is introduced as Miss Elizabeth Lane, though Mrs. Hanska addresses her as "Betsy Barbara." The widow tells of her unhappy life with her late husband, and admits her friendship with Wade, but strenuously denies McGee's charge against him. Under the inspector's unsparing inquisition, Miss Lane advises her to refuse to say anything further.

VI (Continued)

BUT Constance was mistress of herself again.

"All this will come out in the trial, Betsy Barbara. I might as well tell everything now. When he put himself in this position, he was trying to help me. There was no affair, as you call it; but when he first met me, he thought I was a widow, and before he knew my circumstances he proposed marriage. He never spoke of it again, after I told him. He was a gentleman. He only tried to serve me as a gentleman would under the circumstances."

"Has it struck you," asked the inspector, "that this might be used as a motive?"

"This is perfectly dreadful!" cried Betsy Barbara. "Constance, you shall not stay here another minute. You come with me to a lawyer!"

"That's right," said Rosalie Le Grange. "Inspector McGee, you can excuse us!"

"Not for a while," said McGee. "Madam, I must have your official statement as

to what you have just told me, before I let you leave."

Constance was standing before the inspector's desk. Betsy Barbara, in a state of suppressed fury, rose and stood beside her friend, flashing sparks from her golden hair and her blue eyes and her little white teeth. Inspector McGee stepped to the door to summon a stenographer; and Rosalie, quick as thought, slipped up beside Constance.

"Not a word more than you can help about this proposing to you—not a word!" she whispered.

"Step into this room, ladies," said McGee. "I'll join you in a moment. We won't need you, Mrs. Le Grange."

Alone with the Inspector, Rosalie Le Grange stood regarding him from top to toe. He faced her with a little embarrassment, which he covered with bluff.

"Well, you carried your pretend off nicely," he said. "Anybody'd have thought you were sore on me."

For answer, Rosalie drew up a corner of her fine, firm upper lip.

* This story began in the May Number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

"Sometimes," she said, "I hate a cop." Martin McGee laughed uneasily.

"Well, we got the goods," he said. "Motive's established, all right."

"You got the goods, not *we*," replied Rosalie. "Don't you count me in on that game. Third degree—on the likes of her!"

But Inspector McGee, more interested just then in his professional problem than in what any woman thought of him, was pursuing his own train of reflection.

"In love with Hanska's wife—Hanska'd mistreated her—she wanted a divorce and couldn't get it. Wade and Hanska had quarreled. Wade goes up there with his curio-shop and lays it down on the table. They quarrel again. Wade's a fencer. He picks up that knife and lets him have it, just by instinct. Then he walks out of the door and gets rattled and beats it. Of course, it would be hard to establish first-degree murder on what we've got now; but we'll get it."

"You think so, do you?" replied Rosalie. "My, don't promotion make a smart man of a pavement-pounding cop!"

"Guess you don't know," replied McGee, "what this man Wade said when we pinched him in Boston?"

"No."

"He said: 'I didn't kill him, but by Heaven I'd like to shake hands with the man who did!'" In the inspector's voice there was an air of finality and triumph.

"Did he say that?" asked Rosalie. "Did he say that?"

She mused for a moment, revolving many principles of human conduct drawn from her large experience.

"Martin McGee," she said at length, "I told you a while ago I wasn't going to monkey with this thing; but I'm an old fool, and I'm in it—my own way, as I always worked."

McGee laughed.

"I thought you couldn't keep out!" he said. "But you'll run against Lawrence Wade at the end."

As the two strange women came through the door, they found Rosalie Le Grange waiting. Mrs. Hanska looked her full in the eye; and suddenly Constance's hands went up to her own face, and she surrendered herself to her misery.

Curiously enough, in her distress, she turned not to her friend and companion Betsy Barbara, but to this strange woman.

As a bruised child runs to its mother, she ran to Rosalie Le Grange and bowed a weary head upon her shoulder. Rosalie took her to the bosom on which—in her own queer way—she had borne the burdens of many others for thirty long years.

"You poor lamb!" she exclaimed. "You poor lamb! Now it's going to be all right, dearie—and you're comin' home with me!"

"And that," said Mrs. Le Grange, as she retold this tale to the only person who ever enjoyed her full confidence, "was the queerest way that ever I saw of solicitin' custom for a boardin' house!"

VII

"WHAT will become of me?" wailed Mrs. Moore to Rosalie Le Grange.

Rosalie forbore to answer, at first, for the ultimate destiny of Mrs. Moore appeared indeed black and uncertain.

Not that ululation and gnashing of teeth meant anything in her case. Weeping, for her, was the oil on the wheels of life. She wept when the butcher failed to bring the lamb chops, when she was moved by song, when she compared the luxuries of Mme. Le Grange's house to the bare necessities of her own. Still, in this instance she had cause for grief. The police, having ransacked, measured, and photographed the Moore boarding-house to the limit of their imagination, announced after four days that Mrs. Moore might bring her establishment back; but when she notified the boarders, she met—the expected.

Miss Harding, for example, declared that she was going to let well enough alone. After what had happened, she could never sleep in that place again!

When Mrs. Moore melted to tears, Miss Harding grew peppery. If Mrs. Moore wanted to know, it was *towels*, more than anything else, which kept her at Mrs. Le Grange's. She had boarded in ten places in New York, and never before did she see a place where you couldn't use the towels for a pocket-handkerchief.

Miss Jones, her echo in everything, indorsed her sentiments, adding that Mrs. Le Grange's coffee was *coffee*.

Professor Noll was more courteous, but just as firm. He had already indicated his intentions by getting permission from the police to move his collection. When Mrs. Moore interviewed him, he was tacking on the wall a six-foot Japanese kakemono. He

was sorry, but the greater variety of menu at Mrs. Le Grange's helped him to practise the principles of scientific alimentation. If Mrs. Moore would listen to his former advice, and reorganize her catering on the scientific plan, he could guarantee her a houseful of his disciples. Otherwise, he preferred to stay where he was.

Mr. North, just out of jail, had not put in an appearance. Mrs. Moore did not even attempt to see Miss Estrilla. That lady was worse, a great deal worse. Besides the old trouble with her optic nerve, she had a kind of nervous prostration, due to the shock. There had been talk of a trained nurse; but Rosalie Le Grange waved that proposal aside. She herself carried up the invalid's meals, attended to bandages and medicines, kept order in her room. Mrs. Moore had no offering to counterbalance that.

Instead—floppy and humble old person that she was—Mrs. Moore sought her successful rival, begging quarter.

"What can I do? What is going to become of me?" she repeated.

Rosalie Le Grange pulled out a chair and gently pushed Mrs. Moore into it.

"Now let's talk this over sensible," she said. "It certainly does look as if I'd placed it low on you, gettin' your boarders away. You can't blame me for offerin' my place that night. Neither can you blame me if they want to stay. I haven't asked them to."

Here Mrs. Moore showed a shade of mushy resentment.

"You set a better table than I can set at the price they pay," she said. "You can't keep it up! If that ain't getting them away from me—"

"You rent your house, don't you?" inquired Rosalie Le Grange.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Moore, dabbing her eyes.

"Rent it furnished?"

"Yes."

"Has it been full lately?"

"No. I've had room for four more all spring and summer. Times are dreadful hard—"

Mrs. Moore ceased to weep for herself, and dropped a tear over the whole state of the body politic.

"You haven't made much money, then?" asked the other woman.

"Money!" sobbed Mrs. Moore, breaking out afresh on her own account. "I scarcely keep soul and body together!"

"It hasn't occurred to you, I guess," said Rosalie Le Grange, "that I own this house and furniture. I haven't got any rent to pay. Moreover, with this Mrs. Hanksa and Miss Lane, who came in unexpectedly, an' some particular personal friends that are comin' next week, I'll be full up. Guess you can see how I make it pay. Guess you can afford to take back what you said—about my keeping up a grade of victuals that I couldn't afford regular, just to git custom away from you."

Outmaneuvered, Mrs. Moore flopped.

"What will become of me?" she wailed.

"Now, Mrs. Moore," said Rosalie, "with the high rent they charged you for the old place, there was no future for you. You were bound to fail. I've got a better way. I'm busy, an' I'm goin' to be busier. You see this house—well, it ain't my only interest. An' jest at present, I'm rushed to death. Goodness knows, standin' off reporters the way I've had to do this last week is one woman's job. I've got to hire a housekeeper to look after things an' tend front door an' help out with the cleaning. How would you like that? Over there, you were carryin' the whole thing an' workin' for your board. Here, you'll git thirty-five a month, an' I'll do the worryin'."

"Oh, Mrs. Le Grange!" wailed Mrs. Moore; and this time the moving emotion was gratitude.

So, at the end of an anxious and perturbing week, the old Moore household settled down on Rosalie Le Grange, shook itself together again, and returned to the dull routine of its days. Professor Noll rode his hobby as gaily as ever. Miss Harding resumed her vocation of typing, and her avocation of studying man for her uses. Miss Jones continued to imitate her roommate in her own shadowy and futile way. Miss Estrilla grew no better; still, she remained in her room, visited daily by the doctor, nightly by her brother, and hourly by Rosalie.

The two new boarders—they were longest, naturally, in settling to the routine. Indeed, two or three days passed before the others grew acclimated to their thrilling and somewhat perturbing presence. But through a soul-racking week Constance and Betsy Barbara behaved in such manner as to secure Rosalie's growing affections, and to win the respect of the rest.

Until after the harrowing funeral and the more harrowing coroner's inquest, Con-

stance kept to her room. There was special need for that; in spite of all Rosalie's tact, she was a woman besieged. The newspapers kept her under fire.

First came the police reporters. Constance saw them once. The interview was very little garbled, on the whole, even though one yellow journal did make her say, in type three inches high:

"I loved Lawrence Wade—is not that enough?"

Then, when she refused any more interviews, came the feminine "sympathy writers." One of them pushed past the guard in a moment when Rosalie was away, and got an interview which won the writer a bonus from the city editor. Others pecked at Constance during her passage from the house to the funeral or the inquest, supplying with imagination and description what they lacked of information.

"She is like a Venus with a convent education," wrote one.

That, perhaps, describes Constance Hanska better than I can.

When she went abroad, she faced batteries of clicking camera shutters. Her photograph, together with impressionist drawings more or less accurate, blazoned the front page of every afternoon extra.

Parenthetically, let me mention that to Miss Harding these pictures formed the most thrilling feature of the whole affair. On the day after the inquest, an afternoon yellow, being short of news and imagination, made an extra of the "three beautiful women in the Hanska case." They were Constance, Betsy Barbara, and Miss Katherine Harding. Publicly, Miss Harding affected to be injured in all her finer feelings; secretly, she bought ten copies. As for Lawrence Wade, his breeding, his athletic career, his personal comeliness—but Lawrence Wade will enter in his proper place.

The newspapers were not the only extra irritation. Mrs. Hanska's mail grew until the postman approached the Le Grange boarding-house looking like Christmas, and departed looking like Monday morning. Clipping bureaus, private detective agencies, young men who wanted to be detectives, unknown but cordial friends—their letters came by dozens, by scores, by hundreds.

Ill-spelled notes from obscure hotels hinted at mysterious knowledge. A man wrote from a sanitarium in New Jersey to say that he himself committed the murder because Captain Hanska had assisted Na-

poleon and Mary Queen of Scots to pester the author's astral body. There were two offers to star in vaudeville, three to pose for moving pictures, and marriage proposals enough to accommodate all New England.

After the first day, Constance never saw these letters. Betsy Barbara, her consoler and amanuensis, read them—and destroyed them unanswered. She discussed them with Rosalie alone.

On the morning after the inquest, Constance quietly took her place at the common table in the dining-room. The rest of the boarders stilled their tongues for embarrassment. And not only embarrassment; undoubtedly there was prejudice.

Rosalie, presiding at the head of the table, did not make the mistake of trying to lull this feeling immediately. She let matters take their course for two weeks. Then she began by drawing Mrs. Hanska into an argument over the distance to Paris. That served for an opening. Little by little, the sweetness of Constance as exploited by Rosalie Le Grange, made its own way. What had been a kind of horror became pity and sympathy.

As for Betsy Barbara, that sprightly young person was popular from the first. She took hold of the Hanska-Wade case as if its settlement devolved upon her alone. Within three days, she had interviewed every one in the house, from Mrs. Moore to Miss Estrilla, and had formed a half a dozen theories, all proving the innocence of Lawrence Wade. It mattered not that Rosalie, already her confidante, shattered all these bubbles. Betsy Barbara would simply interview her witness again, and blow another.

Constance was her daily and hourly care.

"She's bearing it," said Betsy Barbara, reporting to Rosalie Le Grange, "as I expected she would. Me—I'd be crying on everybody's shoulder. She does her crying alone, but it's telling on her. As for him, he's splendid—just bully! That's the only way to put it!"

I leave to the newspapers the official events—the "developments" of that week. Indeed, they reported few essentials which we do not already know. The inquest was over; the body of Captain Hanska had traveled the road of flesh to the crematory; Lawrence Wade was held in the Tombs without bail, to await the action of the grand jury.

The evidence against him was circumstantial, but quite strong. He had pro-

posed marriage to Mrs. Hanska. Both he and his attorney tried to keep that out when Constance went on the stand at the inquest; they lost, and she told the fact with a simplicity which filled columns and columns of space next morning. She insisted that he never mentioned marriage after she told him her story.

Lawrence Wade, naturally, wanted a divorce. Captain Hanska had refused. There was the motive, perfect, comprehensible. Wade and Hanska had met twice before, and had quarreled both times. On the night of the tragedy, Lawrence Wade, carrying a hand-bag, had gone to Captain Hanska's room at about ten o'clock. The bag contained, among other things, two knives. Wade admitted this; and admitted, also, that he had left all the debris which littered Captain Hanska's table.

"That was part of my errand," he said.

He had gone from Mrs. Moore's to the Curfew Club, had learned from the desk-clerk that there was a one-o'clock train to Boston, had telephoned for a berth, had taken the train, had been arrested in Boston while securing passage for Liverpool. At half past two, Captain Hanska had been found dead—stabbed in the heart with a clean thrust by one of the very knives which Wade admitted bringing from Arden. The coroner's physician testified that Hanska had been dead an hour—probably longer.

The knife had traveled an upward course. Nothing about the bed indicated any struggle; moreover, the experts said, it was nearly impossible for a man as large and so heavy to regain his feet after such a stroke. He must have been stabbed standing. If so, the thrust came from the "front" of the murderer's hand—a fencer's blow. And there was no doubt that Wade was a fencer.

At this point in the proceedings, Rosalie Le Grange, sitting in the family group with Constance and Lawrence Wade's venerable father, might have seemed visibly depressed, had any reporter taken the trouble to watch this mere landlady.

Indeed—and the newspapers made significant comment upon this—the putative defendant, although a lawyer himself, admitted all these facts except those touching upon his relations with Mrs. Hanska. He admitted his feeling against Hanska. He volunteered the opinion that such a man deserved killing. On the night of the murder, he said, they had quarreled again.

Hanska had refused all proposals. Thereupon he had taken that consignment of small possessions out of the bag, and had departed.

On one point alone was he vague. He did not tell fully why he had so suddenly decided to start for Europe.

"I was afraid to stay," he said once.

His attorneys intimated that he would explain further if there were later proceedings.

On this point, Constance committed her only indiscretion. It was that very afternoon when the "sympathy writer" succeeded in reaching her.

"I know why he did that," Constance said, "and I'll tell you, if he won't. He could do me no further good, and he was afraid of what he might do to Captain Hanska. Before he left for New York, he told me that if he failed I might not see him for a long time."

And so the coroner's jury found that John H. Hanska came to his death from a knife wound at the hands of Lawrence Wade or of some person or persons unknown, and recommended that the said Wade be held to await the action of the grand jury.

Wade went back to the Tombs under guard—a straight, clean, stalwart figure of a young man, seeming, in contrast with the court-room lawyers, the shysters, the followers of sensation, like an eagle who has been captured by sparrow-hawks and buzzards. He did not look at Constance as he marched away, nor she at him, and the reporters must needs conjecture what happened between them in their two interviews through the bars of the Tombs.

The next day, an aviator accomplished something new in the advertising annals of the air. He eloped by aeroplane. It is true that he had no need of eloping, the family-in-law being as willing as his actress bride. The young couple merely chose that method as a way of starting prosperously on the road of life. But the newspapers, in view of this dazzling picture-story, inquired not too closely regarding motives.

Scarcely had news of this event given way to "impressions" by "special writers," when an express-train went over a trestle in Connecticut. By the time the newspapers had finished with this, the Hanska case had dwindled to two-inch items, single head. The district attorney delayed, the grand jury delayed, the police delayed, while the forces of Martin McGee combed New York

and New England for evidence bearing upon the life and career of Lawrence Wade.

As for Lawrence, let us quote Inspector McGee. Entering his private office in a state of extreme irritation, the inspector met his doorman. Long contact had given this inferior the privilege of familiarity.

"How are your third degree proceedings getting on, chief?" he asked.

"Confound him!" cried Martin McGee heartily. "What are you going to do with a fellow when he laughs at you?"

VIII

TOMMY NORTH, after the first day, was a pawn in this game—a captured pawn, laid to one side of the board. The police held him, it is true, until after the coroner's verdict; then, without apology, the turnkey cast him loose.

His first concern was for his mother in the village of White Horse, Connecticut. Only by false assurances and by the assistance of an aunt, who hid the newspapers from her, did he succeed in keeping her away from New York. He hurried to her, and in two days mollified her anger—not at his being accused of murder, but at his having admittedly been intoxicated. He returned to find his job gone.

Tommy North took such catastrophes more philosophically than most. He had filled and lost a dozen jobs in three years of New York. "Easy come, easy go," was his motto, as he told Rosalie Le Grange when he called to take away his possessions, removed by her from the Moore house.

"I'd like to stay," he told her, "but I want to get the taste of this thing out of my mouth." He sat down on his trunk, and looked depression. Depression, somehow, rested ill upon that frank, freckled countenance with its shock of unruly red hair. "Wouldn't seem so bad if you didn't have all the murder company here. But I'm sensitive, I guess. I've lost my job on account of this. I'm a marked man!"

"Now, look here, Mr. North," said Rosalie, carefully folding one of his coats, "you don't never want to say that. People ain't marked unless they mark themselves. I've seen the littlest things in the world just hammer people through the floor, and I've seen the biggest scandals lived clean down. It's all in the way you face it. If you're afraid, and act like you're afraid, then you're gone. Just treat it like it hadn't happened. That's the way!"

"It wouldn't be so bad," pursued Mr. North, indulging his depression now that he had a sympathetic listener, "if it hadn't come out that I was drunk. People would sympathize with me for being arrested, now that it's proved I had nothing to do with the case; but being drunk is different."

"Tell me," said Rosalie Le Grange, pausing from folding coats, and regarding him arms akimbo, "do you really like that stuff?"

Tommy North, unaccustomed to self-analysis, turned this over in his mind for several seconds.

"No," he said at length, "can't say I do. I shiver a little at my first drink of whisky, and I hate beer." A week ago his boyish bravado would have inhibited him from making this admission. "No," he repeated, "I don't like the taste."

"Oh! This was the first time you were ever drunk, then?"

"No," said Tommy, "it wasn't."

"I've got your number," said Rosalie Le Grange. "There's a lot like you. Let me tell you about yourself. You're young. You've got neither family nor girl here in New York. There's nothin' for you to do nights except meet the boys. You begin to pour it down. The next thing, you're drunk an' uncomfortable. Ain't that so?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "I'm pretty generally uncomfortable."

This was another admission which wild horses would not have drawn from him a week before.

"So there's no use of my askin'," went on Rosalie, "why you do it. It's because there's nothin' else to do. Your play is to find something more excitin' than liquor."

"I suppose so," said Tommy. He arose from his trunk. "Anyhow, I'm going away from here."

"Now, Mr. North," said Rosalie, "there's two ways of facing a thing down—stay an' go. Which is better I don't know. Which is braver, I do. Here's a room for you. Board here the rest of this week—on me—while you look around; an' if you think then that goin's the best way, then go!"

Tommy North, inured to an atmosphere wherein no one gives something for nothing, regarded Rosalie Le Grange with a look in which gratitude struggled with suspicion.

"You're thinkin'," responded Rosalie, reaching out to seize his thought, "that this is just my play to fill my boardin'-house."

Think it, if you want to. But this is my proposition—you keep this room free until Monday, an', if you want, you can have it permanent at twelve a week, which is what you paid Mrs. Moore."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," said Tommy, suspicion departing. "I'll stay the week out, and make up my mind."

"Sensible!" replied Rosalie. "I'll send up towels—and dinner's at six thirty."

Now it happened that just before Tommy North left his room for dinner that evening, an hour of solitary thought had brought him to the nadir of his existence. Position gone—reputation, as he thought, gone—a charity guest in a boarding-house. For so, in his young melancholy, he translated the kindness of Rosalie Le Grange.

Their conversation, reenforcing his bad two days with his mother, had piled remorse on his other miseries. He *did* drink too much. He was branded a drunkard, and no one wanted a drunkard. Vague ideas of beginning again in a new land floated through his mind. The life was out of him; and when life has gone out of the soul in this fashion, the lord of life is ever waiting to enter and take possession. Which is by way of introducing Betsy Barbara.

We have taken little time to consider Betsy Barbara. Let us view her now, as she stands, dressed for dinner in a blue frock, tapping at Constance's door.

Betsy Barbara's flesh and spirit were twenty-four; her heart was eighteen; her purpose was forty. In complexion, in such accessories of complexion as eyes and hair, in the hidden soul, she was a white creature, light-shot. Wherever the darkest ray touched her hair, it flickered with gold. In full sunshine, even her brows and lashes glittered and twinkled. Her mouth was large and generously irregular; her nose was small and whimsically irregular; her violet-blue eyes were as clear as pools.

Why the regularity of a Greek statue may go with absolute ugliness, and why features which fail to match may produce real beauty, is a question too hard for you or me or any other connoisseur of beauty. Now Betsy Barbara, with a mouth all too large, a nose all too small, and a pair of eyes which could not be classified for size, was ravishingly pretty.

Of course, expression entered into the equation with Betsy Barbara. She was eternally assuming a schoolmistress sternness which made a piquant contrast with

the fresh skin of her, the blue eyes of her, the little, popcorn teeth that made her half elf, half butterfly. And when, in her schoolmistress solicitude over her listener—as over a bad boy—she laughed, the world's whole merriment was in her laughter.

Betsy Barbara had not really laughed for many days now. But she was young; the tides of life were flowing back; and as she stood there, waiting for Constance to rise and open the door, her merriment took flame from some sleepy remark. In that precise, psychological moment, all planted by the fates, Tommy North came down the hall on his way to dinner. The laugh arrested him dead. The gaslight was on her hair so that it tumbled over her head—"like a heap of pulled molasses candy," he told himself. The door opened then. She vanished like a golden fairy caught in a mist of vapor.

A minute later Tommy North was sitting in the dining-room at Rosalie's right, waiting for something. He found himself in a state of embarrassment uncommon with him. What was he that he should talk to a decent girl? And would she know that he was—the branded? But a moment later, when Miss Lane trailed in behind Constance like a luminous shadow, when Rosalie introduced them both by name, and when he recognized them as the women in the Hanska affair, one part of his embarrassment floated away.

Indeed, Constance herself did the simply tactful thing by referring to the matter at once. The other boarders had not yet come; they were alone with Rosalie.

"I am so glad," she said, "that they have finally let you off, Mr. North. It must have been a horrible experience." She stopped, and her eyes fixed on something across the room. "Horrible!" she repeated.

"But everybody's going to get off easily, just as Mr. North did. You wait!" said Betsy Barbara.

Now the others came. Miss Harding acknowledged Tommy's presence with a lift of her eyes which said:

"Well, you're out of your latest scrape, aren't you?"

Miss Jones was plainly thrilled by the proximity of this now famous personage. Professor Noll, lost in the metrical mastication of a new wheat-and-oats compound prepared by Rosalie, plainly showed his ignorance of the fact that Mr. North had been away at all.

What they thought had now become a matter of entire indifference to Tommy North. The rest of the boarders put down his rapt silence to embarrassment over his late experience; and they left him out of the conversation. It was just as well. When Miss Harding remarked "Wasn't that a terrible accident up in the Bronx?" he would have answered, had he been required to answer:

"They are just the blue of periwinkles!"

When Professor Noll observed, in his heavy and formal way, "Yes, indeed—oh, yes, indeed!" Tommy would have said that the question—as a matter of fact, it referred to the weather—had run:

"Hasn't she a wonderful mouth?"

Twice he laughed uproariously, causing Miss Harding to remark that he was getting back his spirits, anyhow. This was when Betsy Barbara ventured a mild joke. Twice again she included him in the conversation. Once she asked for the butter, which impelled him to reach frantically for the salt, and once she referred to him the question whether one could reach the Brooklyn City Hall more quickly by trolley or by Subway, whereat he got temporary reputation as a joker by answering "both."

He sat dazed through the soup, ecstatic through the roast, and rapt through the dessert. Only when Betsy Barbara and Constance rose together did he remember that he had finished long ago. And then something happened which scattered the mists about him and brought him full into sunlight. Betsy Barbara had turned at the door—turned back to him.

"Mr. North," she said, "would it be possible for me to speak to you alone this evening? You see," she went on, before he got tongue to reply, "both Mrs. Hanska and I are working as hard as we can on this case. Mrs. Hanska is almost prostrated by the dreadfulness of it all. I'm trying to spare her as much as possible. I heard you testify, of course; but I thought I'd like to talk to you myself. Perhaps there's something—some tiny, *tiny* little thing—that you never thought of before, which would make all the difference in the world. It might be the means of saving Lawrence—Mr. Wade—for, of course, he's innocent. I do hope you realize that, Mr. North; and I hope you'll help us in any way you can."

Now, as to Mr. Wade, Tommy North held his own theories—or had held them, up to this moment. Of course it was Wade.

In his lonely and hysterical apprehensions at the Tombs he had been forced to nail the crime to some other suspect in order to save his own reason. His mind had fastened like a leech on Wade. For Mrs. Hanska he had felt vaguely sorry, especially after his one sight of her. But this blue and gold elf had spoken. To Tommy North, henceforth, Lawrence Wade was as innocent as the traditional babe unborn.

"Of course he didn't do it!" Tommy asserted valiantly. "I'll help all I can, I'm sure," he added. Then, eagerly: "Now?"

"The drawing-room is empty, if you want to talk," said Rosalie from the door.

She turned away with a smile on her lips and a glint in her eye; and Tommy sat down before his inquisitor.

It was little he added to the evidence, prolong this pleasant third degree as he might. He could but retell the story. Only one thing he evaded, dodged, eluded. It was his condition on that night. And suddenly Betsy Barbara, in her best school-mistress manner, came out with it.

"Now, one other thing," she said. "I beg your pardon for being so personal, but weren't you—a little—a little—" She floundered for a word, and the whole face of her became a rose-petal. "Only *slightly*, I mean, of course—but weren't you?"

"I wasn't a little, or even slightly," said Tommy, writhing in an agony of shame. "I was entirely."

For the second time that day a woman looked on him with eyes of rebuke. Momentarily, Betsy Barbara left the main track.

"And why did you do it?" she inquired. "Not that it's my business, perhaps. I only wondered!"

"I don't know," said Tommy. "I just kept on drinking until I was drunk. I guess," he added suddenly, "there was nothing else to do."

This came to him as a bright and perfect answer. He was totally unconscious that he was quoting Rosalie Le Grange.

Betsy Barbara smiled and wagged her head, so that the shaft of golden light across her hair shifted from left to right and from right to left again.

"In New York?" she said. "Nothing else in New York?"

Being called upon to speak in self-defense, Tommy North's tongue unlocked itself, and he talked.

"Well, that's all a woman knows about it, I suppose! When you finish work, where can you go? The theater's no fun unless you take a girl, and I don't know any. There's no way a man can meet a nice girl in this crazy town. White Horse has it a mile on New York in that respect! So the result is I meet other men, and we do things—and part of it is drinks. But, say," he added, "I've heard this line of remarks twice to-day already. I've lost my job on account of—being entirely."

To Betsy Barbara, herself engaged in the economic struggle, this fact seemed more important than to Tommy himself.

"You have?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I've given up my position in Arden in order to be with Constance, and I don't know how I shall live after three months. But something will turn up, I'm sure. Had you held your place long?"

"Six months or so," replied Tommy. "That's all right. I can find another, I guess—or I could, if this hadn't got into the papers."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Betsy Barbara, rising. "But such wonderful things happen to people in New York. Everybody's a Dick Whittington here. Only, if I were you, I wouldn't—" She paused and looked at him very seriously.

"No," replied Tommy, "I won't." And his heart added: "Not while you're around!" But his lips said: "Remember, if there is anything I can do—"

"Oh, thank you!" replied Betsy Barbara. "Good night!"

Outside the dining-room, next morning, Rosalie Le Grange met Mr. North.

"Thought my proposition over?" she asked.

"Yes. I guess I'll stay," replied Tommy shortly.

"Thought you would," replied Rosalie.

As she entered before him, she was smiling into the air. Decidedly, she was enriching her life in these days with vicarious troubles, but also with vicarious joys.

IX

ANOTHER week has passed, and the police still report "no progress" on the Wade-Hanska murder case, now a back number with the newspapers—a story laid aside. Wade—scorning, he says, all lawyer tricks—waits in the Tombs until the police shall have finished and turned the matter over to the mercies of the grand jury. The week

has been equally quiet at the select boarding-house maintained by Rosalie Le Grange—a quiet overlaid with gloom, and yet illuminated with human sympathy and even gaiety.

Gradually the household has become a body of Wade partizans. That, although they know it not, is due to Constance. Her somber sweetness, her distressful situation, have moved them; and emotion has persuaded reason and opinion, as it will always until we become intellectual machines.

As for Betsy Barbara, Rosalie in jest, and Professor Noll in earnest, call her "the little household fairy." Engaged though she is in a tragic guardianship, she is also young and sprightly—and a village girl fresh to the wonder of New York. Rosalie is the quiet force, but Betsy Barbara the visible focus, which draws them together.

She brings to their consideration of Manhattan all the small-town intimacy of interest. She brings to their intercourse the country habit of asking help, and accepting kindness, as a matter of course. She asks counsel of Miss Harding and Miss Jones on her autumn clothes. In her spare time she sews with Rosalie Le Grange—dropping, meanwhile, those confidences which flow at sewing-bees.

The orphan of a country clergyman, and a schoolmistress, she has at her finger-tips all the arts of play. Whenever the household stays in of nights, she gathers them together over hearts or bridge. When cards grow stale, she is capable of getting contagious fun out of charades or anagrams. She even starts experiments in table-tipping—and wonders vaguely why Rosalie Le Grange seems uninterested in that alone of their sports, and manages to break it up on the first excuse.

More and more, they take to staying at home. The two stenographers and their two young men—Messrs. Dayne and Murphy—go out of evenings but rarely now. This charming life domestic is a novelty in New York, it seems; they revel in the fad. Professor Noll enters into everything with the simple gaiety of a child. As for Tommy North, he is never away from the house except when searching for a job.

Through all the sprightly atmosphere Constance drifts, a figure quiet and dignified and beautiful and gentle. Generally, she joins the parties in the Le Grange parlor; Betsy Barbara sees to that. Acceding to every desire, making no suggestions of her

own, asking nothing—she is slipping visibly toward melancholy.

Days come when she smiles a little, when faint stars gleam in her great eyes; then Betsy Barbara knows, and the rest conjecture, that some will-o'-the-wisp clue has lifted her to a little hope. Nights come when, midway in the game, her eyes lose their hold on tangible things and fix on some vision in mid air; then Betsy Barbara knows, and the rest conjecture, that she has been visiting the Tombs.

They set themselves to exorcise her demon, each after his own fashion. Betsy Barbara is sweetly cajoling, Rosalie subtly encouraging, Miss Harding heavy-handed but contagious, Tommy North jocular, Professor Noll fatherly—but all are kind.

Mr. Estrilla develops a way of joining them after his evening visits to his sister; and he brings such a spirit of Latin gaiety that they quit their formal games when he enters. Rosalie, especially, delights in him. He has a quick turn of the tongue which matches her own; and they fence with good-natured repartee.

All speak well of Estrilla—except Tommy North, who says nothing. When approached on the subject, North grows frigidly polite, but non-committal. He has noted that when Estrilla enters the room, his eyes travel to Betsy Barbara.

Miss Estrilla alone never joins the group down-stairs. Though her eyes are better, though she can bear some light, she shows a state of debility puzzling to her physician and alarming to her watcher and attendant, Rosalie Le Grange. The doctor advises her to return to a warmer climate before the New York winter sets in—like all transplanted Latins, she is a very shivery person. She answers that she cannot; her brother's business lies in New York, and she must stay near him.

Once, Rosalie Le Grange suggests a hospital; whereupon Miss Estrilla weeps and begs to remain. Go she will not, though Rosalie once discovers Estrilla arguing the question with her in his perfect English with its pleasant Spanish roll.

X

THE time came when Rosalie Le Grange determined to visit Inspector McGee; she wished to unload some theories of her own concerning the Hanska case. Such visits must be made with all due precaution of secrecy. She chose an evening when, as

happened seldom nowadays, nearly all the boarders had engagements elsewhere. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Dayne had invited the "girls" to the theater; Mr. North was to dine with a man who might give him a job.

As a step preliminary to her diplomacies, she telephoned to McGee, and made an appointment to meet him at a distance from his office. Then she approached Betsy Barbara.

"It's asking a lot of you, my dear," she said, "but I've been so busy gettin' this place shook together that I haven't had time to mind my own affairs. I've a cousin in town, an' I jest haven't had time to pay her any attention. It's been simply scandalous, the way I've neglected her. Miss Estrilla is kind of nervous to-night, an' I hate to leave her alone until her brother comes. Besides, he misses some evenings. Just sit by her, will you? If he shows up, you don't have to do even that. Goodness knows, I wish I'd got her a nurse at the start, instead of tryin' to boss the thing myself!"

Betsy Barbara accepted the new responsibility.

"I'd love it," she said almost cheerfully. "Constance is going to try to get some sleep to-night, and I'll put her to bed right after dinner. And I've been dying to meet Miss Estrilla!"

Miss Estrilla's appearance appealed at once to Betsy Barbara's quick sympathies. Her eyes were shaded; further, she wore heavy, colored glasses. She was a rather tall and slender woman, Betsy Barbara decided. Her face, bold in the bony structure, seemed hawklike with the wasting of illness.

There was a kind of exquisite shyness about her which blended perfectly with her punctilious Spanish courtesy. She was Spanish in manner alone, however. She spoke English without a trace of her brother's amusing roll.

Betsy Barbara, when the ice was broken, chattered girl-fashion on the events of the day in the boarding-house, always avoiding the subject of the tragedy which had drawn them together. Miss Estrilla, though she listened with interest, did not avail herself of openings to respond. Betsy Barbara was running down, when she bethought herself of a new resource.

"I've brought up the evening paper," she said. "Wouldn't you like to have me read it to you? There's a splendid elopement in high life."

"I should like it very much," replied Miss Estrilla, after a slight pause.

"I'm just crazy about the New York papers," resumed Betsy Barbara, as she perched herself on a table to get at the dim point of light. "The Arabian Nights things that happen in this town will drive me crazy yet! Wait just a minute. I must see if they've found the Hollister baby. I'm nearly dead over her!"

Curiosity satisfied, Betsy Barbara read the head-lines, and rendered in full the stories which Miss Estrilla indicated. She was absorbed in the account of a splendid burglary, when a knock sounded at the door. Estrilla entered.

As he recognized Miss Lane with a bow of inimitable attention and courtesy, as he crossed the room and tenderly kissed his sister, Betsy Barbara somehow had the feeling that she was meeting a stranger. For the first time, at any rate, she expressed him to herself.

"Handsome," was her first mental comment. That marked against him in her books. She distrusted the handsome male. A man, according to Betsy Barbara's perfectly clean-cut set of opinions, should be like a bull-terrier—ugly, a little rough and awkward, faithful, kind.

"But nice in spite of it," was her second thought.

She formulated another thing about him in the minute while she watched. His quality was—caressing, that was the word. The glances of his eye, the attitude of his body, the gestures of his hands, all reminded one of a love-tap.

Betsy Barbara took in other details as he faced about and addressed her. He was small—but she had always noticed that obvious fact. Looking at the figure on the bed, one would have called the sister the taller of the two. He was perfectly formed, nevertheless. He had a plume of black hair which glimmered in the gaslight with a dusky reflection of Betsy Barbara's native gold and satin turban.

"I have been taking care of your sister, you see," said Betsy Barbara.

"Ah! Then what need of me?" replied Estrilla.

"She has been kind enough to read me the newspapers," rolled the rich contralto of the invalid from the bed.

"I think you and your sister are wonderfully alike—and yet wonderfully different," said Betsy Barbara, carefully

ignoring the personal note in Estrilla's remark.

"The resemblance is a compliment to me—the difference what you call a slam," replied Estrilla.

"I—I must be going now," said Betsy Barbara, in her best schoolmistress manner.

"I beg you not to deprive us of yourself so soon," replied Estrilla.

"Please stay!" echoed his sister.

Betsy Barbara remembered what she had heard of Spanish politeness—its over-elaboration and over-insistence; but her Anglo-Saxon mind could discover no way to parry with equal politeness. Also, she told herself, when one has dwelt too long with tragedy, one wants to be amused. She sat where she was for five minutes longer, while brother and sister made her the focus of their conversation.

But she was not amused. In the presence of his sister, Estrilla appeared a different man from the light fencer with words of their evenings down-stairs. He was grave, he was formal. Infinitely tender toward Miss Estrilla, he was also attentive toward Betsy Barbara, but he did not play with her as usual. It was puzzling, but a little fascinating, this change.

In five minutes more, Betsy Barbara summoned tact to the aid of manners and maiden modesty. She invented an excuse to shield herself against Spanish politeness, and left Estrilla bowing gravely at the threshold.

Betsy Barbara thought first of her responsibility. Silently she opened Constance's door and tiptoed to the bed. Her lady of troubles was asleep. By the night lamp which Constance kept burning against the demons of her night thoughts, Betsy Barbara noted the growth of lines in the relaxed face.

She sighed and crept back into the hall. There she hesitated a moment. The house seemed deserted. It was too late for venturing forth alone; yet somehow she—she who must keep courage for two—must exorcise the vague, black visions which began to surround her. Also, something which she could not analyze was stirring disquiet in her soul.

"If I only had some work!" she said to herself, and sighed again.

So meditating, she wandered aimlessly down-stairs. The doors of the parlor were open; the lights were on; the piano stood open, inviting.

"Only merry tunes, though," she warned herself as she sat down.

She started the liveliest jig she knew. Presently she began to sing in her pleasant, untrained voice, which wobbled entrancingly whenever she got out of the middle register.

But music is the slave of moods; and before she was aware, her voice was following the strings in old and melancholy love-songs. Now it was "Loch Lomond":

"The bonny, bonny banks and the bonny, bonny
braes

An' the sun shines bright on me ain land—"

At this point, Betsy Barbara dropped her hands from the keys, and the music stopped abruptly. She was just aware that a fine, floating tenor had been humming the part. Señor Estrilla stood looking down on her.

"My seester has gone to sleep," he said. "That is a Scotch song, is it not? Please go on."

Betsy Barbara smiled, nodded, resumed her keys; and they sang together:

"Whaur I an' my true love were ever wont to
gae
By the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond."

When the song was finished, Estrilla leaned on the piano and looked down at Betsy Barbara. His mood, seemingly, had changed; it was his whim to talk.

"They are a little cold on the surface, those Scotch love-songs," he said, "though warm beneath, like a volcano. Now we who speak Spanish—we can throw our emotions to the surface."

"Don't you think," responded Betsy Barbara, "that to conceal it, yet to show it's there, is the more wonderful way, after all?"

The blood of the MacGregors in Betsy Barbara was calling her to the defense of her own.

"Do you happen to know any of our Spanish songs?" pursued Estrilla.

"Only 'Juanita,' I think—and 'La Paloma.'"

Estrilla looked as if he might have laughed but for Spanish politeness.

"Those are Spanish for outside consumption, as when the English call your cheap-oilcloth, is it not?—American cloth. Let me sing to you! But a Spanish song does not go well with the piano."

"There's a guitar over in the alcove," announced Betsy Barbara.

"Far-seeing maiden!" exclaimed Estrilla, with such a delicious Spanish roll

on the vowels that Betsy Barbara laughed a little; and he, as if understanding, laughed with her.

So he tuned the guitar, Betsy Barbara giving him the key on the piano. And while he tweaked the strings, he made comment on them, as:

"This—you hear—is the angel string. It is for celestial harmonies. One cannot go wrong on this string; but it is too fine and high to make all our music. This is the man string. You can go very right or very wrong on this one."

"Thees one," he pronounced it; and he drew out the vowels as if lingering on the thought.

"This is the woman string. Listen—how discordant now! I tune it to the man string, for I am god of this little world—and now how beautiful!"

"You are talking poetry!" said Betsy Barbara; and thought of the phrase as somewhat awkward.

"Ah, but I am inspired!" replied Estrilla.

"He surely doesn't mean me?" thought Betsy Barbara. "That would be almost improper!"

However, he was looking not at her but at the guitar.

"Listen!" he resumed, giving the strings one final caressing stroke. And in his light, floating tenor, he began:

"*Alma pura de luz y alegría—*"

"What does it mean?" asked Betsy Barbara, when he had finished.

He translated:

"White spirit of joy and light—if the clouds should cross you—it is I who would blow them away with the wind of my love—I, *cholita mia!* That *cholita mia* I cannot translate. You have nothing in English which carries such endearment," he added.

Betsy Barbara, her golden head on one side, meditated his words.

"It's pretty—very pretty. But has it the deep feeling of ours?" Although Betsy Barbara taught English literature and composition to the middle class of Arden Seminary, she floundered a little in this attempt at literary criticism. "Now this, for example." She fled to song for expression, and began:

"Ye banks an' braes—"

"Tender," he admitted, "but gloomy. And why should there be gloom in express-

ing love? You do not know our depth of passion. We live our passion and our gloom—and when we sing we make our thought tender so that we may forget. Listen!”

Now he struck a deeper key:

“*Perro al abrirse la rosa—*

“I have made that into English verse,” he concluded.

“But the rose unfolds in the dawning
At the touch of the sun and the dew;
And the sun and the rain and the summer of life
Are the touch and the thought of you.”

“You are really a poet!” exclaimed Betsy Barbara.

She was about to say more; but his eyes rested upon her as he started another song:

“*Angel divino que tu es!*

“That,” he concluded, “is in praise of the *mantilla blanca*. The song is old, and the custom nearly dead. Now and then we have a woman colored not dark, like the rest of us, but white and gold, like the angels. In some countries she had the privilege of wearing a white mantilla; and wherever she went, she was a queen. This is how it runs: ‘A divine angel wore thee, white mantilla. The warp was goodness and the woof beauty. Thy bosom is the white rose, thine eye the blue heaven, and thy soul the void above heaven.’”

He strummed little, shimmering chords as he spoke. He fell to silence, but still the languorous music quivered from the guitar. Betsy Barbara turned about on the piano-stool, her hands folded lightly in her lap, her eyes cast down. He was speaking again; and this time it was not what he said which moved and disturbed her—it was his tone.

“*Mantilla blanca!*” he was saying over and over again. “*Mantilla blanca!*”

She sat there impassive, embarrassed, but inert. She felt shame, yet also a furtive pleasure, at the steady look of those caressing eyes.

It lasted only a moment.

The outer door slammed violently. Betsy Barbara started, as if caught in something guilty. She hesitated a moment, for fear of showing her feelings to Estrilla. Then she walked out into the hall.

There was no one in sight. That seemed curious, since the hall stairs were not carpeted, and one could hear footsteps. It was as if some one had opened the front door, and then had quickly closed it again with-

out entering. When she turned back, puzzled, she felt the necessity for explanation.

“I thought it might be Miss Harding,” she said falsely. “I wanted to see her.”

Estrilla only smiled the same caressing smile. But the spell was cracked; and Betsy Barbara herself completed the break.

“Well, anyhow,” she said, pulling herself together, “the Spanish have no martial music like ours!”

She struck up “Scots Wha Hae”; nor did music and conversation turn again to love-songs. In fact, half an hour later, Betsy Barbara winged a hint, which he caught mid-course, as he seemed to catch every delicate shaft of meaning. He rose and bade her a formal good night.

“I hope I may sing with you again,” he said at parting.

Betsy Barbara went to her own room. She dawdled over her preparations for undressing, making a dozen starts and stops. She was not sleepy; a hundred currents of thought were crossing and recrossing in her mind. So at last she threw a kimono over her evening-gown and sat down at the window, maiden-fashion, and thought.

XI

To make no further mystery, the person who opened the front door and disturbed the tête-à-tête between Estrilla and Betsy Barbara was only Tommy North. He had been searching strenuously for a job. No mystery about that, either. The reason was Betsy Barbara. The night’s quest had failed. The fluid mercury of his disposition had fallen almost to absolute zero.

In this mood, he unlocked the front door. The parlor was open; he heard the soft thrum of a guitar. Hungry for companionship, he crossed the thick hall-carpet to the parlor door. He looked in, and beheld Betsy Barbara sitting with flushed cheeks and folded hands. It was the attitude of a woman who yields. Beside her sat the Estrilla person, strumming gently on a guitar and looking a million languors.

With a movement that was an explosion, Tommy rushed out, slamming the front door behind him. His feet, rather than his will, carried him away. There was a saloon at the corner. As by instinct, Tommy rushed into it and ordered a glass of whisky—his first since the night of the Hanska murder. He shivered slightly when he drank it, as he always did at the new taste of raw whisky.

A cab-driver whom he knew rose up from the corner and greeted him respectfully. Tommy invited the man to have a drink.

The cab-driver introduced him to the bartender. Tommy invited them both to have another drink.

The bartender introduced a paper-hanger. Tommy included him in a fourth drink.

Next, the bartender asked them to have one on the house. By this time, all was over with Tommy North's sobriety. In a period incredibly short, he had fulfilled the tragic purpose for which he left the boarding-house.

Now, nearly every drunkard—and especially an amateur like Mr. Thomas North—has some latent peculiarity which comes out with intoxication. Tommy's was the homing instinct. He always sought his own bed when drunk, no matter how embarrassing the circumstances might be. An hour and a half after he stood treat to the cabman, he was weaving toward the select boarding-house of Mme. Rosalia Le Grange, muttering over and over to himself:

"New life in new clime—wond'ful plan of genius!"

Laboriously he unlocked the door; painfully, and with occasional mutterings about a blasted life, he reached the first landing. And on that landing a door opened. Betsy Barbara stood looking at him.

Curiously, as the gaslight caught her full, it was not upon Betsy Barbara's shocked, wide-open eyes that he fixed his gaze. He looked at her feet. She was wearing high-heeled velvet shoes with paste buckles. In the light, they sparkled like real diamonds.

Betsy Barbara stepped back, with woman's instinctive fear of a drunken man; so one of the slippers moved. Tommy, his eyes still toward the ground, clutched at it. The motion almost tumbled him over. It made him reel against the door-post.

"Get it an' hold it," he said; "then discover murder!"

"Mr. North, Mr. North!" exclaimed Betsy Barbara, and stood helpless, staring at this weird performance.

His mind seemed to shift; he seemed aware of her as a person; and he struggled for articulation.

"Drunk!" he said. "Final disgrace—everything gone now!"

"Mr. North," said Betsy Barbara, gathering her courage, "listen to me. If you wake people up to-night, they'll never forgive you. Now I'm going to help you to

your room; but you are to be perfectly silent. Do you understand?"

"I promise," said Tommy. "There! I spoke an' broke promise. Vista shattered promises!"

"No, you didn't, but you will if you speak again!"

Tommy solemnly closed his mouth with finger and thumb. She caught him under the arm, as if to support him. He waved her away and started to make his own course up the stairs. Betsy Barbara followed, her hands extended to give help in case of need. Though he sought aid of the banisters here and there, he navigated very well.

At his own landing, Betsy Barbara ran ahead, opened his door, and switched on the electric light. Then, returning, she pushed him in with a final—

"Good night—and please try to be quiet!"

Betsy Barbara had endured a day filled with as many varied emotions as it is generally given woman to endure. She applied the best remedy that woman knows for surfeit of emotion. She took down her hair, undressed, and cried herself to sleep.

XII

TOMMY woke next morning to the appropriate mental and physical tortures. When memory had finished with its merciless rack, the future applied thumb-screws. If he went down to breakfast, he must meet—her.

Remorse and jealousy struggled in him with a perverse pride. At any rate, he would not run away. No, he would face her. He would look into her eyes, which would be shocked and hurt. The last embers of a ruined existence would shine through his own. Then, after she had seen and realized, he would go away forever and send her just one letter—no, just one flower, with his card—to let her know what he had felt and what he had cast aside.

Then—since the human spirit is never static—having touched the lowest depths, his thoughts began to rise toward hope. Just how had he behaved last night? What had she seen him do?

From the haze of confused memories a clear fact appeared in this place and that. He had got up the first flight somehow; that part of it was dim. He had been aware of her standing at the landing. How had she looked? Somehow, he could not remember

her face. Why? Because he had been looking at her shoe-buckles—at something which glittered. Why?

The tragic night of the Hanska murder flashed in upon him, and with it a fact which he had told neither the police in the third degree process, nor yet the coroner at the inquest, for the simple reason that he had forgotten it. Now, he remembered it clearly, perfectly. A freak of drunken consciousness had brought back something which he might never have remembered again.

"Gee whiz!" he cried, leaping out of bed, headache and all. "She's looking for evidence—this will fix her!"

A cold dip and a dash of bromid restored him wonderfully, for Tommy North's tissues were resilient and young. As he entered the dining-room for breakfast, only a slight pallor and a little languor indicated the crisis of the night before.

Betsy Barbara and Constance were already seated. Betsy Barbara looked him full in the eye.

"Good morning, Mr. North," she said evenly, and giving no clue to her inner emotions.

"Good morning," replied Tommy shortly.

He slid into his chair and attacked his grapefruit. The breakfast went on. Betsy Barbara talked freely; she appeared animated, even. She included Mr. North in the conversation, throwing him a question now and then. He noticed only that these questions came at regular intervals, as if she were remembering to be very careful. That might be a good sign or a bad one, he reflected.

Betsy Barbara and Constance had risen now. Tommy North, with an effort of the will, rose and followed.

"Miss Lane," he said in the hall; and then, since she did not seem to hear him, he spoke louder. "Miss Lane!"

Betsy Barbara turned. Alone with him now—since Constance had gone on—her eyes showed the emotions which she had suppressed in public.

"What is it?" she said icily.

"I wanted to tell you something."

"I think," responded Betsy Barbara, "that you needn't make any more explanations, thank you!"

She was turning away when Tommy recovered himself.

"Oh, it isn't that," he said. "Of course, I know very well that I can't. I'm not trying to explain, Miss Lane. It's just something—something new, in a way—about the Hanska case. I think it may possibly help."

Betsy Barbara turned again, and this time quickly. Her look was startled, but—Heaven be praised!—friendly.

"Something new about the Hanska case?" she said breathlessly. "Shall I send for Constance?"

This was the point where Tommy North became a strategist.

"It has to do," he said humbly, "with the way I was last night. You saw me—I shouldn't like to tell her."

"Let's take a walk," proposed Betsy Barbara, with her wonderful practicality.

"If you wish," said Tommy North humbly, and yet thrilled with a sense of renewed companionship.

Indeed, by the time they reached the street, he had recovered his spirits so much as to propose that they should take a cross-town car and walk up Fifth Avenue. The car was crowded; they must stand; so they did not approach the subject of the moment until they were treading the street of the spenders.

"Well, what is it, Mr. North? I'm dying to know!" said Betsy Barbara, falling into step with her brisk little walk of a school-mistress.

"It may mean something or it may not," said Tommy. "I was drunk, of course, on the night of the murder, and I was more or less drunk last night."

"More rather than less, I should say," replied Betsy Barbara with emphasis.

"Did I do anything strange," inquired Tommy, "when I first saw you?"

"You nearly tumbled at my feet, for one thing," replied Betsy Barbara.

"What—what were you wearing on your feet?"

Betsy Barbara thought over this peculiar question for a second.

"My velvet shoes with the rhinestone buckles," she said.

Tommy nodded solemnly.

"That was it! I was reaching for them last night, just as I was reaching the night I fell at Captain Hanska's door. And it brought everything back."

"Oh, what do you mean?" begged Betsy Barbara. "Go on! Please go on."

(To be continued)

THE MILLIONAIRE YIELD OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN you cross the bay from Oakland to San Francisco in the early morning, the first impression you get of your destination is apt to be typical of its source and character. The chances are that the peninsular point of land before you—once the solemn sanctuary of the padres—will be shrouded in mist. As you draw nearer, the pall suddenly rises and the city—shining, serene, and set on many hills—seems to come forth to greet you.

In this swift and thrilling transformation—like a glistening mirage of the desert reversed—you behold the grace of marvelous growth and the spirit of triumphant resurrection. Also you see, in your mind's eye, the valiant pioneer procession that conquered plain, breasted wave, and wrought achievement out of the sloth of the "splendid idle forties." For here was the gateway to the goal of gold-desire.

San Francisco, like every other great American city, is simply the brick, stone, and steel incarnation of the courage and stamina of her builders. But she is more vitally the product of hazard and daring than any other community of her size. She has been chastened by fire, and wrecked by mighty upheaval, yet she has always found a rebirth of larger faith.

Glamorous with romance, brilliant with sunshine and flowers, linked with picturesque conquest, she forms a sort of separate world, aloof and unforgettable. No cradle of American riches has so fair a setting as this "warder of two continents," hedged around by popped plain and washed by the

sunset sea. Nor is any yield of millioned men quite so fascinating in all those qualities of human interest and incident as the group that set up a new camp of capital beside the Golden Gate.

If you have read the previous articles in this series, you will recall that the approach to each gallery of fame has been along a distinct highway. Pittsburgh emerged from wilderness trail into a vast industrial furnace; Cleveland passed from trading-post to seething commercial center; Denver rose from mining-camp to metropolis of the mountains, and so on.

With very rare exceptions the development has been gradual; but San Francisco sprang almost overnight from drowsy hamlet into a city's pride. The event that gave her such quick maturity stirred the heart of the nation and smote the universal chords, because it was the discovery of gold. To paraphrase mythology, the city leaped from the brows of the Jasons who stormed the gulches in the days of forty-nine.

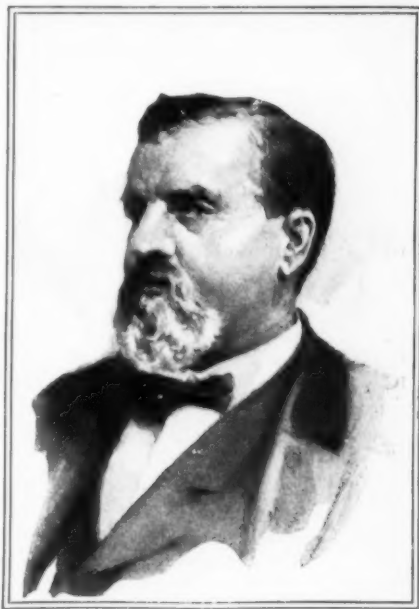
No part of our land was so quickly peopled as was California in that first golden era, nor did any section of our national domain ever take on so easily the temperament of its invaders. Those early Argonauts were passionate, cheerful, energetic, and with the saving sense of humor. The aftermath of that glad, free epoch is in the democracy of self-confidence which is today one of San Francisco's greatest assets. It has been the antidote against despair and disaster, the bulwark of California progress.

Behind the very beginnings of San Fran-

EDITOR'S NOTE—The present article is the fourth of a series dealing with our great American cities, with the industrial and commercial factors that have contributed to their growth and to their wealth, and with their most prominent moneyed families and individuals. The previous papers dealt with Pittsburgh (published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for March), Cleveland (April), and Denver (May). Next month's article will be entitled "The Millionaire Yield of Philadelphia."



WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN, FLOOD'S PARTNER IN THE SALOON BUSINESS, WHO REAPED PART OF THE HARVEST OF THE FAMOUS BIG BONANZA



JAMES C. FLOOD, A SAN FRANCISCO SALOON-KEEPER WHO BECAME A BONANZA KING THROUGH HIS ALLIANCE WITH MACKAY AND FAIR



CLAUS SPRECKELS, A GERMAN GROCERY CLERK WHO BECAME THE SUGAR KING OF THE WEST AND A LEADER IN SAN FRANCISCO FINANCE



JAMES PHELAN, AN IRISH IMMIGRANT WHO BECAME ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST BANKERS AND LANDOWNERS OF SAN FRANCISCO



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, LOOKING FROM NOB HILL DOWN CALIFORNIA STREET TOWARD THE BAY—ON THE LEFT, IN THE DISTANCE, IS GOAT ISLAND; THE TOWER AT THE EDGE OF THE BAY IS THE FERRY BUILDING, THE CHIEF ENTRY TO THE CITY

From a photograph—

cisco's wealth was a condition different from that which obtained in any other city that I have described.

While the sources of most of our fortunes were rooted in primitive days, and began with the conquest of the virgin forest or prairie, the financial prosperity of the Golden Gate started in a region already opulent. California was a Mexican state long before the stars and stripes floated above her fruitful valleys. She was the haunt of the Spanish grandee; the home of a proud social order; the playground of a pleasure-loving Latin race.

A chain of Franciscan missions was the first outpost of civilized order reared in the region, and

San Francisco was a link in that chain. The pregnant year

that spread the Declaration of Independence upon the page of history saw the belfry of the Mission of St. Francis rise on the site of what is now the city of San Francisco. In fact, throughout the region, the mission or the presidio was always the forerunner of the town.

While the settlement around that restful haven of St. Francis basked in lazy sunshine, various other communities developed more rapidly — notably Monterey, the ancient capital, and San Diego. Those first drowsy decades of the nineteenth century were marked by the bestowal of vast



PETER DONAHUE, WHO ESTABLISHED THE FIRST STREET-CAR LINE AND THE FIRST GAS-WORKS IN SAN FRANCISCO



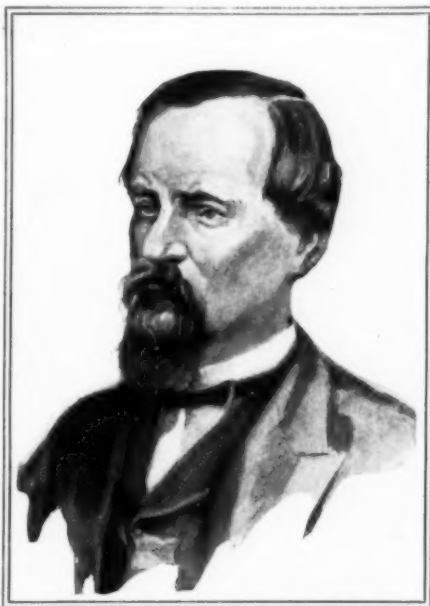
THIS VIEW INCLUDES MOST OF THE DISTRICT DEVASTATED BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE IN APRIL, 1906, AND SHOWS HOW IT HAS SINCE BEEN ALMOST ENTIRELY REBUILT—THE TALL BUILDING ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, WITH THE LOFTY DOME, IS THE OFFICE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL.

—copyright, 1911, by R. J. Waters & Co., San Francisco

land-grants. The rancheros lived in princely fashion; their vaqueros ranged the valleys, and their beeves grazed on a hundred hills. Here was the launching of the California cattle fortunes, although it remained for Yankee enterprise to make them permanent.

But the masterful American was slowly but surely establishing himself in that generous soil, and the Spanish era, with its padres and its paternosters, its dons and its duennas, its languorous old-world order, was passing to its doom. There is no space here to recite the struggle of gringo and greaser, or how California, following our war with Mexico, came into the Union.

While these events were shaping, San Francisco slumbered by the sea—a motley village whose chief charm was its glorious outlook on bay and shore.



WILLIAM SHARON, MINING MILLIONAIRE, UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND BUILDER OF THE PALACE HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD

Then came that fateful January morning in 1848. Up at Sutter's Mill, near the little town of Coloma, James W. Marshall stood beside a mill-race, unconscious of the fact that he was about to make history. As he watched the rushing waters, he saw some glittering gold particles clinging to the bank of the race. It was the first strand of California's golden fleece, and as its shining surface gleamed

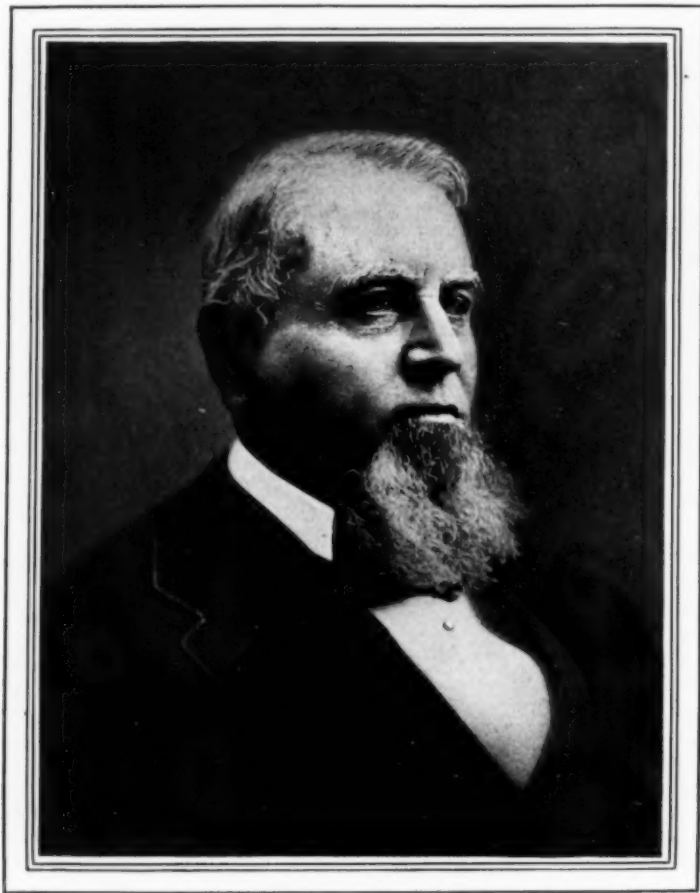
in the sunlight, a whole new era of Western civilization began. Marshall's cry of delight at what he found was like a wireless call projected into space; the whole world answered.

Despite the efforts made to suppress the news, word of the great discovery trickled down to the coast, depopulating whole towns, and starting the fever which was to rage so long and so fiercely. It was not until late in the year that the tidings got "back East." Then began the most famous of all gold rushes—a race that became a thrilling epic of endurance and desire. Its track was the breadth of a vast continent; its goal an untrod Eldorado. Those who

did not brave the plains came by water around the Horn, or by steamer to Panama, then across the isthmus and up the Pacific.

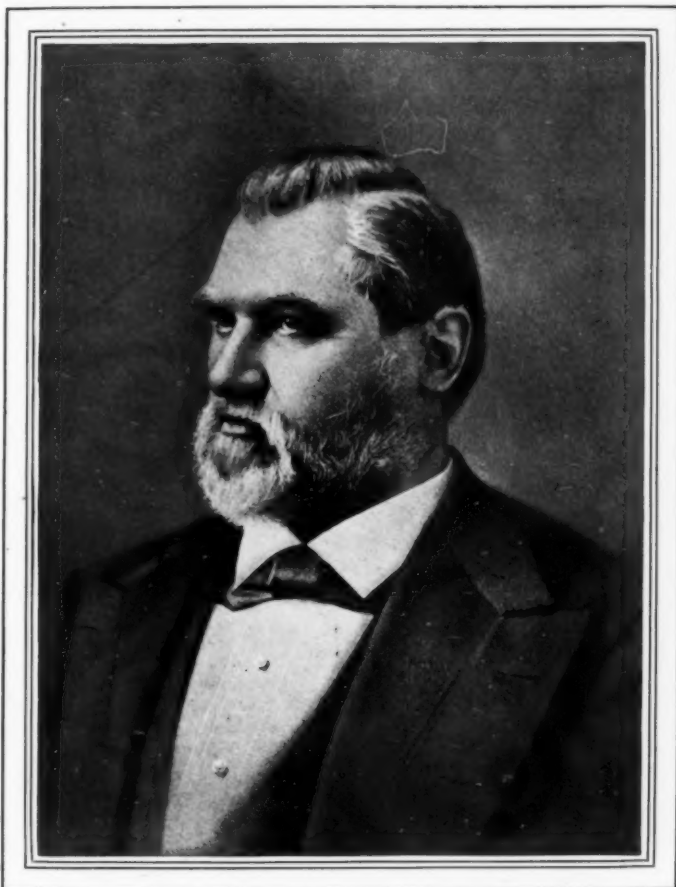
This blithe, buoyant, gold-hungry horde, which had left plow, loom, mast, and desk, and which gave California its most virile tradition, poured into San Francisco in a continuous stream, and the place found a new life. From that time dates its real expansion. The drowsy village became a tented city of destiny, which never slept, and the glamour of that care-free and animated day is still about her.

Behind the sweep of those Argonauts was a bigger and more permanent significance than is usually found in rough and ready



CHARLES CROCKER, THE CONSTRUCTIVE GENIUS WHO BUILT THE CENTRAL
PACIFIC RAILROAD ACROSS THE SIERRAS, FOUNDED THE CROCKER
NATIONAL BANK, AND AMASSED ONE OF THE GREAT
SAN FRANCISCO FORTUNES

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco



LELAND STANFORD, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, UNITED STATES SENATOR,
RAILROAD BUILDER, AND FOUNDER OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

invasion. The Titans who blazed the way across prairie and mountain laid the foundations of the real San Francisco, and likewise gave to the record of our wealth its most magnetic chapter. Turn where you will in the annals of San Francisco fortunes, and you find the bone and sinew of the forty-niners.

The creators of San Francisco wealth had to build before they could live. They were constructors by necessity, for stern circumstance pressed down upon them. Out of these conditions, backed up by vision, native strength, and intrepid purpose, was born the courage that threw the Central Pacific across the Sierras; that hewed the ransom of the Comstock Lode; that planted

a dynasty of business in Alaskan ice, and commercialized the very flower and romance of the Orient.

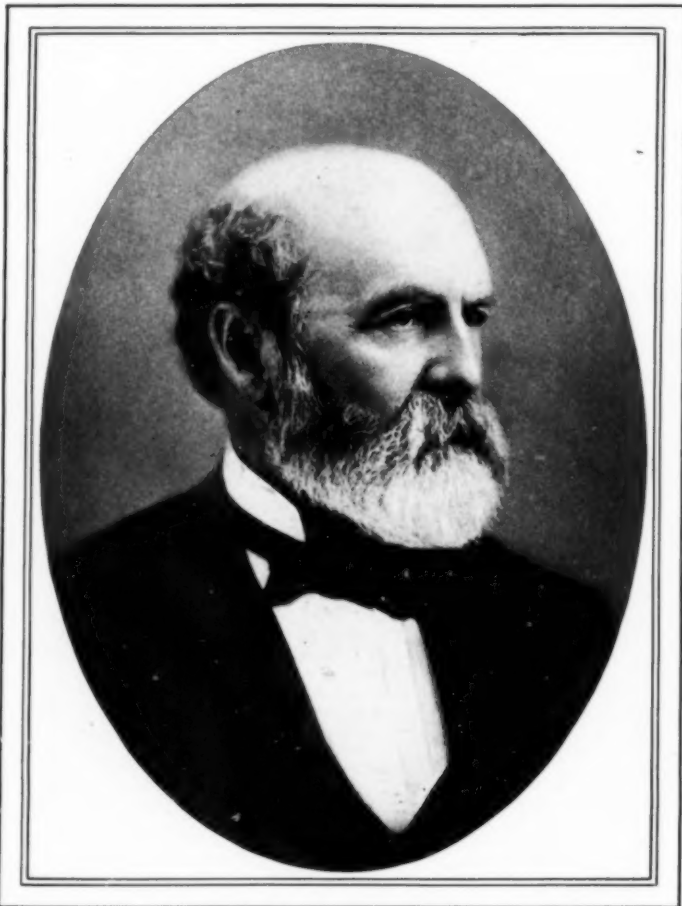
What is the result? That old pioneer instinct has never perished in all the years that have passed since the first pick splintered quartz in the cañons of the Sierras. In that ill-starred April of 1906, when the city which Brete Harte described as "indifferent to fate" was devastated by fire and earthquake, it was that same old pioneer countenance—resolute, cheerful, and unafraid—that looked down upon the ghastly ruins and saw, even before the smoke subsided, a new community rising from the ashes. It was this pioneer spirit, too, that has raised San Francisco to her

proud heights to-day—a miracle of reconstruction.

THE MISER PHILANTHROPIST

So full of heroes is San Francisco's Valhalla of wealth, and so packed with incident and adventure is the narrative of their

strike, bringing with him a small fortune in Spanish doubloons that he had amassed by shrewd trading in South America. He let the prospectors rush to the gold-fields, while he remained behind to capitalize the opportunity that the movement gave to the city. He began to buy large tracts of land



COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, WHO, AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC, BUILT UP THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC SYSTEM, AND BECAME A RAILROAD EMPEROR

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

achievement, that the limits of a single magazine article will permit the presentation of only a few groups and types in a long and crowded line of moneyed power.

In the city's earlier day, James Lick stands out with peculiar distinctiveness. This Pennsylvania cabinet-maker turned up in San Francisco the year before the gold

in San Francisco, and became the Astor of the Golden Gate.

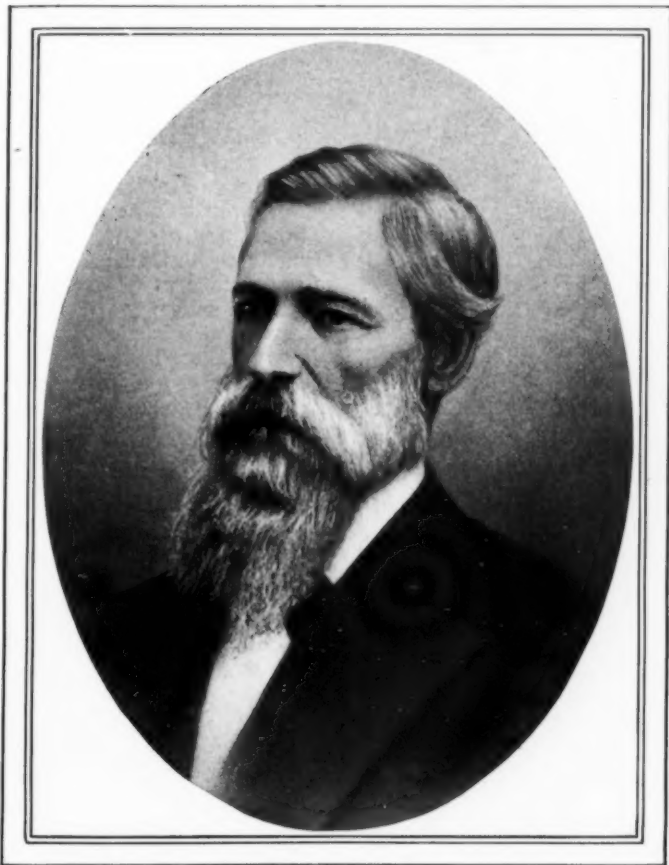
Early in the fifties he built a remarkable flour-mill down at San José. It is said that back in Pennsylvania he had loved a miller's daughter, but was spurned because he was poor. He vowed that he would wipe out that stigma, and he decided to do so by

building the finest flour-mill in the world. It was finished in solid mahogany, and was known alternately as "the mahogany mill" and "Lick's Folly." But the quality of flour it produced was very high, and it paid a good return on its cost.

Lick had the reputation of being exceed-

One day he surprised San Francisco by building what was at that time the finest hotel on the coast—the Lick House. The dowdy old man filled it with art treasures, and he himself carved the woodwork in the dining-room.

When he was seventy-seven, and practi-

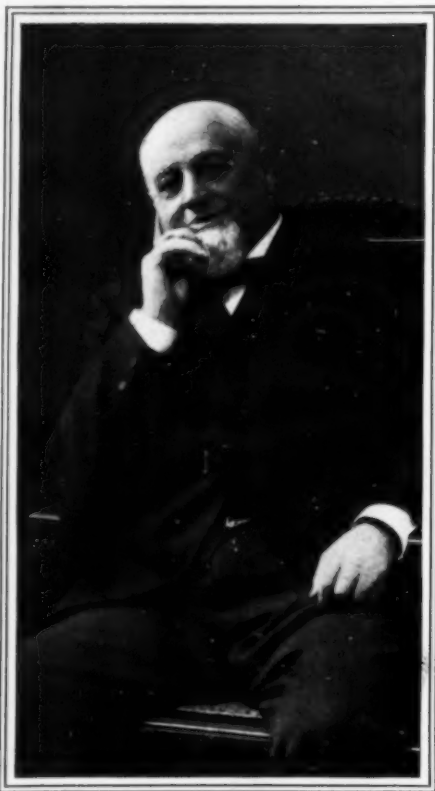


MARK HOPKINS, A PIONEER MERCHANT WHO WAS THE FINANCIAL GENIUS OF THE FAMOUS GROUP OF RAILROAD BUILDERS INCLUDING HUNTINGTON, STANFORD, AND CROCKER

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

ingly penurious. He went about the city collecting bones, and people thought that he gnawed them himself. As a matter of fact, he used them to develop his orchards, for he believed that there was no other fertilizer as good for trees. But there was no doubt of his parsimony, for he dressed shabbily and drove a broken-down horse in a rattle-trap buggy.

cally without kith or kin, he disposed of his millions by endowing the great Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton. His other benefactions ranged from a home for indigent old ladies to free baths and laundries for the poor. In the annals of American wealth there is perhaps no more eccentric figure than this miser philanthropist of San Francisco.



LOUIS SLOSS, A FUR-DEALER WHO BEGAN THE
COMMERCIAL CONQUEST OF ALASKA AND
BUILT A WHOLE NEW BUSINESS
MAP IN THE FAR NORTH

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

Measured by the standard of the giants who followed, Lick was a mere diverting incident in the vast and stirring drama of million-making. We now come to that masterful group—well named the Big Four—who dominated the Pacific Coast and made history in a virile and compelling way.

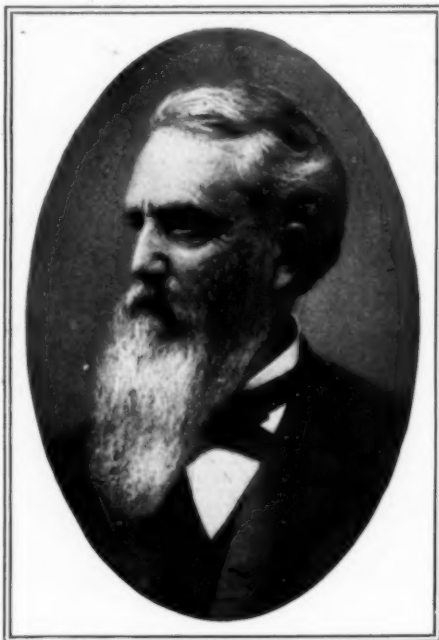
It was a fateful day when Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, and Charles Crocker met for their mutual benefit. Never were four men better matched for important task; never was teamwork more potent. Nature had endowed them with superb physique, indomitable will, and comprehending vision; and marvelously did they fulfil their destiny. Each was a Wotan in that Pacific Valhalla. One feat alone—the building of the Central Pacific—placed them among the heroic doers.

The fifties had found these men living at

Sacramento, which at that time promised to be one of the great communities of the State. They were all Eastern born. Stanford was a dealer in groceries and provisions; Crocker had a dry-goods store, and Huntington and Hopkins ran a hardware establishment. From this prosaic environment they were projected into an atmosphere of romantic daring, for the two hardware merchants became financial geniuses; the weigher of sugar and tea developed into a political wizard; while the man who had stood behind the ribbon-counter rose to a constructive task that set a new mark for the American railroad.

Like other far-seeing men, they realized the handicap of California's isolation. There could be no speedy progress without railroad connection with the East. But the prospect of construction was staggering. Between the last iron frontiers and the coast lay almost insurmountable barriers, notably the snowy Sierras. Yet one man—Theodore P. Judah, the unsung hero of Western railroading—had worked out a plan, and he interested the Big Four.

This beardless young engineer needed no eloquence to convince them of its practicality. They were alert and eagle-minded;

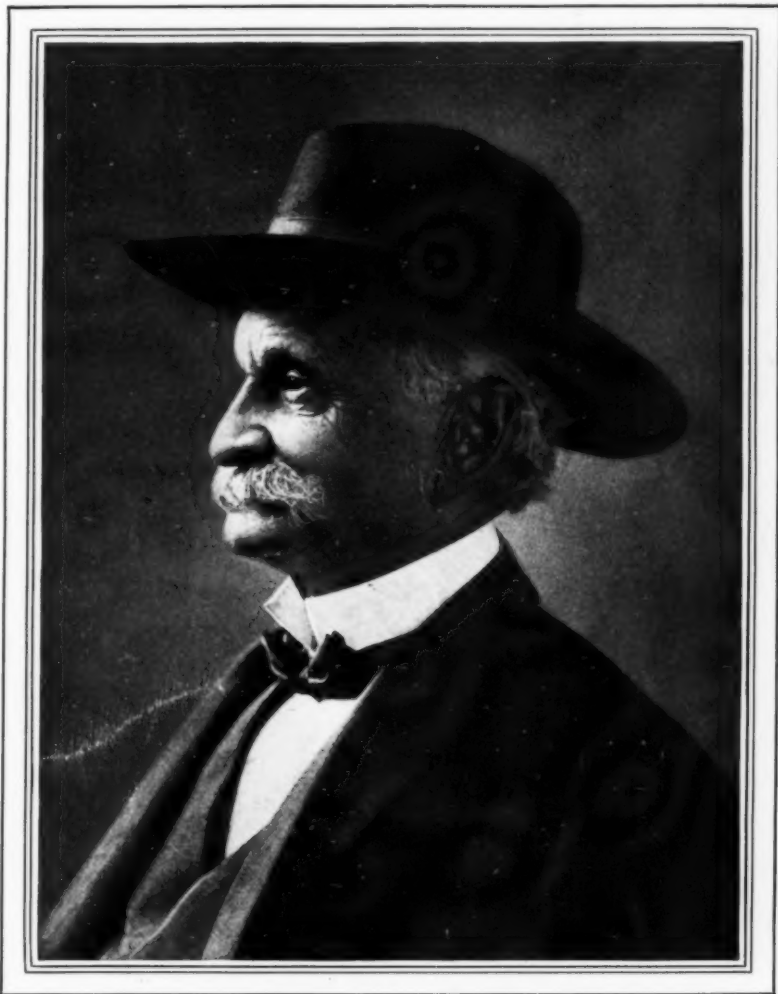


GEORGE HEARST, MILLIONAIRE MINE-OWNER,
RANCH-OWNER, AND UNITED STATES SENATOR

but they saw that the first step was through politics. Ten days after Stanford was nominated for Governor of California, in 1861, the Central Pacific was incorporated and he became president of the enterprise.

Then began a campaign unmatched, per-

the actual construction was a colossal undertaking. Crocker was placed in charge, and through fire and flood, disaster and calumny, he kept to his iron way until he had written into railroad history an Iliad of superb and uncompromising endeavor.



ELIAS JACKSON BALDWIN, BETTER KNOWN AS LUCKY BALDWIN, A PICTURESQUE HORSE-TRADER WHO MADE A FORTUNE IN COMSTOCK SHARES AND BECAME A GREAT CALIFORNIA LANDOWNER

haps, in all the story of rail transportation. The project was derided, jeered, and abused. Opposition arose on every hand. The Federal government had to be won, for without its assistance no headway could be made.

Even after the scheme had been financed,

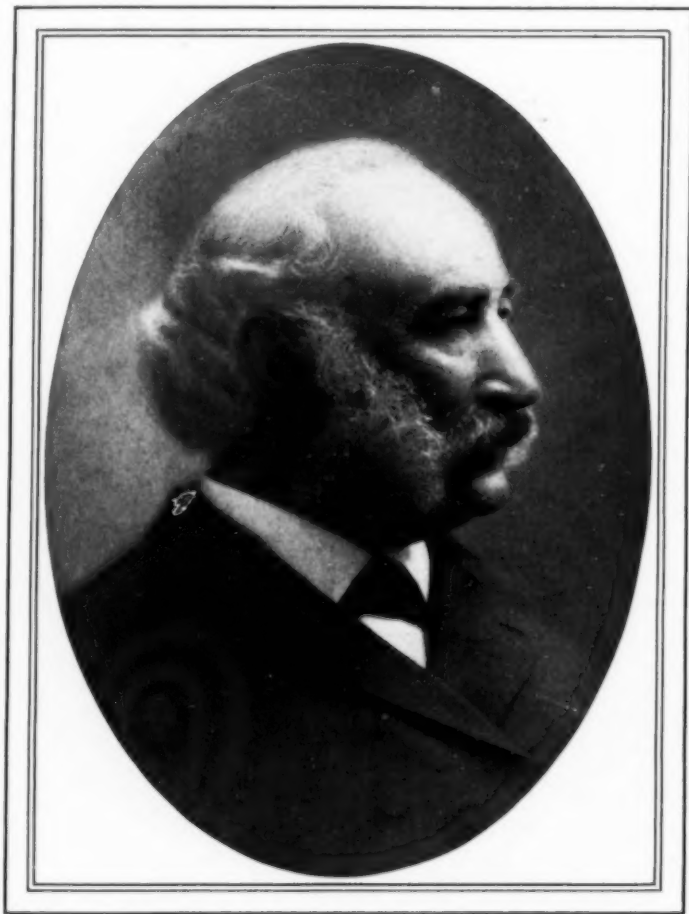
While he toiled in the hills with his army of men, his colleagues labored in the counting-rooms and legislative halls.

One little incident, related to me by Crocker's son, William H. Crocker, shows the mettle of the man. To offset the defec-

tions of his men, lured off by false reports of mining strikes, he commandeered an army of ten thousand Chinese. They worked as a unit, and he was their lord and master.

One day, however, their leader came to him with a request for more wages, and a

At dawn the next day he stationed himself at the head of a cut-off at a big ravine, and stood awaiting developments. The Chinese sulked in their tents. Finally a lone laborer appeared. Crocker seized him by the scruff of the neck, hurled him down the



ADOLPH SUTRO, A GERMAN JEW WHO BUILT THE SUTRO TUNNEL, BECAME MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND LEFT MANY MONUMENTS TO HIS THRIFT AND PUBLIC SPIRIT

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco

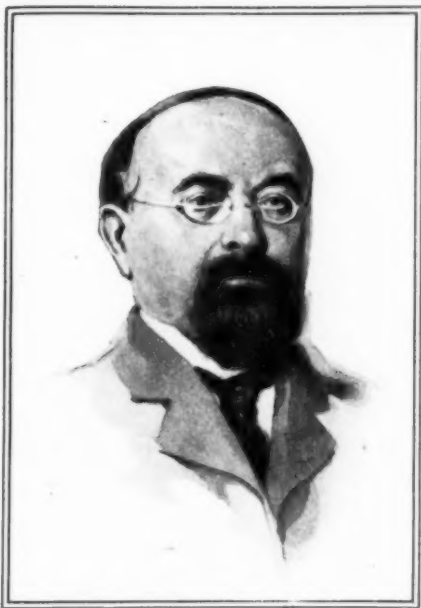
threat that all would quit on the morrow if it was not forthcoming. The road was just climbing the mountains; every hour was precious. Crocker said:

"Tell them that if they do not go to work in the morning, every last one of them will have to go straight back to China."

He had no power or means of sending them, but it was a chance.

ravine, and shouted the order to go to work. Like sheep, the yellow men rustled from their retreats. There was no more talk of strike.

There finally came the day, out on a sun-swept Nevada plain, when Stanford drove the gold spike that linked West with East. The Central Pacific was built, and trans-continental travel was possible. It was the



ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, ONCE A DRY-GOODS CLERK, NOW ONE OF THE FINANCIAL POWERS OF CALIFORNIA



HENRY MILLER, ONCE A BUTCHER BOY, NOW THE GREATEST LANDOWNER OF THE WEST

sweat and blood and endurance of the Big Four that had achieved it.

Of course the Central Pacific, with its rich subsidies of land, made them immensely rich. Out of this road grew the Southern Pacific, which Huntington dominated. He made of it a machine that ruled the State, and became the most powerful railroad figure of his day. Edwin Hawley and John C. Stubbs were graduates of his school. To-day the Huntington force is incarnated in a nephew, Henry E. Huntington, of Los Angeles, the traction king of California.

Stanford lived a full life, and left be-



WILLIAM C. RALSTON, SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST GREAT FINANCIER, WHOSE TRAGIC DEATH FOLLOWED THE FINAL ORGY OF COMSTOCK SPECULATION

hind not only the part he played in trans-continental railroad building, but the great university which bears his name, and which is a memorial to his son. Hopkins's wealth has been divided, for his widow married again.

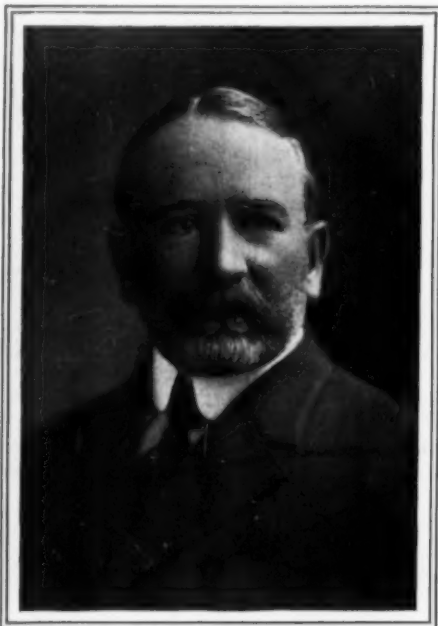
Of the sons of that brilliant four, only one is now a factor in San Francisco finance. He is William H. Crocker, president of the Crocker National Bank, which his father founded. Mr. Crocker is regarded as the richest man in California, but none of the gilded group is more democratic or accessible. He lacks his parent's commanding physique, but his blue eye is firm, his jaw



HERBERT FLEISHACKER, OF THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK, WHO AT THIRTY-NINE IS A FINANCIAL POWER IN SAN FRANCISCO

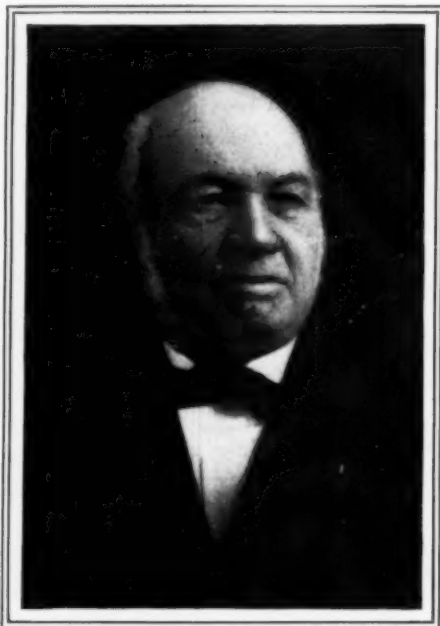


FRANCIS M. SMITH, WHO, WHILE PROSPECTING FOR GOLD, DISCOVERED THE WONDERFUL DEPOSITS WHICH MADE HIM A BORAX KING



JAMES D. PHELAN, WHO INHERITED THE PHELAN FORTUNE, AND WHO HAS SERVED THREE TERMS AS MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

From a photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco



DANIEL MEYER, WHO ROSE FROM STREET PEDDLING TO BE THE HEAD OF A GREAT PRIVATE BANK IN SAN FRANCISCO

From a photograph by Habenicht, San Francisco

is strong, and he is a pillar and prop of the community. No San Francisco banker surpasses him in generosity and public spirit.

THE BONANZA KINGS

But those mighty builders of the Central Pacific did not form the only group that wrested wealth from the sunset slopes. Out in that western land fate seemed to have chosen four as a magic numeral, as the careers of the so-called bonanza kings show. Here is an epic of unflinching effort as brilliant and absorbing, in its way, as the railroad conquest of the silent places.

In the tide of gold-seekers that swept into Virginia City at the time of the first Comstock strike were two Irishmen—John W. Mackay, who hailed from Dublin, and James G. Fair, from County Tyrone. They had worked in the California placers with indifferent success. In Nevada each had risen to be superintendent of a mine. It was inevitable that they should tie up, for they were mated for daring enterprise. Mackay had extraordinary resource and energy, and Fair the finest nose for ore that ever followed a vein.

After amassing one small stake, they deliberately set out to make a master coup. To this end they enlisted the other two men who were to go down with them in mining history. These were James C. Flood and William S. O'Brien, who owned a saloon called "The Snug," down on Commercial Street in San Francisco. Being a poor man's club, it was the resort of the miner and the prospector, and its proprietors had come to know Mackay and Fair. The four men now pooled their instinct, cunning, and experience in the hunt for treasure.

Between them they bought the Consolidated Virginia and the California—two mines that occupied a neglected stretch on the very backbone of that Nevada granite ledge where nature had hidden an imperial ransom. Here, a thousand feet below the surface, they made their famous fight for the silver treasure. How, month after month, Fair's nose kept to the thin blue trail in the face of sickness and accident; how, after travail and sacrifice, they uncovered the Big Bonanza—that vast cathedral of riches, a world casket of wealth—is a tale that has already been told in this magazine.

Of the bonanza four, Mackay was easily the most dominating figure, and he left the largest impress. He founded the Nevada Bank at San Francisco, and then turned

eastward to join with James Gordon Bennett in stretching a cable under the Atlantic. Still another result of the Comstock riches was his part in the founding of the Postal Telegraph, which defied the wire autocracy of Jay Gould. To-day, if you stop off at Reno, you can see Gutzon Borglum's fine figure of the great miner, with hand on pick and with eyes looking out on those snow-clad hills from which he wrenched a kingly fortune.

Fair became a United States Senator—the fourth to go to that august body as a result of the Comstock find. He settled in San Francisco, where he put up the Fairmount Hotel. Flood built the great skyscraper there which bears his name, but O'Brien did little or nothing to make himself remembered, save as a member of the famous group.

SUTRO THE INDOMITABLE

The Comstock drama, which made the valley of the Carson a battle-ground of dazzling fortune, was big with significance for San Francisco. One by one its great actors were merged into the life of the city of destiny. None was invested with such peculiar interest, or brought the glamour of such inspiring individuality, as Adolph Sutro, the zealot builder.

The son of a Jewish cloth-maker of Aix-la-Chapelle, whose business was ruined by the revolution of 1848, Sutro came to America and tarried for a brief time in New York. Having joined the exodus westward, he settled in San Francisco, where he started a cigar-store. The great silver strikes drew him to Nevada. While conducting a store at Virginia City, he saw the wasteful methods used in wrenching the treasure from its rocky depths and in milling it. Fire and flood swept the drifts.

"Why not drain and ventilate the mines?" he said to himself.

Hence was born the idea for the Sutro Tunnel, with which his name will always be associated, and which made this stocky little German the center and front of a thrilling and dramatic struggle.

He formed a company, with Senator William M. Stewart as president. The Bank of California—financial autocrat of the coast—and the big miners fell heartily into the scheme. Sutro secured special rights and privileges from Congress, and the outlook was rosy.

Suddenly, however, Sutro found that his

supporters were deserting him. Rival interests feared that the success of his project would give him too much power, and they succeeded in detaching his allies. Most men would have been crushed, but not Sutro. His was a personality that would have vivified the most desperate of causes. Single-handed he faced and fought the mining hierarchy. When funds were denied him in America, he scoured Europe. Once he had the money in his very palm, but the Franco-Prussian War swept it away. Disappointment after disappointment blocked his path.

While he toiled abroad his enemies at home sought to rob him of his franchise rights. He hurried back to Washington, and pleaded his cause with such impassioned eloquence, and such an arsenal of information, that he carried all before him. But the money was still lacking. In desperation, he turned to the miners. At a sensational mass-meeting in Virginia City he told the story of his wrongs and of his long fight against heavy odds. The spectacle of this little man battling the combined hosts of money and power thrilled the rough-and-ready workers. They gave him a stake of fifty thousand dollars, enough, to start the work again.

A beginning made, like the intrepid Crocker, this valiant little man followed the electric drills that pounded and tore the rocks. When all those disasters that attend underground building wrecked his machines and brought despair to the workers, he cheered them by flaming word and courageous example, leading the way himself, grime-covered and sweat-soaked. Because of his heroic determination the work was finally brought to a triumphant conclusion.

His task accomplished, Sutro went back to San Francisco. He found the city stagnant, but the faith that had tunneled the Washoe saw the undiminished possibilities of the community. He bought hundreds of acres of land in the outskirts, near the ocean. People called the tract "Sutro's Folly," but he proved to be wise in his generation. He covered the barren hillsides with trees; he made the waste to bloom and be profitable. On a rocky summit he fashioned the famous Sutro Gardens, and here he lived his last years, overlooking the Golden Gate. He constructed the famous Sutro Baths and the equally renowned Cliff House, where all the world comes to eat and to watch the seals at play.

Finding that graft and corruption were debauching the city—not, alas, for the only time in its history!—he helped to organize a fight to clean them out. When neither of the old parties would recognize him, the Populists took him up and he was elected mayor. He was a determined foe of entrenched privilege, and did much for the people of San Francisco. When the street-car lines refused to reduce the fare to the beach from ten cents to five, he said:

"I'll build a line myself!"

He carried out this and other public-spirited projects; and amid all his work he found time to collect one of the finest libraries in the United States. Such was this magnetic man, who had the features of a Mendelssohn, the heart of a Joshua, the soul of a Spinoza. In the gallery of San Francisco millionaires he stands out like a fine etching.

THE BANKER-SENATOR

Of an entirely different type was Sutro's old-time antagonist, William Sharon. He had steamboated on the Ohio before he went West. Reaching the Comstock in its first frenzy of excitement, he was caught up in all its mad speculation.

When the Bank of California opened a branch at Virginia City, Sharon was put in charge. To a locality where the individual had ruled he brought business order, and what was more potent, the force of organization. He cut down the rates of interest on discounts, and got the business of the big mines and mills. So long as the bonanza lasted, everything was lovely, but when the periodic depression fell like a blight on the lode, the mills stood idle. They could not pay their debts, and the bank took possession. Thus the Bank of California established its autocracy in the Comstock, and out of it grew the Union Milling and Mining Company which put at least four millionaires—D. O. Mills, Sharon, W. C. Ralston, and Alvinza Hayward—on San Francisco's golden roll.

When John P. Jones, then superintendent of the famous Crown Point mine, struck his famous bonanza there, Sharon was one of the few who got wind of the strike. He began to buy the stock from two to five dollars a share. Hayward heard of it, too, and got into the market. Hayward had been in the milling monopoly; now he opposed his old associate. There began a famous speculative duel, and Crown Point

soared in price. Finally Sharon sold out to Hayward for fourteen hundred thousand dollars. It was the greatest mining deal on record up to that time.

Hayward and Jones now controlled Crown Point, and out of it grew the Nevada Milling and Mining Company, which broke the czarship of the Bank of California on the lode. Sharon went to San Francisco, where, with Ralston's help, he put up the old Palace Hotel, which was swept away by the great fire, but has since been rebuilt.

RALSTON THE MAGNIFICENT

Of all the men whose lives were affected by the ebb and flow of Comstock fortune, none—for a time, at least—was more commanding in his financial authority than William C. Ralston.

There was something brilliant, dashing, and even magnificent about this man, who was born on a farm in Ohio, who had been a clerk on a Mississippi River steamboat, and who crossed the isthmus during the first gold excitement. His first business venture was the brokerage firm of Fritz & Ralston. In 1870, with the aid of D. O. Mills, he founded the Bank of California. Unless you have been in the West and heard stories of the early days, you can form no adequate idea of the importance of this enterprise. It was more than a bank; it was a vital, far-reaching institution that held men's lives as well as their fortunes.

It is said that an old prospector, when asked to define the different kinds of gods, remarked:

"Well, stranger, there be many kind. There be heathen and Christian and Chinese gods—and the Bank of California!"

Of this historic bank Ralston became president. But he was more than this—he was the bank. With a vision and courage that almost dazzled people, he launched venture after venture. His dream of the night was the achievement of the morrow. He started the Pacific Rolling Mills, he built the California Theater, he financed the Palace Hotel, he put up a carriage-factory. It was natural that he should be caught up in the whirl of the Comstock maelstrom. In 1875, the silver bubble burst and panic brooded over the coast. The stocks of the great bonanza mines crumpled; ruin invaded thousands of homes; the Bank of California, hitherto

the rock of financial ages, temporarily closed its doors.

Ralston, whose speculations were known, was asked to resign. He did so, went down to the bay, and was never again seen alive. The next day his body was found floating near the Golden Gate.

In those trying days, when the city lay under the shadow of Ralston's death, a tall, firm-jawed man stepped into the financial breach and saved the Bank of California. He was Darius O. Mills, a forty-niner who had been a shopkeeper at Sacramento, and who had laid the foundation of his fortune by getting a monopoly on lumber after one of the many fires in San Francisco. Later he came to New York, but he always retained a home in California. When he died, a few years ago, he was the last of the Argonauts.

THE CAREER OF "LUCKY" BALDWIN

Before we leave the relation that the Comstock Lode bears to San Francisco's millionaire yield, there must be a word about the most picturesque of all the characters enriched by the Nevada treasure. This was Elias J. Baldwin, better known as "Lucky" Baldwin, who left a trail of tradition and litigation all up and down the coast.

Baldwin was a Hoosier who bull-whacked across the plains and became a horse-trader. It was by a curious freak of fate that he got his first million. A man who owed him money gave him some Nevada mining stock in lieu of cash. Baldwin put the stock into his safe, and went away on a sea trip. While he was gone, a bonanza strike made the shares exceedingly valuable, and he returned to find himself a rich man.

With his money Baldwin did many things. He built hotels and theaters; he bought immense tracts of land around Los Angeles—which, by the way, have since become immensely valuable; and he started a great stock-farm, where he bred kings of the turf. He was probably the only man who won the American Derby four times.

He was a Westerner of the old-time, gun-carrying type. He looked the part, for he wore a black slouch hat, sported a white goatee, and always spoke his mind freely and frankly. His courage was proved in a thousand episodes. Once he tried to get into a meeting of the directors of a certain mine in which he was a minority stock-

holder. The ring that held control adjourned, but he forced his way in. He laid two big pistols on the table before him, and said:

"Gentlemen, this meeting *will* proceed, or something will happen to you!"

It proceeded, and Baldwin carried his point.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CATTLE KINGS

Let us turn from the hazard of mine and market-place to the great open spaces, and to the cattle kings who wrested fortune from ranch and herd. Nowhere in the West is there a story that surpasses the romance of the rise of Henry Miller and Charles Lux to the barony of beef. Here again you find marvelous team-work that wrought impressive result.

The dawn of the fifties found Miller and Lux working as butcher-boys in San Francisco. Miller had come from Württemberg, Lux from Westphalia. They had been sent out into the world to make their fortune, and naturally they went West. Lux, who was the elder of the two, got the earlier start, and opened a small meat-shop of his own. Miller began by taking on small contracts to supply beef. In this way the men met. One day they encountered each other at San José. Both were buying steers.

"Why compete?" said Miller. "Let's work together."

Thus began the famous partnership which created a whole new dynasty of power in California. As the business expanded, Lux, who was the financial genius of the combination, argued:

"If we owned our own land, and grazed our own cattle, we should be independent of the middleman."

Out of this remark grew the conquest of the California ranches, which made the two partners the greatest landowners in the West. Miller ranged the State, buying land and cattle; Lux remained behind at San Francisco, watch-dog of the treasury. It was an opportune time for the making of a land empire. The old Spanish *rancheros* were falling into poverty, and, one by one, were losing their vast estates; their herds and their *vaqueros* fell under the masterful spell of the energetic Germans.

Miller was short, stocky, and deep of chest, with iron sinews, an eagle eye, and a razor mind. His endurance was amazing. Day and night he hugged the saddle, ex-

hausting the youngest of his ranchers. When he was sixty-five, he could ride from dawn until sunset. He talked little; never read a book; scarcely ever saw a paper; his whole life was dedicated to his work.

Although silent, he had a sharp tongue. Once he scored a business victory over a man who had social aspirations.

"Why," said the victim disdainfully, "I knew you when you walked the streets with a string of sausages around your neck!"

"Yes," replied Miller, "and if I had as little brains as you, I should still be carrying sausages!"

Year after year Miller & Lux annexed land until the time came when it was said that their herders could take their droves from San Diego to the Oregon border, and from the Sierras to the sea, and camp on company land every night.

Nor were these two remarkable men without prophetic vision. They saw that the time would inevitably come when the ranch would break up into the farm, the orchard, and the vineyard, and that the miracle of irrigation would achieve a wondrous plenty. Back in the seventies they built the San Joaquin and King's River Canal, which has seventy miles of branches and ditches, and which has brought prosperity to a wide region.

All the while they had a practical monopoly of the meat business in San Francisco. When the great Chicago interests sought to compete with them, it is said that Henry Miller made the following remark to the late P. D. Armour:

"We own the ranches; we own the cattle; we have our own abattoirs, and we control the machinery of distribution. Do you think you can break in on that?"

Armour and his associates kept out of the field for many years, and entered it only when both Miller and Lux were old. Lux died in 1890. At the time when this article is written, Miller lies ill at his farm at Gilroy, in Santa Clara County. He is long past the eightieth mile-stone, but until recently he was almost as strong and powerful as in the days when he rode, like a baron of old, through his far-flung principality.

While there was none to dispute the supremacy of Miller & Lux, other ranch kings arose, notably J. B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis, both Kentucky-bred lawyers who acquired great tracts in the San Joaquin Valley.

Closely associated with them was Senator

George Hearst, who came West overland from Washington in 1850, and went out prospecting for gold. He made a fortune by speculating in mining claims, and another from the yield of the famous Homestake mine. His interests in stock-raising and farming were also extensive. He served in the California Legislature, and then went to the United States Senate. He owned the San Francisco *Examiner*, which was inherited by his son, William Randolph Hearst, who made it the corner-stone of his powerful chain of newspapers.

BUILDER OF A NEW BUSINESS MAP

As you proceed with the study of the San Francisco millionaires, you cannot but be impressed with the variety and range of their operations. Take the case of Louis Sloss, pioneer of American commercial supremacy in Alaska, and builder of a whole new business map. Few of his contemporaries approached this adventurous German in courage or vision.

He was born in Bavaria, a member of an emigrant family that settled in Kentucky back in the forties. Absurd as it seems to-day, when he looked around for an opening, he was told that he had come too late—that "Kentucky was all taken up." Then gold drew him to California. He started in a wagon, but that was too slow; so he sold his outfit and bought a saddle-horse, which he rode across the plains. After conducting a store at Sacramento and being a broker in San Francisco he embarked in the fur, wool, and leather business, the step that led him to his great enterprise.

In 1867 the United States bought Alaska from Russia. No similar transaction was ever so derided. It was called "Seward's folly," and was caricatured and ridiculed on all sides. But Mr. Sloss saw the possibilities of what others regarded as a waste of ice-clad desert, and knew that here was an opportunity ready for realization. He formed the Alaska Commercial Company, which was the first concern to develop that despised region.

He reaped rich profits from the furs of the seals that haunted the Alaskan islands. He reached into the vast and practically unknown interior. Up to that time, Alaska had no water transportation save the canoe and the dugout; no trading-posts save at a few forts on the coast. Sloss and his associates began to develop the country. A letter from a miner who made a strike would

lead to the opening of a small station, and many of these grew into towns.

When the great Klondike strike came, in 1896, and the heart of the world leaped to that icy fastness, the Alaska Commercial Company was in the van of development. It was the friend and first aid of the miner, the close ally of the government. Gradually its flag flew from a dozen rivers, its sign-board from a hundred stores. It was real business pioneering, for the carpenter and the builder followed in the wake of this militant merchant prince.

Out of the original company grew the Northern Commercial Company, which consolidated all the Sloss and various other competing interests in Alaska. Meanwhile he had gone into salmon-canning and copper. His company now controls six of the largest salmon-canneries in Alaska. Sloss was a many-sided man, a leader of the old school of hard-sense merchandizing. When he died, a bulwark of California enterprise passed away.

Four stalwart sons bear his name to-day. Two of them—Louis and Leon Sloss—control and operate the vast interests created by their father. A third son, Joseph Sloss, is head of the Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, while the fourth, M. C. Sloss, sits on the supreme bench of the State.

A MAN WHO CAPITALIZED ONIONS

A pioneer of a different kind was Peter Donahue, born of humble parents in Glasgow, Scotland. Coming to America, he was apprenticed to Rogers, the great locomotive-builder. In 1847 he took an American-built gunboat, the Rimac, to Peru, where he remained until gold was discovered in California. Starting promptly for the promised land, he reached California with a capital of six thousand dollars. When the ship stopped at San Blas, in Mexico, he heard that there was a great famine of fresh vegetables in San Francisco. There was urgent need of them for the sailors suffering from scurvy. He invested part of his small stake in onions, and on his arrival at the Golden Gate sold the fragrant bulbs for one dollar apiece. Here was the beginning of the Donahue fortune.

Later, he founded the Union Iron Works, which built many famous vessels, including the battle-ship Oregon. He gave San Francisco her first gas-works, and built the first street-railway line. He was one of the originators of the San Francisco and San

José railroad, now part of the Southern Pacific system. His restless energy and unconquerable ambition carried him to a myriad undertakings, and in each one he dominated. He has been aptly called the father of California industries.

THE SUGAR KING OF THE PACIFIC COAST

When you approach San Francisco from the bay, a great stone structure stands outlined against the background of hills, rivaling even the tower of the ferry-house for dominion in the sky-line. It is the Spreckels Building, a characteristic monument reared by one of the most notable of all the San Francisco millionaires.

Claus Spreckels left his home in Hanover when he was eighteen years old, and turned up in New York, penniless. He became a clerk in a grocery-store. In 1856, having saved a little money, he went West, and opened a grocery in San Francisco. Thrifty and frugal, he soon had a small competence.

Early he saw that sugar-refining offered a fresh and profitable field; but he did not want to enter it until he was financially equipped. He started a brewery, and made a fortune out of it. Now he was ready for sugar; but he realized that refining in the West was crude. It was typical of his love of thoroughness that he decided to go to Magdeburg, and there, disguised as common laborer, to learn the secrets of the German refiners.

On his return to San Francisco he built his first refinery. Then he reached out for control of the sources of supply. He bought vast cane-tracts in Hawaii; established irrigation systems, and furnished his own raw material. When the steamship companies charged what he regarded as prohibitive rates, he put his own fleet on the high seas. His power became so great that the Havemeyers, who controlled the business in the East, began to fight him. Spreckels carried the war into the heart of the enemy's country by putting up a refinery in Philadelphia, and succeeded in compelling a truce.

He was the father of the beet-sugar industry in California. When he thought the growers were being discriminated against by the Southern Pacific, he built the San Joaquin Valley line to give them an outlet for their product.

The story of another of his enterprises is typical of his fiery, impetuous, dom-

ineering manner. He was lunching one day at the Pacific Union Club when J. B. Crockett, head of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, came in and sat down at the same table.

"Look here, Crockett," said Spreckels, "that soft coal your plant is burning is spoiling my new building on Market Street. It has got to stop!"

"If you want to discuss business, Mr. Spreckels," answered Crockett, "you will have to come to my office."

This nettled the old sugar king, who replied in great heat:

"By heaven, I'll show you! I'll build a new gas-plant!"

The next day he had engineers at work on the plans. He put four million dollars into the proposition, and ran it until his rival bought him out. Curiously enough, these seemed to be Spreckels's customary tactics with his independent plants.

Mr. Spreckels was bearded and massive, and looked like the pictures of Santa Claus. He was constantly at war with some one, but he seemed to thrive on combat. He left four sons, all of whom have been active in business. The best-known is Rudolph, president of the First National Bank of San Francisco, who still has large sugar interests, and who, with J. D. Phelan, financed the graft prosecutions.

Another son, John, owns the San Francisco *Call*, and, together with A. B. Spreckels, operates the California Sugar Refining Company. The fourth son, Claus, is associated with Rudolph in the Federal Refining Company, the only independent sugar concern in the United States.

THE PHELAN, FATHER AND SON

Another sturdy fortune-builder of the self-made school was James Phelan, a poor Irish lad who became a grocer's clerk in Philadelphia in the forties. At twenty-seven he had amassed fifty thousand dollars in trade. He went to California, not to seek gold, but to merchandize. He sent out three shiploads of supplies, one of which went to the bottom of the sea. His brother had preceded him to San Francisco, and between them they built up a great liquor, oil, and supply business.

Just as Peter Donahue capitalized an onion famine, so did Mr. Phelan make a small fortune out of a scarcity of lamp-chimneys. On account of this shortage the price of whale-oil went down. He

bought up the visible supply, meanwhile having ordered a shipload of lamps. When it arrived, he sold out at an enormous profit.

On a larger scale, he followed Lick's example, and bought great blocks of land, which increased greatly in value. He was among the first to ship California wool and wheat to the East. He erected the original Phelan Building, and started the First National and Mutual Savings Banks. In every sense he was a solid and potential citizen.

To-day the Phelan name is worthily maintained by his son, James D. Phelan. While the younger Phelan's career lacks the picturesqueness of self-made or rough-hewn incident, he has made up for it in vigorous public service. He served three terms as mayor of San Francisco, and fought hard against the grafter and the corruptionist. No single act of his life was more indicative of his character than his work after the great calamity which devastated the city. He was one of the original Committee of Fifty that brought order out of chaos. He acted as chairman of the finance committee that handled the vast relief fund, probably the greatest of its kind in history.

A ROTHSCHILD OF THE COAST

Long as has been this gallery of portraits, I have not yet touched upon the quaintest and perhaps the most individual of all the array. Such was Daniel Meyer, the Rothschild of San Francisco.

Meyer arrived in New York in the forties, one of a family of thirteen Jewish children. He was hardly in his teens before he was sent out with a pack, to peddle in the country around the metropolis. He had all the shrewdness of his race, and a keen sense of thrift. In 1851 he had enough capital to go to San Francisco, where he started a cigar-store. He began to lend out money, and before long he started a private bank, which he called the Bank of Daniel Meyer. The establishment retained this modest name up to a time when millions of dollars were passing across its counters.

As his bank grew, Meyer showed the traits that marked him as the Rothschild of his community. The family idea was strong in him. He employed none but blood relations; even the janitor of his counting-room was a distant kinsman. His bank was severely plain, and over this the old

man presided with something of an old-world dignity. He was short and stout; he wore a silk hat constantly, and the tails of a rusty frock coat dangled about his stocky legs. He was, indeed, like a figure out of a faded print.

Yet this little man with the old bell-crown hat and the shining coat had big vision. He was among the first to subsidize the sugar-growers of Hawaii. When fire and earthquake had ravaged the city which had made him rich, he took the lead in lending money on the bare, blackened sites, and his example inspired wide confidence.

Although he could drive a hard bargain, his word was his bond, and his promise a sacred pledge. Nor was he without power of sharp retort.

Once he was looking after some extensive loans in Los Angeles. There had been hard times in San Francisco, and the southerners were jesting with the old banker about what they regarded as the halting progress of the home city.

"How are you people up there going to get along?" asked one of them.

"Well," replied Meyer, "we are not worrying. If the worst comes to the worst, we can retire and live on the money Los Angeles owes us."

TWO PRESENT-DAY BANKERS

In every city of consequence you find that the citadels around which the warring legions of commerce rally are the banks—the real arsenals of progress. San Francisco is rich in these powerful institutions. At the corner of Market and Montgomery, for example, one of them towers above all its fellows. It is the Wells-Fargo Nevada National, which has figured prominently in the romance of Western riches.

In a spacious, high-ceiled room on the first floor sits a stalwart, bearded, spectacled man, looking more like a German school-teacher or scientist than a master financier. He is Isaias W. Hellman, president of the bank, and one of the giants of California finance.

His is the self-same story that I have already told more than once in this article. He landed in New York a poor Jewish immigrant boy, and made his way to Los Angeles, where he got a place as clerk in a dry-goods store. At night he went to school. Late in the sixties, he started a store of his own.

Los Angeles was a great cattle-market. The San Francisco butchers came down to buy their beef, and the ranchers would leave their money with Mr. Hellman for safe-keeping. It was all in bags, and when they wanted funds they came in and took a handful. This gave Mr. Hellman the notion for a bank, and the Farmers and Merchants was the result. He made it a power in southern California.

Meanwhile Mackay and Fair had started the Nevada Bank in San Francisco with part of their bonanza treasure. They persuaded Mr. Hellman to reorganize it and take charge. In 1905, at the suggestion of E. H. Harriman, who controlled the Wells-Fargo Bank, he merged that institution with his own to make the Wells-Fargo Nevada National. He also founded the Union Trust Company, of which his son, I. W. Hellman, Jr., is president.

Much younger in years, but of the same compelling race and genius, is Herbert Fleishhacker, who at thirty-nine is president of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, an institution that challenges the prestige of the Wells-Fargo and the Crocker National.

The beginnings of this bank are specially interesting, for they are rooted in world finance. Back in the seventies the Lazard brothers were engaged in the dry-goods business in San Francisco. They had strong financial talents, and in time founded the London, Paris, and American Bank, whose New York and Parisian branches came to be operated under the famous name of Lazard Frères.

About the same time Jesse and William Seligman were conducting a clothing business in San Francisco. They, too, had a financial bent, and soon they departed from the prosaic shop-counter to found the Anglo-California Bank. From this unromantic beginning grew part of the great banking-house of Seligman.

The Lazards and the Seligmans were rivals, but subsequently their San Francisco interests were united under the name of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank. In 1907, when panic and apprehension were sweeping the land, a resolute hand was needed at the helm, and it was then that Fleishhacker was called to the presidency. Already he had become a millionaire in developing paper and power plants. He found the bank with deposits of barely five millions; in five years he

raised them to more than forty millions. His energy, enthusiasm, and engaging personality are the wonder of San Francisco.

THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH VALLEY

Just across the bay from San Francisco, at Oakland, you are likely to find, any business morning, a man with sturdy physique and grizzled mustache sitting at a desk on the top floor of a big building on the main street of the city. While the office is appointed with the quiet richness that suggests good taste, the most dominating decoration is a huge fresco over the marble mantelpiece. It shows a desolate waste of desert framed in by forbidding, rocky hills. The picture represents a grim treasure-trove, for it is a scene in Death Valley, and the man who looks at it so dreamily is Francis M. Smith, the borax king. In the "country that God forgot" he found the product that made him a multimillionaire.

His is a story of extraordinary perseverance and pluck. Smith was farm-bred in Wisconsin. While prospecting in Nevada, he found the wonderful borax deposits with which his name is linked. He staked out the land, and then began his long vigil to hold it. With rifle and Bible, he kept it against all comers for five years. Those years put the grizzle into his mustache, the seriousness into his eyes.

To-day he is master of many interests. He owns the Key Route, which links San Francisco to Oakland by rail and water, and he is a big force in banks and realty.

Despite the long tale that I have unfolded, I told little of that younger San Francisco generation which is hewing fortune out of a myriad activities. To it belong men of the type of Frank Drum, John Martin, and Eugene De Sabla, the new magnates in light, power, and traction; and others like George X. Wendling, the uncrowned lumber king, and all the rest of that courageous group that stood shoulder to shoulder amid death and terrifying disaster and wrought a new and greater city out of the ashes.

You depart from your study of the San Francisco millionaire with a new reverence for American achievement and a fresh admiration for that vast and vital region fringed by the mighty Pacific. But in the end you find that self-made success, like culture and human nature, has neither creed nor section.

A NATION IN REVOLT AGAINST THE POL- ITICAL BOSS

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

THE address that follows is one that I made to the voters of Massachusetts through my Boston newspaper, the *Boston Journal*, on Thursday, the 25th of April. I am reproducing it here because a discussion of the preferential primary, with its relation to the political boss, is equally applicable to the whole nation.

In Massachusetts, I appealed to the voters to show by their votes what their victory in securing the preferential primary meant to them. It is a long step forward in true representative government, a long step forward in giving full value to universal suffrage.

About a quarter of our States have now adopted the preferential primary, and three of these came into line during the present campaign for delegates to the national conventions. These States are Massachusetts, Maryland, and Illinois. But for the intense fight between the Taft and Roosevelt forces, we doubtless should not have the preferential primary in these three States to-day.

In several States having the preferential primary, the scheme has not yet been perfected. Massachusetts has a good primary law, in the main, but the statute contains some unnecessary provisions which cause confusion, and which have led to conspicuous complications in the election of delegates. These defects can easily be remedied, and doubtless will be, now that they are understood.

In some of the States, the preferential primary is very much of a farce. In New York State, for example, where the bosses were forced to do something to meet the popular demand, the existing law is a mere pretense shaped up by the politicians of both parties to humbug the people and perpetuate their own control.

That you may see the Massachusetts situation and realize what this new primary law accomplished in that State, let me give you a glimpse of the stage-setting.

The Massachusetts primary election had an importance not compassed by the borders of the State, but nation-wide, world-wide. There has never been a hotter contest in our political history.

Up to the last two weeks of the campaign between the Taft and Roosevelt forces, neither committee had done very much effective work. The Taft supporters, controlling the machine, the entire organization of the State, including

the trained politicians and every political boss in the Commonwealth, felt, and very naturally felt, that there was not much work to be done on their side. As they saw it, they had a sure thing.

On the other side, the little band of Roosevelt men, without a trained politician among them, without a trained organizer among them, and with a most imperfect system of contacts throughout the State, put up a fight in these last two weeks that stunned the machine and threw the whole Taft organization, not only of Massachusetts, but of the entire nation, into a state of extreme anxiety, bordering at times on absolute panic.

New England is the most conservative section of the entire country. It is conservative, not only in politics, but in its methods, in its people, and in every way, shape, and manner. The soil and climate of New England have had much to do with the race that they have bred. Life there is relatively hard, with long winters and, for the most part, a sterile, rocky soil. Nature yields grudgingly to man's efforts, compelling the inhabitants to be careful and conservative in their expenditures, and this habit, this necessity, is ingrain in the very character of the New Englander in all the relations of life.

So in this old New England we have a race of conservatives, a race of hard-headed men, a race that clings fast to that which is, and views with suspicion new thoughts, new ideas, new policies that emanate from the sections of our country where nature deals more generously with man—where the energy that he puts forth brings him much bigger returns. The great West, true to its climate and soil, breeds its own race, with characteristics like unto itself. From such a people we get more imagination, wider vision, bolder pioneering.

Boston is the capital of New England, the financial heart of New England. Every Boston financier, every banker, every big business man, was in this fight against Roosevelt to the limit of his strength. He did not stop with Boston, but he reached out all over the State, through his connections, his various contacts, his interests in factories, in mills, and in manufactures of all kinds. Everywhere he made his influence felt, everywhere his word was a command, even unto the remotest part of the State, in the strenuous effort to secure delegates for Mr. Taft.

Furthermore, in the entire city of Boston there was only one newspaper—my own, the *Boston Journal*—that supported Roosevelt. Every other newspaper was strongly against him, some of them being bitter in the extreme. They were in link with the bankers, in link with the money forces, in link with the politicians and the political bosses.

With all these newspapers lined up for Taft, and with the enormous volume of publicity going into the hands of the readers of Massachusetts every day, twice a day, the influence on them, if newspapers have any influence at all, must have been tremendous. And yet, in spite of everything, Roosevelt won a practical tie vote with Taft. It was like dragging it out of the solid rock, crowbarring it out, to get so much as a single delegate.

But for the preferential primary, Mr. Roosevelt would not have had a delegate in the whole State of Massachusetts. The vote of the State would have been absolutely machine-controlled. Whatever delegates Mr. Roosevelt has he owes wholly to the preferential primary.

In view of all the facts, the conservatism of New England, the closely-

knot financial system that controls everything in New England, Mr. Roosevelt's vote in Massachusetts is easily comparable in effect with the overwhelming vote that he received in Illinois, where conditions were with him, and where he got every delegate but two. It may well be that the result is even a greater victory, a greater triumph.

The Massachusetts address follows. I do not know that I should gain anything by rewriting it and putting the same ideas in the conventional form of an article. In fact, a direct talk is a better way of presenting an argument than anything in the essay style.

AN EARNEST TALK TO THE VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS

ON the 30th day of April, you will have a chance, for the first time in your life, to express yourselves as free citizens for a candidate for President of the United States. Never before in the State of Massachusetts has a citizen, other than the politician or the money force back of the politician, had anything worth while to say as to who should or should not be the Presidential candidate of his party.

With the new law passed by the present Legislature, giving the people of Massachusetts the preferential primary, your wish, as expressed by your vote, will mean as much as that of the biggest banker or the biggest politician in the State.

This new law raises the humblest citizen to the dignity of the proudest and most influential citizen, so far as concerns his individual power in naming a candidate for office.

The preferential primary is the very foundation of decent representative government. Without it, you have nothing to say; with it, you have everything to say, and the vote of the politician or multimillionaire counts for no more than does your vote.

You have been voting all your voting life, and never, except you be a politician, have you had anything to say about the candidates for whom you have voted. This sort of thing makes veritable puppets of voters. Our vaunted freedom and self-flattery of our full-fledged citizenship has been the veriest sham.

Why we have submitted all these years to a system that has robbed us of the initiative step in representative government is beyond comprehension. The reason for it is, I assume, that the shackles of tradition have held us as in a grip of steel.

Political evolution treads slowly. But

progress moves always toward the light, toward justice, and the square deal. If at times it records a recession or seeming recession, it comes all the stronger in its later strides and registers big in the pages of history.

The politicians of Massachusetts, and the politicians of the whole country, aided by the national forces at Washington, aided by the Administration, by Senator Crane, and the Massachusetts Representatives in Congress, and all backed by the money power behind the politicians, fought the fight of their lives against the preferential primary, which gives you a chance to express the wish of a real man, the wish of a full-grown citizen, as to who shall be the nominee of your own party for Chief Magistrate of the United States.

Why did the entrenched politicians, the office-holders, and the Administration at Washington, headed by Senator Crane, fight the desperate fight they fought against the preferential primary, which gives you the right of citizenship in representative government? The answer is clear, for in this power of the citizen to express his wishes in a primary the steam-roller methods of the politicians are eliminated, and the political boss is put out of business.

Was Senator Crane's attitude malicious in his stand-pat fight against the people, or was it because of an archaic mind that is out of step with progress and out of sympathy with the average citizen? Does it matter which? The result is the same in either case, and such a man is not in spirit with you or properly representative of you.

The declaration of war has gone forth against the usurpation of the political rights of the citizen and of the majority by the professional politician who stands for mi-

nority rule and whose job it is to barter and sell official positions. The American citizens will have no more of it.

We are now writing the third great act in the American drama of political history. Massachusetts sounded the note of defiance in the first scene of the first act when she dumped the British tea into the waters of Boston Harbor.

That first period covered the revolt against England, the Declaration of Independence, the War of the Revolution, and the formation of the government after our final triumph at arms.

The second great act compassed the period leading up to the Civil War and the reconstruction period after the war.

These were the two great dramatic events in our national history, events that were world-wide in scope and meaning. Our marvelous development as a nation has come about since this last great struggle among our own people, which was only half a century ago. But with this prosperity has come the menace of vast capital and the menace of the deeply entrenched politician.

Ten years ago capital was arrogant and dominant; to-day it measures swords with the people as foemen worthy of its steel. Ten years of continual discussion, ten years of a public conscience quickened to a sense of right and wrong, ten years of warfare against inconsiderate and unfair methods of capital have given you one of the greatest victories in all history. It has been a bloodless war, but, all the same, a struggle of titanic forces.

While the subjugation of capital has gradually come about, the entrenched politicians have held high their heads in defiance of the rights of citizens. The preferential primary means the death-blow to their profession, the death-blow to their traffic in the offices of the people. And so they fought it in this State and in other States with an abandon and ferocity hitherto unknown to political history.

You, the voters of Massachusetts; you, the worth-while citizens of Massachusetts, must not treat lightly the great victory you have wrung from the politicians of this State in the preferential primary. The passage of the primary bill over the head of every known political force of both State and Nation, and over every known political tactic, is one of the greatest triumphs of the Old Bay State.

This fight against entrenched power, both political and capitalistic, is revolution, quite as much revolution as was that of our forefathers against England in 1776. In this revolution, in this great third act in the drama of American political history, let us each and all do the work of citizens and of patriots.

The greatest living champion of the preferential primary is Theodore Roosevelt. The greatest living champion of the rights of the majority is Theodore Roosevelt. The greatest living champion of the plain people is Theodore Roosevelt. He has fought monopoly, fought capitalistic oppression, and fought the entrenched politician all his life—fought them with a courage, an intelligence, and a terrific aggressiveness the like of which the world has never before seen.

Roosevelt is in a class by himself—a man of fine breeding, of ripe education, wise in his knowledge of the world, wise in experience, marvelous in vision, and in initiative and execution a whirlwind—matchless among all the men of all the world.

Born to position, Harvard educated, inheriting the association with and the friendship of the fortune-favored world of wealth and power and social eminence, he turned, early in life, from all these to the plain people, who need him most, and became their champion, their leader in the mighty revolution that now grips all America.

Mentally and physically, Roosevelt is a phenomenon. He is as powerful in one respect as in the other—fit at all times for the prize-ring, and fit at all times for a combat to the death in the mental arena.

He is a giant for work, a giant in intellect, an all-round big citizen, a great statesman, a great leader, and withal he has a heart that beats warm and fast and true for that side of the world that most needs human uplift, that most needs the grasp of a great human hand strong enough and sure enough to protect and sustain against all combinations of oppression—against anything and everything that is opposed to the square deal of man to man.

For such a man as this—for Theodore Roosevelt—you will have a chance to record your votes next Tuesday—a chance that you would not have but for the new law which has given you the preferential primary.

EDITORIAL

THE LESSON OF THE TITANIC

THE greatest ship on all the seas sailed forth on her maiden voyage—and to her tragic end—acclaimed by all the devotees of the superlative. She was the newest, the biggest, the most magnificent, the most luxurious; yes, and they said she was the safest, too.

Now, a broken wreck, she lies under two miles of the cold Atlantic's waters—she and most of her heroic dead—a lesson and a warning.

Her lesson is that after all the works of man are small, vain, and insecure. The warning is that too much confidence must not be reposed in the greatest and most imposing of them.

The works of man may expand from the dugout canoe of the tropic savage to the ocean palace of steel and steam and speed. But, at the last, the floating fabric, however big and impressive, must be managed by men. We must not forget its human limitations, for it cannot be greater and more powerful than its creators.

Somebody blundered, or misjudged, or forgot; and that somebody was only a man. Overconfident in the leviathan he had created, man failed to realize his impotence before the infinite forces with which he was dealing. That was the awful mistake that brought the tragedy, the thousand tragedies, of the Titanic.

Mere bigness, whether it be in a ship or a business, a corporation, or a nation, must not be an invitation to overconfidence and carelessness.

MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED

IT is reported that Colonel Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, is threatening to resign if Congress does not get busy and pass legislation providing for the administration of the canal. He wants tolls, regulations, and so forth to be settled right away, so that people intending to use his big ditch may know what they must expect.

The admirably efficient and commendably energetic colonel should possess his soul with patience. Administering this canal is a big problem, which will be solved the better if there is not undue haste. It has taken rather more than three hundred years since the world's fancy was first fascinated by the idea of connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, before we got in sight of realizing the marvelous project. The first man who figured on a canal imagined it big enough to float Columbus's caravels through; the one we are opening next year is built for dreadnaughts.

Congress is taking time, not wasting it. The hearings on coastwise shipping, which have been held as an incident to preparing for the legislation to govern the canal, have been worth much. Better let the canal be open for a spell without doing much business, than open it with a lot of business, only to discover that it is on the wrong basis, and that we must go back and take a new start.

This canal is costing about four hundred millions of dollars, and Uncle Sam wants the utmost possible benefits from it for some centuries to come. Perhaps he will get them with a toll of a dollar and fifty cents per ton; possibly free passage will prove

desirable. Anyhow, it's a problem that needs a good deal of study, and then will not be solved, except tentatively. We shall learn much about what the canal means to world trade, after it is opened, that we can't possibly think of now.

Meanwhile, our guess is that we shall decide to levy tolls that will pay some sort of return on our colossal investment, and that these tolls should be uniform on the vessels of all nations, including our own. But of still greater importance than the question of tolls or no tolls is that of adequate fortification and secure American control.

THE PEOPLE MAY ELECT THEIR SENATORS

WHEN Congress adjourned last summer, the joint resolution for a Constitutional amendment to provide direct election of United States Senators was in conference. The Republican Senate demanded provision for Federal control of Senatorial elections; the Democratic House, true to Democratic ideals of State rights, would not submit.

The measure remained in conference over the recess, and until this spring, when the Senate measure was accepted by the conferees. Before this is published, it will almost certainly have been accepted by the House. Then it must still have the indorsement of two-thirds of the States, to become part of the Constitution.

Probably it will get the necessary indorsements, but there will not be any States to spare, and it will require two to four years to get enough. State Legislatures controlled by political machines will be dragooned to reject the reform, in the interest of Senators who could not be elected before the people, but who dominate their Legislatures. The machines are not without hope of killing the amendment, or postponing it for years.

Submitted to the people, it is safe to say that a very large majority would favor this reform. There is no real argument against it; the arguments for it have recently been strengthened manifold by the exposures in the Lorimer and Stephenson cases. The fact that so right and popular a measure is actually in doubt of success shows that our Constitution needs an overhauling to bring it within the realm of responsibility to public sentiment.

SUFFRAGISTS AT WORK

A GOVERNMENT official, whose duties relate to sewerage, sanitation, healthfulness of milk supplies, decent alleys, clean streets, and the like, recently declared that suffrage and sanitation go hand in hand. The alliteration seemed better than the logic, and he explained:

"When I go to a town, I nose around to learn if there is a vigorous, effective, serious woman-suffrage organization. If there is, I look up some of the leaders and tell them that a good many things about their community need cleaning up. Say that I find the stores in bad condition, the schoolhouses ill-lighted and ventilated, the saloons in the hands of a bad class, the town getting doubtful milk and needing better sewerage. I tell my troubles to the suffragist leaders, leave them some literature, explain specific details of reform locally needed, and move on.

"Presently I learn that the town is being ripped wide open. There's a crusade on. The women, who after all spend the money, are boycotting people who don't clean up. The saloon question has been raised. There's an agitation for better sewerage. The dairymen whose stables looked bad to me are in trouble. The women are busy, and, believe me, they have ways of getting action in such affairs that the men never dreamed of. They never fail to produce results when they get interested in cleaning up a town; and the suffrage organizations are the centers of such activity.

"Also, when they have carried through the necessary improvements, the public-spirited women never fail to observe that that is how things would be run all the time, if they had the ballot!"

If such campaign tactics are to be adopted by the women, some new excuses will have to be hurried to the front to keep them out of the ballot. Not that these beneficent activities are the only practical arguments for woman suffrage. There are many others, to say nothing of the abstract justice of the suffragists' demand.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

TWO or three years ago there was introduced into Congress a bill to charter a trust which should manage a great part of the vast Rockefeller fortune. The income of the estate was to be employed in works of religious, moral, educational, and social betterment. But tremendous powers and great latitude were permitted to the trustees; the property was to be exempted from taxes, and many other details of the scheme were questioned by people who saw a prospect of perpetual segregation, close control, and tremendous growth of so vast a property. That bill never had a chance to pass.

But another measure has been introduced, which seems to avoid all these objectionable features. It involves no such menace as seemed possibly to lie in the other. It looks, even to people who were first to oppose the former bill, like a very plain proposition to devote at least one hundred million dollars to public service, under safe and liberal conditions.

The magnificent beneficences of our generation have constituted one of its noblest testimonials. The money that Mr. Rockefeller has spent on the General Education Board, on the University of Chicago, and in other directions, has benefited the community without suspicion of ulterior motive. The present measure for chartering the Rockefeller Foundation ought to pass. Some further modifications may be needed, but the idea is unobjectionable.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD TRADES

A SEAMAN rescued from the Titanic testified that he didn't know how to handle an oar, and added that there were many seamen of worth and long experience who had never learned to row. This came as a shock to many landmen, who really ought not to have been surprised.

The average "trade," as we know it to-day, is a far more specialized calling than it was in the recent past. When clipper ships sailed the oceans, "splices," "knots," "nooses," and other works of art with ropes' ends were part of the trade of seamanship. So was tatting, about that same era, a necessary accomplishment of a woman. Nowadays, your able seaman has mighty little to do with ropes, and women are more concerned about bridge rules than about embroidery stitches. Callings change as times change.

Take handwriting, for instance. Who practises it, in this day of stenographers and writing-machines? It's all an important man can do to keep a characteristic autograph in training for the collectors. Sailors who can neither swim, nor sail, nor tie a knot need not shock us, for sailing has become the business of propelling a steel apartment-house across the ocean by-steam. There's no sailing about it.

The old-time printer could run a gas-engine, "make ready" on a flat-bed press, "kick" any sort of job press, handle real type without producing pi, and collect potatoes from subscribers with an accurate knowledge of current exchange values. Now-

adays, the printer merely has to know a linotype keyboard; but he must know it most thoroughly and finger it most expertly.

The old trades are passing, or being evolved into new and more specialized ones. The all-round man, who knew every branch of his craft, has pretty nearly disappeared. Whether his disappearance is or is not to be regretted may be a subject for debate. It is undoubtedly true that under the new conditions fewer people drown at sea, letters are "written" more legibly, and the printer's product is bigger and better.

SEEING THE UNITED STATES

WHEN you traverse the spaces of the great West, you begin to think that the individual who started the slogan "See America first" was not far from right. No American can cross from ocean to ocean without strengthening his patriotism and feeling a profounder sense of what democracy is. He will come to a new realization of the vast area, the varied resources, and the larger potentiality of his country.

To wander aimlessly around with no particular goal does not appeal to the average American who is bent hotfoot on "getting somewhere." This is one reason why, as a rule, he has seen so little of his own land. Happily an occasional event will call from across the Great Divide and lure him into the frank, free, outdoor realm. One great virtue of expositions—aside from being the timekeepers of progress—is this function. Merely in drawing together the men and women of our far-flung sisterhood of States they are worth all they cost.

If the exhibition project which is now shaping in San Francisco, and which will be described in a later issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, serves no other purpose, it will give thousands of Americans a better conception of their native land, besides affording them a glimpse of rare scenic beauties and a vista of splendid space not to be found in Europe.

A COST-OF-LIVING INSTANCE

A WRITER in an important farm journal declares that people who ship milk of a given standard to New York get from eleven to fourteen cents a gallon for it according to season, while the same quality of milk shipped to Washington would bring the producer from eighteen to twenty-three cents. In both towns it commonly retails at nine cents a quart.

If these figures are even approximately accurate, they demonstrate a bad condition. If the distribution of milk in New York costs so much more than in Washington as to justify the difference, then there is something wrong. In spite of high wages and high rents in New York, the distribution of milk to a population so congested as that of the metropolis ought to cost less than a similar service in a comparatively scattered community.

Milk is a very obvious necessary of life. Everybody is familiar with the spectacle of half a dozen milk-wagons, representing as many dealers, coming into the same block of a morning to leave bottles of milk at as many houses, thereby multiplying the effort and expense several times. That sort of thing is going to be stopped.

To talk about a municipality taking over the business of distributing milk and other provender that people must eat, and running it as a monopoly at the lowest possible expense, may sound socialistic; but some method should be devised for eliminating competitive waste and furnishing so necessary a service at the lowest possible cost to the consumer.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

This is a recent portrait of Mr. Bryan, which pictures him as he is, at the age of fifty-two, without any evidence of the wear and tear of the political battles he has fought. It shows him in the prime of condition for a fourth contest for the Presidency, if the national Democratic convention should name him as the candidate of his party. That he will win the nomination appears at this date (April 24) to be as good a guess as any, or even the best, though he will not enter the convention as an avowed candidate.

MIRABEL'S ISLAND*

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES

BY LOUIS TRACY

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE SILENT BARRIER," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

DAVID LINDSAY'S yacht, the *Firefly*, is wrecked in an October storm on the rocky shore of Lunga, a desolate islet off the Scottish coast. Lindsay gets safely ashore, but one of his two sailors is killed by a falling spar, and the other is missing.

Exploring the tiny island, David finds that its sole inhabitant is a somewhat mysterious girl, who is living there alone in a well-provided cottage, with her dog, Carlo, and a jackdaw as her companions. She accords the refugee a rather disconcerting reception, offering to furnish him with such food as he may need, but warning him to keep away from her part of the island. Later, however, she apparently relents. During another violent storm, while Lindsay is striving to save his stranded cutter by hauling it farther up the beach, she suddenly appears on the scene and bids him seek shelter for the night in her cottage.

Gradually their relations become friendly. The girl, who gives her name as Mirabel Locksley, surprises David by her unusual familiarity with languages, literature, and natural history, though she confesses that she has little or none of the knowledge which comes from reading newspapers and meeting people. She tells him of her lonely life with her father, who is nearly blind. Lindsay gathers that she has sought refuge in Lunga from some persecution or annoyance, which seems to be connected with a Mr. Hawley; for the jackdaw has learned to repeat the man's name, and Mirabel is evidently distressed on hearing it. Further than this, however, David can only conjecture, for Mirabel parries his questions.

IX

THAT night, after they had finished supper, Mirabel exchanged rôles with her guest, and became the inquisitor in turn.

They had been too busy to talk during the afternoon. There were logs to chop, and goats to milk, and loaves to be baked; and David had to fetch a banjo from the cutter, because the girl heard him humming a chorus of some popular song, and skilful questioning brought forth the discovery that he could strum tunes, for the banjo is the king of music-makers in yachts and camps.

But when the last meal of the day was eaten, and David had asked and obtained permission to smoke—he stuck to his pipe; for some occult reason he disliked the idea of smoking Locksley's cigars, and he thought Mirabel might be offended if he produced

a supply from the *Firefly*'s store—his hostess bade him discourse of his own career.

She was seated on the hearth-rug, with her feet tucked under her skirt, when she lifted her eyes in a quizzical underlook, and said:

"Thus far, Mr. David Lindsay, I have taken you completely on trust. Now it is my turn. *You* have not run away from your people and sought refuge on a desert island. *You* were brought here by an unlucky storm—"

"No. Do not call it that," he broke in. "I feel somewhat in the mind of William Pitt's sailor. Do you know the lines—"

"Poor creatures! How they envy us!

And wishes, I've a notion,

For our good luck, in such a storm

To be upon the ocean!"

"Oh, hush!" she said, with a sweet solemnity. "If you had seen yourself as

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I saw you, rising, as it were, from death to life! I shall never forgive myself—never!”

“Please don’t be discursive. And why break our bargain?”

“What bargain?”

“Mirabel!”

“Well, David, then, though I shall feel dreadfully lonely without Mr. Lindsay.”

“What dire prophecy are you uttering now?”

“The glass is still rising. Do you hear that soft note in the wind? If it veers to the southeast, I shall be almost looking for Donald this day week.”

“And to-day is?”

“Thursday—have you forgotten?”

“No—that is, not exactly—but I had a moment’s terror lest it might be Friday. In any case, Donald’s coming and goings will have no marked effect on me.”

“What does it matter what day of the week it is? You are slippery as an eel—”

“What sort of eel?”

“But, wriggle as you may, you cannot escape me now—”

“Was ever eel more content with capture?”

“So begin at the beginning, and tell me all about yourself.”

David hemmed loudly, whereupon the jackdaw coughed.

“I am the only son of comparatively wealthy but honest parents,” he said. “I was born twenty-six years ago in the city of Calcutta.”

“I knew you were no true Scot!” cried Mirabel.

“Fair maid, I would have thee realize that the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* makes light of such hindrances as time and place. Scottish birth is a privilege bounded by no borders. Why, once in Durban, when a half-caste named MacWatt married a dark lady named Graham, I noticed that the announcement of their wedding bore the legend, ‘Glasgow papers please copy.’ I triumphed over lesser difficulties, for both my father and my mother were born in Argyllshire.”

“Where?”

“Near Oban.”

Luckily, his questioner let the statement pass, for David did not wish her to know as yet that he was the eleventh baronet of a family with extensive estates in Scotland and England. For one breathless second disclosure hung in the balance; but Mira-

bel’s brows were knitted in firm resolve. She treated Argyllshire as an irrelevancy.

“Go on,” she said. “You were born in Calcutta. That, at any rate, is a start. Were your people in the army or the civil service?”

“The army. I oscillated between a bungalow at Garden Reach and a hotel in Darjeeling until I was three years old; then I was joined by a sister—”

“Is she still living?”

“Yes.”

“And your father?”

“No. Poor old chap, I lost him seven years ago. That is why I left Oxford.”

“But your sister will be wild with anxiety about you.”

“Not yet. I have been weighing the pros and cons of it, and the present position should be that she will think I am on Islay, while the fellows on Islay will think I am at Oban. The gale renders communication impossible for the time. Moreover, my sister would not wear mourning for me until every other sane person was convinced that I had been dead a year and a day.”

“That means you have had adventures. I fancy I should like your sister—”

“Oh, you would—you will!”

“You shall tell me to-morrow what she looks like, and where she lives; but to-night I insist on your own story,” said Mirabel severely.

Doubtless it interested her. David had seen a good deal during his wander years, and he had never before secured such an auditor. He told how his father had plunged into speculation during the South African boom, and had pledged the estates to the last penny when the crisis came. The Argyllshire property was let on a seven years’ lease; the bigger house in Herefordshire found a yearly tenant, and the stout-hearted major-general had gone to Johannesburg, there to watch the development of the mines in which he had sunk his fortune, and to hold his own, with scant knowledge, but with Scottish tenacity of purpose, against the schemes and stratagems of the financiers of the Rand.

The struggle wore him out. David, summoned by cable, arrived in time to see his father die, and receive his final mandate:

“Don’t let go, Davie! They’ll try and make you sell, but keep a tight grip!”

And the son had obeyed, even in the depths of calamity before the war. And then came the outbreak of hostilities, and

the four years of bitter struggle. At its close, David, now thoroughly at home on the veldt, gathered a small expedition at Salisbury, crossed the frontier of Rhodesia, and lost himself in Central Africa. In his own interests, it was the best possible thing he could have done. In his absence, throughout every twist and twirl of the consolidations and combines and reconstructions which marked the period of stagnation at the end of the war, his shares became more valuable. When he reached England again the solicitors who had watched over his affairs were able to tell him that he was a rich man, while his sister, now married to a naval officer, was well provided for.

David, in his recital, slurred over the financial details, which, he was glad to note, were less appreciated by his hearer than his stories of bivouac and camp-fire. Though he was beginning to grasp the quaint narrowness as well as the extraordinary range of her studies, he could not help being impressed by her complete ignorance of current events. She could describe the geography of Africa, together with its fauna and flora, with a closer precision than he, who had lived in the country and observed its teeming life and physical features for six long years; but concerning those things of which the men and women of the day were speaking in marts and drawing-rooms, she knew nothing.

She seemed to become aware that night, for the first time, of the real nature of the limitations imposed by her father's monastic method of teaching.

They talked late, and when she awoke with a start to perception of the hour, she contented herself with a somewhat sad little tribute to David's powers as a narrator.

"You have unfolded a map of an unexplored world," she said. "I have often wondered what Pope meant when he wrote:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

"I have tried to obey the first line, but the second was beyond my reach—put there purposely, I am forced to believe. Thank you, David. You have shown me fresh woods and pastures new. To-morrow, and other days, you must expound in detail. Thank you again, and good night!"

He followed soon to the room she had allotted to his use, and he did not fail to picture Mirabel kneeling in prayer for light in the unknown domain opening at her feet.

She realized, doubtless, that the old life on the island had gone forever, and in that silent hour the untrodden path would be vague and dim in her eyes; but she must have felt, too, that this man who had come into her life would help her loyally and guide aright her faltering footsteps. As for David, his heart sang to the stars, for he hoped to call Mirabel his wife ere many months were sped.

Though he had practically made her acquaintance that morning, if she were other than a soul of crystal, a mind of limpid purity, he might have been in her company for a year and yet have understood her less intimately. In very truth, she was an island nymph, a vestal dedicated to the high gods. Whatever of mystery, whatever of sordid intrigue, had brought about the amazing predicament in which her father's madness and the obsession of a spurned admirer had placed her, she, at least, was uncontaminated.

David, like many another young man of a liberal-minded age, was left unmoved by the forms and ceremonies of dogmatic belief. But he was deeply religious by nature, and his heart was now uplifted in thanksgiving for the manifest design that lay behind the seeming hazard of his coming to this remote island.

He was strong, too, and valiant in purpose, for he resolved that never a word of love should cross his lips till this sweet mate whom he had found in the wilds was either restored to her father's care or placed under the protection of some woman whom she could trust.

He boggled, perhaps, at the notion of "care" as applied to a parent who had tried to force such a girl into a hateful marriage. But he was shrewd and level-headed, and it was his habit to hold judgment in suspense, believing, with Mme. de Staël, that to know all is to forgive all. Mr. Locksley must be a man of no mean character, to have brought Mirabel to her present perfection of mind and body. He was a crank, undoubtedly, but a crank with a well-stored brain and a clear sense of hygienic laws.

Nor could his parental authority be gainsaid. His daughter was obviously devoted to him, so he ought to possess many admirable traits, and nothing less than intolerable pressure could have driven the two apart.

"I'll bring them together again," murmured wise David, composing himself for

sleep. "And this time, oh, contriver of rare gems, you'll have a more reliable man at your elbow than Mr.—Mr.—"

There was no jackdaw in the room to croak "Hawley," nor any Mentor to warn this latest Telemachus against the folly of scanning the future by the light of desire. David Lindsay, in the ordinary affairs of life, might be expected to take a dispassionate view of any given set of conditions, but David Lindsay in love was like any other young man in love—he looked through love's spectacles, which make rosy a gray prospect and convert the sorriest scrub into a garden of the Hesperides.

X

OF course, long before the sun shone again, and that was on the following Sunday, these two young people had extracted from each other nearly every noteworthy fact and circumstance of their lives. They were constantly together during the waking hours of each day, and, with the sole exception of Mirabel's recent escapade—which she ignored completely, and which David schooled himself not to mention even by inference—they discussed the past freely.

The apparent absence of billing and cooing in their talk brought it to a level which, though never commonplace, was certainly unusual as between a man and a maid in these days. David often found it necessary to instruct Mirabel in the simplest annals of recent history, either social or political, while he never ceased to marvel at the range and accuracy of her scholarship in subjects for which universities endow chairs of research. She had a sense of the meanings of words which struck him as almost miraculous, until she explained it one day in the clear, sweet voice that was so incongruous with such a dry-as-dust subject.

They were standing on the east side of the island, looking toward Mull, when David pointed to a couple of black fangs jutting out of the sea to the north of the great reef, which he now recognized as the Toothed Rock.

"My latest voyage takes the shape of an ill-remembered dream in my mind," he said, "but I think I came rather close to those fellows before landing. Have you names for them?"

"Oh, yes. Every rock in the Treshnish Isles is named, and each reef as well. Naturally, the lobster-fishers know the floor of the sea as a farmer knows his fields. Those

rocks are Sgeirean-na-Guisaich, or the Rocks of Tall Weeds, but some of the old fishermen call them Eaigalach, or the Evil-doers. The most curiously named rock in this part is that one"—and Mirabel indicated a huge boulder close to the shore. "Its proud title is Clach-na-Stairaim, meaning the Storm of Storms, and in the Gaelic, by the way, you get one of the real root words of human speech."

David put a hand on her shoulder. It was the one small luxury of fondling which he permitted himself, so he indulged in it often.

"You rather scare me, Mirabel, when you rap out a bit of information like that," he said. "I don't think it's good for your voice to strain your vocal chords so cruelly."

"Is that why you have not sought further lessons in Gaelic?" she laughed.

"No. If I tried for a lifetime I could never master those sounds. How did you manage it?"

"I experienced no difficulty. You see, my father, in teaching me languages, insisted that I should seize the sense of every sentence in the same way as a child does in its native tongue. If we were speaking Latin, for instance, I had to grasp the case and tense of words by their terminations; I understood the meaning in Latin, not in English, and by practising that trick in five languages it soon became easy to adapt it to a sixth or a seventh. Moreover, dad was always ready to give me the history of a word—a thing of utmost interest in itself, and quite as capable of being wrongly comprehended as the history of kings and queens. Teach me a few hundred words of any language, and I will guess most of the remainder. So late as last July we tackled Chinese for amusement—only the ideographs, you know; spoken Chinese is impossible when you haven't a tame Chinaman on the premises."

"Evidently I arrived here in the nick of time to save you from a horrible fate," began David.

He stopped abruptly, and wanted to bite his tongue when he saw the dark shadow of memory flit across her eyes; for it was not he, but another, who had put an end to the peculiar form of amusement which appealed to the Locksley household.

"You told me you spoke the *taal* well enough to act as interpreter," she broke in, with a quick tact for which David was

thankful. "Try me in that language. Say something slowly, and see if I cannot guess the meaning."

"You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life," said David, in the dialect of the Transvaal, never dreaming that she would understand.

She blushed a little, shook her shoulder free from his hand, and gave him one of those highly expressive and heart-searching glances which he was beginning to regard as his own exclusive privilege.

"I fear I cannot put that into idiomatic English," she said. "Shall we walk on? It is a rigid rule at Argos that we shall not loiter on this side of the island."

David glowed with sudden embarrassment, but he could neither explain nor amend this second blunder; so he inquired, chiefly for the sake of saying something:

"Why not on this side, rather than the other?"

"Because the few vessels which pass up and down the coast make for Loch Tuadh, and the only people aware of our house are some local fishermen. But we must hurry, if we mean to visit the Castle Rock before the tide turns."

"Don't be vexed with me," he said humbly. "I was an unbeliever, and have been duly punished. I said the first thing that came into my head."

"Evidently the phrase was pat on your lips. Did you use it often to the Dutch ladies in South Africa?"

"Even in the *taal* one tries to tell the truth," he said.

She laughed, but in the next instant set his pulses drumming again.

"What in the world have you been doing to the Firefly?" she demanded.

He had forgotten the half-hour's early morning task of the previous day. Going alone to the cutter for a tin of sardines, he had taken the opportunity to unship the stump of the mast, and to arrange a few heavy boulders against the port side and on deck, in such manner that any one examining the island from the bridge of a passing steamer would mistake the hull of the little vessel for a long, low rock.

"Salvage is sometimes another name for sheer piracy," he explained. "I did not want our storehouse to be plundered by some sharp-eyed skipper. Moreover, if the yacht were found, a search would be made—and we don't want that, do we?"

She nodded. They had mutually avoid-

ed any discussion as to developments when the weather improved. Although there were no signs of the kites and bonfires of which David had spoken in his note, Mirabel had not thought fit to comment on his inactivity; yet the wind had lulled itself to rest, and the heavy Atlantic swell was diminishing hourly.

A gleam of sunshine suddenly irradiated Lunga, which warmed and burgeoned into multicolored life. David, for all his years spent abroad, was sufficient of a self-centered Scot to follow a trail with the nose of a beagle; and he would certainly have availed himself of the chance turn taken by their talk to set forth the project now fixed in his mind, had not Mirabel cried:

"There! Now you see why the Norsemen called my island Lunga, the Green Isle. Isn't it glorious? And look at the sea! That deep, cold blue only comes after a storm. I love it, yet it brings my heart into my mouth. That poor ship I told you of, whose crew lie buried beyond the Dorlin, was laden with indigo, and the sea, so beautiful, so pitiless, never relents or forgets. That wondrous tint is only the smile of an implacable force, brooding through the centuries. It always reminds me of those poor, dead sailors, crushed in the last embrace of the goddess whom they served, while she flaunts a mantle dyed with their vessel's heart's blood!"

In some natures, the thought would be morbid, but Mirabel was not as others. She stood with arms outstretched, her lips parted, and eyes shining. True child of the sun and the wind, she seemed to hail the rainbow hues of sky and ocean as a blending of unutterable griefs and harmonies. Then a veil swept over the scene, and its vivid life died, and the awed David dared not speak, for tears bedewed the long lashes.

Next morning she was smiling at him shamefacedly.

"Isn't it stupid to let one's emotions run away with one in that fashion?" she protested. "I vow I am light-headed to-day. Sometimes I feel like *Benedick*, who had a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue was the clapper, and what his heart felt his tongue spoke."

"Would that I, too, might emulate him!" murmured David, but the girl, coy as *Beatrice*, though blithely unaware of her coyness, ran on ahead.

"Here's a smooth bit!" she cried. "I'll race you to the beach!"

He caught her, after no mean effort, and held her for an instant panting in his arms. Then temptation gripped him, for her waist was soft and supple, than which, if women but knew, there is no deadlier lure for a man. He was sorely moved to kiss her then and there, and straightway cross the arid desert that ever shuts out the dumb lover from the land of his desire. He forebore because he loved her; and again because he loved her, his breath labored heavily.

"You can run," said Mirabel coolly, "though I could have beaten you in a mile. You are out of form. Take what Donald calls 'a wee trot' every morning for a week, and we should be a fair match."

David sighed.

"I shall train at other odd hours as well," he said.

Mirabel seemed to find more in the words than showed on the surface, for a sudden constraint fell upon her, and they were half-way across the isthmus of the Castle Rock before she was chatting freely once more.

In the retrospect of later days, David was tortured by the bitter-sweet knowledge that Mirabel's wood-nymph spirit had fluttered in half-conscious alarm during those few fleeting moments. But she placed the trust in him that pure women and children give fearlessly to untarnished men, and a second crisis passed that evening without the slightest whiff of suspicion blurring her happy mood.

It arose thus.

David was telling of a moonlit trek through a lion-infested belt near Uganda, when the girl rose from her favorite pitch on the hearth-rug and peeped through the drawn blind.

"Stars!" she cried joyously. "Stars in myriads! Now, Galileo, give me a taste of thy true merit."

They went out, heralded by Carlo, whose hunter's soul rejoiced in comprehension of the ways of rabbits; whereupon he was sternly repressed, and put on a leash.

David began at once.

"There is Andromeda," he said. "Perseus is near her, of course, with Cassiopeia completing the triangle, and Pegasus soaring away to the west."

To one steeped in the classics the names needed no explanation, but Mirabel was pleased to be demurely admiring.

"Can you pick them out so readily?"

she cooed. "I always fancied that in reading the sky one had to find the Great Bear first and then draw imaginary lines."

"Imaginary lines are hard to draw sometimes," said David.

"They are useful on small islands," she retorted, and David, though occupying dangerous ground, only changed front.

"We are favored to-night," he went on. "Mars and Jupiter are on the stage, doubtless discussing Venus, who will appear later. Ah! Here is Ursa Major. You remember the legend?"

"Of Callisto? Poor thing—it was hard that she should be slain by her son after being changed into a bear! Diana might have been spotless, but she was cruel, although the moon, which bears her name, looks bland."

"And is spotted?"

"I am rather glad of it. I am sure there was gossip about her on Olympus. Where is Boötes?"

"There, containing Arcturus, one of the finest stars in the heavens."

They were high on the shoulder of Cruachan, and gazing to the northeast beyond the dark blur of Mull.

A hush had fallen on earth and sea. Breakers growled and tore one another among the reefs, but their sullen strife only accentuated the calm of the elements. Mirabel's ready idealism caught nature's passing whim.

"Listen," she said softly. "You must have heard that noise in the jungle, when jackals snarled over the remnants of the quarry."

"So our storm is ended," said David.

"Astronomy, please! My fault, perhaps, but you do spring quickly."

"Look at Mizar, the second star in the Bear's tail," he said. "I need hardly ask if you can discern another little star just above him?"

The opportunity served; he placed his left hand on Mirabel's left shoulder, and she was standing on his left side. The attitude has been found suitable by star-gazing young people of opposite sexes ever since young people began to gaze at the stars.

"Yes," she said, "what of it?"

"The Persians called it 'the test.'"

"Test of what?"

"Of eyesight."

"But any one with ordinary eyes could see that."

She turned and looked at him inquiringly.

She was holding the straining dog with both hands, and a frenzied effort on the part of Carlo, who heard rustlings in a grass-grown cleft, drew her a few inches nearer. There was no reason why David's arm should slip; indeed, it only clasped her more tightly.

"I mentioned it because you have eyes out of the ordinary," he said, and, if his voice was flippant, his heart hammered furiously.

Perhaps she felt it, but she gave no sign. Stooping rapidly, she picked up the terrier and pretended to beat him.

"For goodness' sake, show him the dog-star," she laughed. "Then, perhaps, he will take his mind off rabbits for a time."

"I cannot," said David sadly. "Sirius rises and sets with the sun."

"Wise Sirius, and fine exemplar! Thanks for the lesson. Now, we must hurry home. It is late."

With each tide the sea continued to fall, until, on the Tuesday of her prophecy, Mirabel spoke of getting the boat out of its shelter and taking her guest for a tour of the islands, if the next day maintained the improved conditions.

David went to the well on the following morning soon after six o'clock. The sun was not yet visible, but a purple and amber light changed the sea into a plain of burnished opal, beyond which the hills of Argyll were ultramarine shadows.

He had filled his buckets, and was fixing them on the yoke he had fashioned out of stout plank, when his glance fell on a boat which had just swum into view in the channel between the Castle Rock and the Mermaid's House. It was a roomy craft, broad-beamed and heavy, but it swept along at a rare rate on the ebb tide, and its occupant, a man, was using a pair of oars rather to guide than to accelerate its progress.

By this time, owing to Mirabel's instruction and his own study of the chart, David was familiar with the main features of the Treshnish Isles, and knew that no one unfamiliar with the ground would dare thrust a boat into the tidal current now racing across the reef.

"Donald Macdonald, of Calgary—and after him the deluge!" said he.

Whether he felt glad or sorry he could not tell. Perhaps he was glad that the period of inaction had passed, but sorry that an idyl was broken.

His first impulse was to hurry back to Argos and summon Mirabel. He yielded unwillingly to the certain fact that before he could reach the house the newcomer would be ashore. He decided to leave nothing to chance, for chance has not earned its reputation by following fixed laws; so, setting down pails and yoke by the side of the well, he walked rapidly toward the Corran.

XI

THE man in the boat kept glancing over his shoulder. David, watching him closely, knew exactly when he discovered the presence of the yacht, and when he was transfixed with surprise by seeing an unexpected figure hurrying down the northerly slope of Cruachan.

David, it should be explained, had discarded his yachtman's rig for a shooting-suit. A few months later, should the weather become cold and settled, his appearance on Lunga might be natural enough, the island being a favorite halting place of wild fowl; but the boatman gazed at him now as if he were a pixie, and swung the boat around on her keel to allow of a fixed and prolonged stare from under the canopy of his left hand.

His actions proved his identity. None other than the man who had promised to visit Lunga at the first possible moment could have been so puzzled when he found the island tenanted by a stranger. But he was cautious withal. When Lindsay ran down the rough path to the Corran, Macdonald, if it was he, restrained the boat from drifting ashore, and the aspect of his seamed and weather-worn face was grim and hostile.

"Weel, Tonal', an' hoo's a' wi ye the day?"

Thus David, arrived at the water's edge, and discreetly amused by the newcomer's dour visage. There was no answer, but the boat drew nearer, and its occupant moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Ye'll be Tonal' Mactonal', I'm speir-in'," went on David, thinking to chaff this solemn Scot into a better humor, for he well knew that his own speech lacked the true Doric flavor, and would never deceive the Highland ear.

A vigorous thrust of the oars drove the boat's stern-post into the shingle, and the newcomer rose and lifted an anchor from the bows. Then he turned, looked from David to the Firefly, and back to David.

"What are ye daein' here, Sir David Lindsay, an' whaur's Miss Meerabel?" he asked, holding the anchor by its shank, and seemingly not disinclined to bury one of its flukes in David's skull.

No flicker of astonishment showed in Lindsay's eyes, though the other was watching him keenly.

"Miss Locksley is at the house," came the quiet answer. "As you failed to send a post-card announcing your visit, she does not expect you this morning. Had ye no a bawbee? Aiblins, ye canna write?"

"Ye can handle the *taal* better than braid Scots, Sir David," said the other, leaping ashore and pulling his craft higher up the beach.

And now, indeed, Lindsay was bewildered, though Macdonald's prompt recognition had left him cold.

"How do you know I speak Dutch?" he demanded.

"Because ye're the same man, a bit bigger, an' five year aulder, that I met last at Krugersdorp. Has Miss Meerabel no tellt ye I was in Lovat's Scouts?"

"No."

"She'll hae forgotten, I'm thinkin'. When did *that* happen?" and Macdonald jerked a thumb toward the disheveled Firefly.

"On the fifteenth. Has the yacht been reported missing? Is that the reason you came to know my name?"

"I say no to baith questions, Sir David. The fifteenth, ye say? Ye'll hae been here a matter o' ten days?"

"Are you serious when you say that no inquiry has been made for the cutter?"

Macdonald embedded the anchor firmly in the shingle.

"I've said it," he growled.

"And that we met last at Krugersdorp? What troop were you in?"

"F."

The fisherman strolled back to the boat, placed on the shingle a couple of covered baskets, such as farmers' wives in the north use for the carriage of butter and eggs; uncoiled a rope, tied one end to the rudder-socket and the other to a heavy stone which formed part of the ballast; shoved the boat off, and threw the stone into deep water.

Then, without another spoken word, he picked up the baskets and strode away in the direction of the cliff.

For some seconds, David was thoroughly nonplused and inclined to be angry. Then

he decided, quite rightly, that his own clowning was largely responsible for Macdonald's gruffness. He soon overtook the taciturn one.

"Donald," he said, "Miss Locksley has said so many nice things about you that I felt I had known you for years. And so I have, it seems, though you remembered, and I did not. Now, man, get the hump off your back. I shouldn't have doubted your word, and I am sorry for it, but, instead of taking a rise out of you, I got a fall myself. Let me help you with one of these baskets, and come this way, because I was at the well when I saw you rounding the Sgeir na Chaistell. My pails are waiting there now, and the water is wanted for breakfast."

Macdonald stopped. His clear gray eyes twinkled at the Gaelic words, but his features did not relax.

"They baskets are easier to cairry in pairs, Sir David," he began.

"Would you mind trying to forget my title? Miss Locksley knows me only as David Lindsay."

"And why shouldna Miss Meerabel ken ye hev a handle to yer name?"

"A very proper question, if it meant that I was suppressing the truth. But it does not. There is no great harm in not proclaiming one's rank, seeing that I mean, God willing, to ask the young lady herself to honor me by becoming my wife."

Down went the baskets, almost with a clatter.

"The deevil ye dae!" grunted Donald.

"Put it any way you like, that is my firm resolve."

"Gosh, man! You've no said a word tae Miss Meerabel?"

David had certainly turned the tables on his new acquaintance; but, in his eagerness, he was blind to the significance of the man's excited manner.

"Of course not," he said. "I was thrown ashore here during that gale last week, and Heaven in its mercy decreed that I should find myself in the care of one of the dearest and sweetest girls that ever trod the earth. We have been alone on Lunga for ten days, living here together as brother and sister, and God forbid that I should try and win her love under such circumstances! All I want is a fair field and no favor, but the field is not fair when a man has an impressionable girl for his sole companion in a house on a sea-swept rock. Except yourself, there is no man breathing, or perhaps only one

other, to whom I would bare my secret soul in this fashion; but Mirabel thinks so highly of you, and has such trust in you, that I am glad to take you into my confidence. That is why I ask you to share the small secret of my title, because I want to surprise her with it when, if ever, I am so fortunate as to make her Lady Lindsay."

The morning air was shrewd, and Donald Macdonald looked to be hard as nails in his six feet of stalwart thews and sinews, but he had broken out in a perspiration, which glistened on his forehead under the brim of a sou'wester. He mopped his face with a red handkerchief.

"Ane ither man?" he stammered brokenly.

"Yes, her father. Some fellow named Hawley—I suppose you have seen him—has been pestering her to marry him, but I fancy—at any rate, I hope—that when I meet Mr. Locksley I may persuade him to look elsewhere for a son-in-law. I gather, too, that our young lady has run away from her admirer, and it is obvious that, sooner or later, she will be compelled to return to her father, or that he will search for her here. Till one of those two things happen, I shall not lose sight of her. Now that you have turned up, the position becomes simple—easier to control, I mean, and that is why I am more than pleased to have had this opportunity of explaining matters before you encountered Miss Mirabel herself. Mind you, Donald, I reckon on your help in every way. We are brother Scots, and I swear to you, by the memory of my mother, that I have told you the truth, both as to the past ten days and my fixed intent. There's my hand on it!"

Macdonald took the proffered grip, but he was a very different man now from the surly Scot who had made off in dudgeon from the Corran. He was shaken and agitated, and could find no words to cover his confusion.

"Gosh!" he muttered again, a wandering glance taking the heavens and the earth to witness his perplexity.

David laughed, as a young man will when he sees a fair path leading to the bourne of his desire.

"You didn't hear such evil of me at Krugersdorp that I should figure in your mind as a bad husband, Donald?" he cried.

The other grasped at the opening thus given; but he was staggered by some thought, and he spoke but lamely.

"I'm thinkin', Sir David—Maister Lindsay, I should be sayin'—I'm thinkin'—Miss Meerabel micht ha' been the lucky young leddy the day. But, ye ken—Maister Lindsay—I'd like tae hev a word wi' her ainsel'. I never thocht, when I put off frae Calgary this ebb—I never thought I'd be seein' you here. There's ae thing I maun tell her—"

"Is Mr. Locksley in Mull already?" broke in David sharply.

"Deed, aye."

"And this Hawley?"

"Gosh, aye."

"Are they coming here?"

"By to-morrow's mornin' tide—nae suner—ma freens'll see tae that."

"Well, we have plenty of time to talk over matters, and plan, and contrive."

"Aye, we hae that. Gosh! Let's be leggin' it!"

"David! David!" came a clear voice from no great distance. "Why, that is Donald with you! Oh, Donald, how glad I am to see you! I thought that Mr. Lindsay, like Jack in the nursery rime, must have fallen with his pails of water, so Jill came tumbling after. Donald, what have you got in the baskets? Do say you are bringing some chickens and plenty of fresh butter! Mr. Lindsay has eaten me out of house and home, and I have emptied his yacht's larder."

Here was Mirabel herself wringing Donald's gnarled fist, and laughing delightedly at having stolen a march on the pair of them, though blushing a little at the Jack-and-Jill simile. She had really wondered what had become of the water-carrier, and had run all the way to the well with its telltale buckets when she caught sight of the two men standing on the edge of the cliff.

In her glee and momentary confusion she hardly noticed that her henchman's welcoming smile was of a somewhat frosty character, despite the beads of moisture which again bedewed his face. Stooping over a basket, she raised its coverlet of brown Italian cloth.

"Eggs, three chickens, and three ducks! Oh, Donald, you're a treasure!" she cried.

Macdonald glowered from one to the other with the furtive eyes of a man at his wits' end.

"They were ready yesterday, Miss Meerabel, or I wad no hae brocht—" He muttered something in Gaelic under his breath.

"What am I sayin', ava? It's fair daft I am. Mebbe, sir—mebbe, Maister Lindsay, ye'll be fetchin' the watter, whiles Miss Meerabel an' me gae roun' the west side."

"But why cannot we all go the same way?" cried Mirabel, glancing up from an interested scrutiny of the second basket.

"I think that Donald has something for your private ear," said David. "I am sure he will be happier when the message, whatever it is, has reached you."

Mirabel sprang upright with the rapidity of a steel spring suddenly released. To his dismay, David saw once more in her face that haunted look which he prided himself on having banished so effectually.

"A message! Not from my father?"

Alas, that Donald's long-looked-for visit should bring such terror and anguish into her voice! Her frightened eyes sought confirmation of the dreaded tidings ere the unhappy fisherman could reply, which he was in no hurry to do; and David felt that his presence was irksome.

"Of course, she is worried," he thought. "It will save her some embarrassment if I am not within ear-shot when Macdonald blurts out his news."

But he laughed happily as he turned on his heel.

"Gang yer ain gait, Tonal'," he said, "an' I'll lay ye a whole saxpence tae a plug of tobacco I'm at Argos afore ye."

Off he sped, without awaiting an answer to his challenge, though neither of the others spoke.

As he climbed the eastern shoulder of Cruachan, he should have seen them on the lower western path. They were not visible. He stole a look of sheer curiosity, and they were still standing where he had left them. Now, oddly enough, it was Macdonald who spoke, and Mirabel who listened, while her eyes were fixed on the hills of Mull, already brown and green in the slanting rays of the sun.

Yet was he blithe and free from care as ever.

"It's just like having a tooth drawn," he told himself. "One dreads the wrench, but happiness comes when the mischief is ended. Mirabel is now on the road to the dentist. She will be glad when she has met her trouble and conquered it!"

He shouldered the yoke and hurried to the house. Carlo, nosing the ground in search of his lost mistress, greeted him loudly. The jackdaw, preening his feathers on

top of the garden gate, peered at David with a peculiarly knowing eye.

"What's up?" he demanded.

"Ructions," said David.

"Ding-dong!" said the bird.

"You're a necromancer," said David.

"Ho, ho, off we go—Tom, Dick, Harry, and Joe," said the bird.

David jerked a pail, and shot a few drops of water over the philosopher on the gatepost—a trick which annoyed the jackdaw exceedingly. He sprang out of range, and yelped so realistically that the terrier pricked his ears and growled.

This success wiped out the stain of the earlier indignity. The bird hopped a little farther away, put his head on one side, and said "David" in a voice that would have brought a reply from Lindsay had he not known that Mirabel was beyond the ridge.

He laughed, and the jackdaw cackled loudly, understanding at once that a laugh meant forgiveness for past transgressions. But what his acute little brain could not know was the marked difference between his pronunciation of "David" and "Mr. Hawley," and the world of meaning which that difference conveyed to his hearer.

The three entered the house together, since bird and dog were fully alive to the fact that the arrival of the water proclaimed the nearness of breakfast; but ten minutes passed, and the kettle was hissing and the porridge spurting jets of steam like liquid lava, before Carlo's quick ears detected Macdonald's footsteps.

Lindsay, in high spirits, appeared to ignore Mirabel's entrance, and bustled about with exaggerated haste. He avoided any semblance of scrutinizing the girl's face for signs of the threatened storm; but he happened to kick the chair which provided the jackdaw with a perch, and the bird screamed at him. Thereupon Mirabel laughed, so he thought he might look at her.

She was rather pale, but quite composed.

"Don't imagine that you are impressing Donald," she said. "He has just been telling me how you behaved at Krugersdorp."

David's mind traveled rapidly in retrospect over some years and several thousands of miles. He shook his head.

"I don't remember being specially wicked there," he said.

"What is the D. S. O.?" she asked.

He glanced wrathfully at the fisherman, who was unwrapping some dried haddocks, and had his back turned.

"Donald, I presume, has been talking Gaelic," he growled. "I tried him in English, but he was tongue-tied."

"I remember the letter F, sir-r—" broke in Donald, and at any other time David would have grinned broadly at the terrific roll of the "r" which averted an imminent blunder.

"Is there an F in it, too?" inquired Mirabel innocently.

"These alphabetical distinctions are becoming personal," said David. "Shall I put the H² O into the T?"

Macdonald twisted his head at that, but Mirabel laughed again, and her air of unconcern perplexed both men, though for reasons wide apart as the poles.

"Not yet," she said. "To-day we feast. Give me a quarter of an hour, and I shall treat you to a finnan-haddock. Meanwhile, please go outside and get an appetite!"

"I caught a good one at the other end of the island, but I'll curb it on condition that Donald's South African reminiscences deal exclusively with the adventures of Lovat's Scouts."

"Have no fear. He will never forgive me for having forgotten that he was a warrior."

She added something in Gaelic, and her tutor gave her a look which reminded Lindsay of the affectionate glance of a faithful dog.

"I only said that I was a little girl when I came to Lunga; war meant nothing to me then," she explained. "Now I know that it is part of life, and few can be so fortunate as to escape its tribulations. Even we poor women have our battles."

"And conquests," said David, at the door.

"And surrenders," cooed Mirabel, quite cheerfully; yet David did not find the sky altogether so bright while he lounged to and fro in front of the house.

XII

DURING the meal, the shadow of impending events lay heavy on Donald. The others talked and joked in a language which was quite incomprehensible to the fisherman. It was evident to David that the man was somewhat scandalized by Mirabel's flippancy. He apparently expected her to behave as if she were a prisoner on trial for some grave offense, whose cause had been tried, whose last plea had been put forward, and who now awaited the jury's verdict.

"Evidently," thought Lindsay, "the pursuing parent is a masterful person. I hope Hawley is a husky fellow, and will give me a chance to smite him!"

Then he smiled at the nonsense of the idea that Mirabel was a girl to be fought for, like some village maid who had roused the passions of a couple of yokels.

Mirabel saw the gleam of humor in his face. At any other time she would have demanded its instant and full explanation; now she passed it unheeded.

"As the sea is smooth to-day," she said, "and Donald's boat renders us independent of a capful of wind, I purpose taking you on a tour among the outer islands. We can row to the Carnburghs on the flood, and come back with the first of the ebb."

Now, this was the last thing David expected to hear from her lips. Even Macdonald looked at her in a sort of scared way; but she continued gaily:

"My father will be here to-morrow, and I cannot tell what plans he may have made, so we must seize this good opportunity, David, of showing you the beauties of the Treshnish Isles."

He expressed his readiness to fall in with any project she might suggest, for he believed that Donald would be left on Lunga; but, when a luncheon-basket was being packed, he discovered that the three of them, together with the dog, would share in the picnic.

Then, for seven delightful hours, they explored the group of islands, landing on many, and passing through rock-guarded channels in which the boat would have been wrecked many times, even on such a calm day, were it not for skilful pilotage. For swift currents churned and squabbled on the reefs, with here and there a lance-like rock below the surface, to be avoided by deft thrusts of a boat-hook and twist of oars, which Mirabel's slender hands manipulated untiringly, while Donald knelt in the bows and kept watch and ward against seen and unseen obstacles.

David, perforce, was a passenger until they reached the open water of the channel which cuts off the Carnburghs from the long, low island of Fladda. Every rock had its name and legend, each sheltered pool its forest and busy inhabitants. David had never marveled more at the astounding extent and variety of Mirabel's erudition than when he heard her talking Gaelic with the fisherman, translating his stories and

quaint lore of the sea, giving marine growths their correct scientific nomenclature, and describing the ways and peculiarities of every fish and crustacean sighted in the blue-green depths.

On the Carnburgh Islands, too, she had the history of the ruined castle and monastery at her fingers' ends, and got David mourning with her over the priceless manuscripts lost when the monks' retreat was raided by robber galleys in the bad old days.

It soon became evident that the one thing she had set her mind against was any private talk with David. Twice he tried to tempt her away from Macdonald, and the latter aided and abetted him openly; but Mirabel invariably avoided the lure. After a second failure, David frankly abandoned the effort, and entered into the spirit of an outing which he was sure had its genesis in a resolve to ignore the morrow.

Donald's settled gloom increased as the day wore on. His simple, stolid nature was unable to cope with this game of cross-purposes. Every careless laugh that rippled from the girl's lips seemed to pierce him with arrows.

David, who had learned to jest when the next moment might be his last, nevertheless admitted himself beaten and bewildered by Mirabel's unaffected enjoyment of every sight and sound. The ever-changing hues of sea and sky, the brilliant tints of rocks and weeds, the patches of white sand and black shingle, the quick flight of some slender fish startled from undulating repose by the passing of the boat, the scurry of brown and yellow crawling monsters when boat-hook or oar jarred against a rock—each and all seemed to thrill her with a delight that bubbled forth in words.

No man could guess what this island princess would say or do while in her present wayward mood. Both Lindsay and Macdonald were completely taken by surprise when the boat grounded again on the Corran about five o'clock, and Mirabel, after a steady look at a distant fishing-smack beating up into Loch Tuadh, announced her wishes.

"When you have made fast, Donald," she said, "I want you to carry the basket to the house. Kindly prepare some fish for frying, and peel some potatoes, sufficient for a stew. Mr. Lindsay and I will remain here a while. You have both been very good to me to-day. Now I wish to dispel the

little web of pretense which has veiled us during one happy afternoon."

She smiled wistfully, and turned away before either of the men could answer this strange speech, in which the trivial things of the household mingled with outspoken reference to anticipated sorrow.

At the moment, David was lighting a pipe. He became so engrossed in the task that Mirabel had reached the yacht, and was half sitting, half leaning against its side, before he attempted to follow her.

Donald, stirred into a sudden activity, began to rig mooring-tackle as before; but he glanced at Lindsay from under his shaggy eyebrows, and said in a stage whisper: "Dinna be hair-r-d on her, Sir David! I mind her a bit lassie, an' my heart is sair tae see her in this pickle."

"What pickle?" muttered David, between puffs.

"Man, isn't she gaein' tae tell ye? Hev' ye no ee for a woman's fancies? She's been fey a' the day."

"Fey? What are you saying? One is fey when one dreams of death."

David's tone was curt, but Macdonald was unmoved.

"I ken weel what it means," he said, and busied himself in that part of the boat farthest removed from the other.

David strolled toward the cutter with the least preoccupied air he could assume. He was angered by the man's stupid phrase, and startled, too, in spite of his belief that Donald was chiefly concerned because Mirabel's father had charged him with some degree of responsibility for the girl's presence on the island.

"What was Donald saying to you?" came the utterly unexpected question.

"I think he believes this is the Sabbath, and that we shouldn't laugh," he said.

"Perhaps he knows me so well that he suspects my laughter as a cloak for tears."

"I can picture no more charming place for a lady to indulge in what she calls 'a real good cry,' if so minded. Please count on my sympathy. Shall I hold your hand?"

She raised her eyes and looked wistfully at him.

"Donald put in a plea for mercy. You see, I understand his ways. He is a man cut out of rock, with the heart of a child."

David was determined to deprive the promised "explanation" of its seriousness.

"He mentioned his heart," he said cheerfully. "In fact, he described it as sair,

and asked me—*me*, mind you—not to be hair-r-d on you. Donald is evidently not a close observer of men, however keen may be his perception of the passing griefs of women."

By this time Donald was mounting the cliff with the sweeping stride of one who was as much at home on the moors as on the treacherous seas of the west coast of Scotland. Once he looked back at them, and Mirabel waved a hand.

"Passing griefs!" she echoed pensively. "That may be true. I know so little of life that I cannot be sure. But I think you are mistaken, David. Some imp of intuition grips me by the throat, and compels the belief that men and women sometimes suffer sorrows that do not pass, until, perhaps, one is old and worn, and the only joy left is the promise of rest. Oh, David, don't be angry with me, nor ask me why I have said this thing or done that! In these few days I have come to look on you as a dear friend, and it is the privilege of friendship to pardon, to condone."

All at once she seemed to have become so wobegone, so hopeless, that David was fired to adopt strong measures. He sat by her side, put an arm round her shoulders, and drew her close. She did not resist him. He felt her yielding, but so inertly that he was almost alarmed.

"Now, Mirabel dear," he said, "just listen to a bit of plain common sense. Your father will probably be here to-morrow—"

"You must listen to me first, David," she broke in; "and when you have heard you will be dumb. I knew what you would say, but you may not say it. Heaven help me! I am married. Three days before I returned to Lunga I married that man, Hawley. Now, David, what can you say? You may pity me, dear—is it wrong to call you dear? If it is, let the punishment be mine, but you are my dear. It is hard that I may not be dear to you; but you must forget poor Mirabel and her island, or, if you cannot forget, remember only that she was a child when you met her, and that you left her a woman. Oh, David, I think my poor heart will break!"

She buried her face in her hands and her shoulders heaved in a tempest of sobs. David, who sat like one paralyzed, felt the lithe body quivering under his arm. He still held her, and his hand fondled her hair, her ears, the proud neck, now bent and humbled; but not a word could he utter

had his speech or silence meant life or death for both of them.

Married! Mirabel married! He set his teeth and glared into vacancy with eyes that were not good to look upon.

XIII

THE dog, having raced ahead of Macdonald up the cliff, now came scampering back. Evidently he had never before seen his mistress weeping. He thrust his shaggy head into her lap and whined his sympathy. Mirabel straightened herself, and Lindsay's arm dropped from her shoulders with a listlessness that aroused the girl from a stupor of grief, for she turned her brimming eyes full upon him.

"David," she murmured, and there was a cadence in her voice that might well have stirred him to frenzy, "you do pity me, dear? Say you pity me!"

"May Heaven help and direct you!" he said, with a calmness that might have deceived other ears than Mirabel's.

She put a hand on his arm, with the protective gesture of a woman who thinks only of the man she loves.

"No. I am the guilty one. We must pray that help and guidance may be given to you."

"What guidance do I need?" he muttered, almost roughly, for his despair was as the ice that oft coats a volcano. "I can go away and bury myself in my jungles. It is all I am fit for."

"David," she pleaded, nestling closer, "don't be hard and bitter, even to yourself. I little knew what love meant till you came into my life. If I closed my soul's eyes and ears to its warnings, am I so greatly to be blamed? Oh, my own dear, we have been too happy on our island, but life itself always ends in a tragedy. I shall suffer more than you, so you will not grudge me my ten days of beatitude, though, if fate were kind, they might have been fifty years."

Now, not one word of love had David breathed to this gracious woman who was thus unveiling the inmost shrine of her emotions. That, in itself, was a maddening reflection. He found himself harboring the ignoble wish that his wooing had been spared the canker of knowledge—that Mirabel had concealed, till concealment became no longer possible, the barrier which shut him out forever from his heart's desire.

The shock of discovering this rent in his own moral fiber brought about a calmer

mood. Again his arm clasped the girl's trembling body, and a wave of tenderness and longing softened his voice and banished the furies from his eyes. Moved by her sheer dejection, and resolutely crushing all thought of the pain which would gnaw his heart-strings for many a day, he said gently:

"Why didn't you tell me sooner, dear? We might have been spared some refinement of torture. It is true that I would have tried to wrest you from any man, yet, had I but known, I—I—"

"You would still have acted as a brave and loyal gentleman, David—just that, and no more. Can you reproach yourself for a syllable that you have uttered while our idyl lasted? No, my dear. That is the cruelty and terror of our plight. You, with your wisdom gleaned from the greater world of which I form no part, saw that I was a creature of the wild, free, and untrammelled as any dryad that ever flitted through grove in Hellas. You guessed that I had escaped from some vile bondage, but still I was little else than a pretty, untamed bird, singing in new-found happiness, and you could never have imagined what manner of cage it was in which I was immured. Nor could I have warned you, David, in those early joyous hours, that I might never be your mate. Indeed, indeed, you must believe me! If I have eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge, it was you who spread the tempting feast. I fled from the thralldom called marriage as a child might fly from some ogre met in the twilight gloom of a forest; but I knew nothing of love till you taught me, my beloved, and surely you may not be reproached for revealing to me the hidden mysteries of my being. And what alchemy did you use other than the faith and honor and reverence that a knight of the order of chivalry might lay at the feet of his chosen lady? Don't you realize, David, that you have never even kissed me? Will not my heart ever sigh and pine be-

cause I know that you never will kiss me? Oh, kind Providence, let me die here in the arms of the man I love, for I shall testify with my latest breath to his truth and constancy, and he will glory in the memory when I have gone from him forever!

"David, I asked you to forget me. I take that back. You will not forget me, dear, will you? In the years to come you will think of me, not as I am now, tear-stained and stricken, but as the girl who came to you through the blackness and fury of the storm—a little timid, perhaps, a good deal ashamed of her tardy trust, but who came, nevertheless, and led you to her sanctuary, and was not afraid to display to your wondering eyes her small wares of good looks and accomplishments, for she preened her feathers before you, and made herself as the king's daughter, all beautiful, not in vanity or temptation, but yielding and expanding under the unconscious leaven of your love."

That which in another would be hysteria was in Mirabel the opening of the flood-gates of her soul. She had found her lover, preordained through the ages, and she did not flinch from the avowal of her most sacred thoughts. They gushed forth like some virgin spring new risen from the prison of earth.

David felt a rapture of pain in listening to her plaint; but he repelled the promptings of his own throbbing heart, which bade him strain her to his breast till reason fled and passion reigned supreme. If he were truly her knight, he must be strong as well as devout, far-seeing and patient in speech and action, while every nerve was on the rack and his soul ached with longing.

So, when the tears came again, and she was shaken with the violence of her grief, he stroked her hair and petted her as if she were indeed the child she pictured herself as being before they met in the crash of the hurricane.

(To be continued)

IN LOVE'S GARDEN

VINE arch, leaf parapet, and towers
Of fragrance—roses red and white;
A royal castle built of flowers,
To be a queen's delight.

Her servitor and slave am I;
For her are all the songs I sing.
Who knows? My sweetheart, by and by,
May make her slave a king!

Frank Dempster Sherman

ON GREAT WATERS

BY ELEANOR FERRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

WITH the first heaving ocean swell outside Sandy Hook, Ruth Cortlandt always capitulated. At that moment of the voyage she lost her sense of humor, and objugated herself for a restless idiot. She shivered in the chill breath of the thickening fog. The steamer-rugs, which had seemed insufferably warm and fuzzy on the pier, grew thin and clammy. Ruth always detested the crossing, from the first smell of the rubbered stairs to the last rattle of the anchor-chains. The bugles, the band, the food, the passengers—she loathed them all. Ashore, she was sufficiently enthusiastic and pleasant to live with; but on board she suffered a sea change, and was quite impossible, she frankly admitted.

Since she only asked to be let alone, Aunt Emma's prompt retirement did not trouble her. Before the ship had left the bay, her aunt had secured a table for two and a place on deck with space for only two deck-chairs. These huge new boats offer the consolatory refinement of social isolation, with no necessity for meeting people whom one would not know at home. Aunt Emma was from Boston—and never far from it.

"No one without introductions speaks on board, nowadays," she assured Ruth. "You will be quite alone at table, if you go down."

Then she betook herself to her cabin, to stay. Her knitting set up, her hair in curlers, her spinsterial figure shrouded in a thick, high-necked nightgown and outing-flannel wrapper, Aunt Emma, bolstered up in her berth, was settled for the trip.

On this, the second day out, Ruth had eaten no luncheon. A slab of beef and a boiled potato, which she had stoically ordered, had been fanned to iciness by the damp breeze, and were abhorrent to her sight. The deck steward, cumbered with

much serving, left them unpleasantly near her for an hour after she had decided not to touch anything.

An end of her rug untucked itself and flapped wildly, but no passing stranger ventured to tuck it in, as in the old, informal days of little ships. Again she shivered, and the fog-horn blurted its nerve-racking reiteration. Ruth could have wept had not pride restrained her.

Footsteps paused before her chair, and a man's pleasant voice said:

"It's quite proper for you to speak to me, Miss Cortlandt!"

Languidly Ruth lifted her lashes, to meet a pair of steady gray eyes.

"It may be proper, but it's not expedient," she snapped. "I'm in no state to speak to any one!"

She took in vaguely that the stranger was tall, with a straight nose and firm, flexible lips; then she closed her eyes again. The escaping rug was deftly tucked in, and the voice went on calmly:

"You need not speak if you don't like. My name is Brainard. I know your brother-in-law—met him as he went down the gangway just now, and he told me to look you up."

"You will wish you hadn't," she said in a bored tone. "Fred knows everybody," she added coldly.

Glancing up again, she caught the man's amused smile at this reflection on Fred's discrimination. Then he lifted his cap and went down the deck.

Of course, she had been rude, but she did not care. With her, seasickness was a lethargy inhibiting exertion and even thought.

Several moments dragged chillily by; then the deck steward came to spread a fur rug over her.

"The gentleman sent it, miss," he said, and departed before Ruth could summon energy to explain that neither the rug nor the gentleman belonged to her.

The rug was comforting, however, and she was at last alone, for the deck-walkers had gradually ceased to tramp through the dreary, cold drizzle. Six bells sounded. The sailors put up canvas, making a long, damp tunnel of the deck; but not before salt spray had sprinkled Ruth's face. Her dark hair, limp with dampness, hung unbecomingly against her pale cheeks. Not that it mattered, however.

A girl with buoyant step and flamboyant smile passed with the blue and gold purser, curling strands of her hair blowing prettily toward him. Ruth felt distinctly annoyed at her.

"Middle West!" she murmured viciously.

If that deck steward could be caught alive, she would return the rug and be helped to the lift—ignominiously retreating before the end of the second day. Again the vibrating, throaty fog-horn blurted forth its din. As if to complete her inferno, suddenly a deafening drumming smote the air and reechoed through the canvas tunnel. From the doorway near Ruth's chair emerged a small boy with a drum. Between her and the rail he stood and drummed as if to summon spirits from the vasty deep. Incessantly, ear-splittingly, hideously, the drum-beats seemed to fall upon Ruth's bared brain.

"Oh, for strength to throw him overboard!" she dully agonized.

No qualm of conscience, no fear of electrocution, could have stayed her hand; only sheer inability to move kept her from pitilessly slaying that child. She shut her eyes and clenched her hands.

"Shall I kill him for you?" asked the man's pleasant voice again—pleasant although raised above the din.

"Ah, will you, please?" groaned Ruth desperately.

Remorselessly she awaited the splash to announce the irrevocable commingling of boy, drum, and Atlantic.

The drumming ceased. There was no splash—only a peace after pain. Ruth was somberly conscious of the awkward obligation conferred by a stranger who has done murder at your behest; but she was unable to cope with that thought or any other. She rested in the silence, and again tried to make up her mind to go below. She would have

given the man his rug, had not the drumming obsessed her; and now he had gone away again, and his rug made her beautifully warm.

II

RUTH must have slept for two hours. She knew nothing more until she heard her own name called in a singsong voice by a steward passing with a despatch.

"Wireless message for Miss Cortlandt!" he chanted, and went unheeding by.

In sudden nervous apprehension of bad news, she sat up and called the man, but passengers were again walking the decks, and came between her and his receding figure. The stranger who had committed murder for her, coming from the other direction, stopped the steward and sent him to her; then he turned and went down the deck again. Torn open, the despatch read:

Introducing my friend and colleague in psychology, Dr. Philip Brainard. SCHUYLER.

Relief was followed by a flash of amusement at the audacity of the man who had so roused her from coma. He had read her scorn of Fred's acquaintance as an introduction, and had wirelessly her cousin, the aristocratic Schuyler Cortlandt, for unimpeachable credentials.

Truly this man would be interesting, if anything on board could be; but Ruth would not be bullied by a stranger into social exertion. Every one was insufferable at sea.

Now he swung, tall and broad-shouldered, around the forward deck, and Ruth prepared to give him the unseeing look which should cut off their acquaintance in the bud. He passed her by, his head in the air, his eyes fixed on far horizons.

A faint color tinged Ruth's cheek. Through the lethargy of her indifference it came to her that, having done his part, he would let her ignore him now, if she chose. Decently, could she, after what he had done? His rug had induced the sleep she longed for, and he must have killed the child; for only death could have so silenced that incarnate noise.

When seasick, Ruth lost her vanity, her conscience, and her humor; but her code of honor stood by, and relentlessly forbade her to cut a man from whom she had accepted such benefits. She would speak him fair and restore his rug; then she would betake

herself to her cabin for the rest of the voyage, to be alone with her misery.

Several groups of deck-walkers passed, the flamboyant girl laughing and clutching her hat as she turned to face the wind, which was blowing off the fog. Then came Dr. Brainard. Again he did not look Ruth's way; but as he passed in front of her

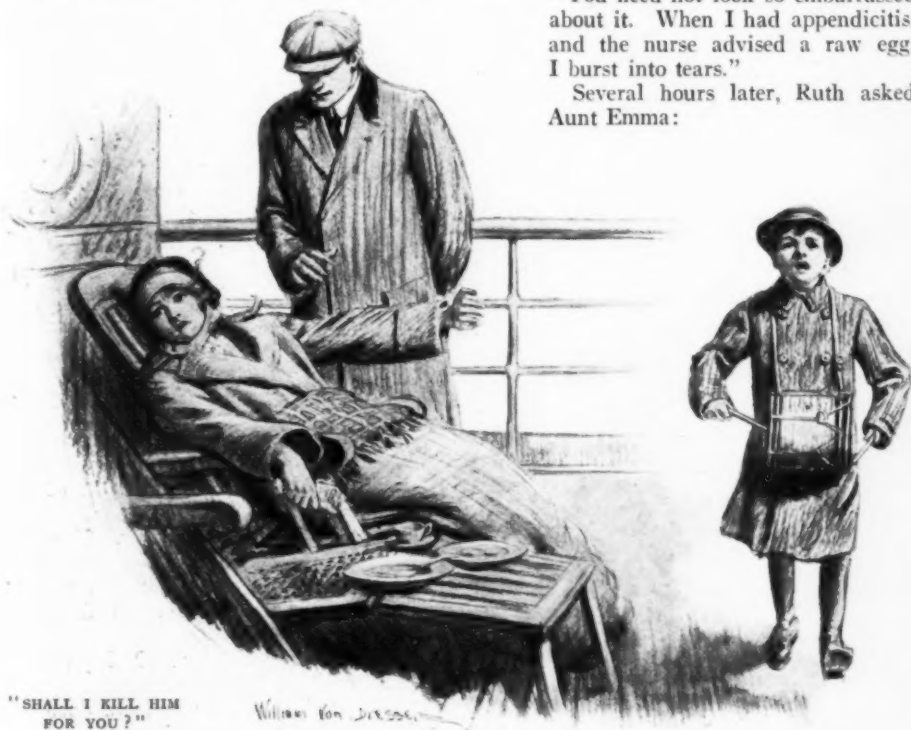
when I give mustard and water, it's mustard and water!"

"It's quite as nasty," Ruth replied.

"I know just how you felt. You had eaten nothing for two days, and were thoroughly chilled. When any one speaks, you feel like crying." His tone was not too sympathetic. Ruth nodded shamefacedly.

"You need not look so embarrassed about it. When I had appendicitis, and the nurse advised a raw egg, I burst into tears."

Several hours later, Ruth asked Aunt Emma:



"SHALL I KILL HIM
FOR YOU?"

WILLIAM VON DEXLER

chair, she quietly spoke his name, and he came quickly to her.

"Your references are satisfactory," she said, forcing a polite little smile, as she showed him the marconigram. "Thank you so much for your rug, and forgive my rudeness. My manners are not seaworthy!"

She extricated her feet from the wrappings, and tried to rise, but fell dizzily back.

When Ruth came to, she was sputtering swallowing a few drops of brandy, and Dr. Brainard's firm hand held the glass, so that resistance seemed futile. The hand under her head was not withdrawn until the dose was followed by a raw egg. Then the cool fingers took her pulse, and the pleasant voice said:

"I'm sorry to be like *Denry's* mother, but

"Do you hear often from this Dr. Brainard's mother?"

"At New Year's," replied Aunt Emma drowsily. "She last wrote that her sons had each had some misfortune—oh, yes, I remember—one had appendicitis, the other had married."

"This is the one that had appendicitis," said Ruth, and, for the first time at sea, she wound her hair on a pink ribbon, to make it wave. "There is no reason for looking a fright, even on board," she mused, as she tied the bow.

"You would fare better staying in your berth and wearing high-necked nightgowns," was Aunt Emma's last word as she turned out her light; and Ruth wondered if she would.

That night Ruth slept. In the morning she woke with a sense of annoyance to see the curtains of her berth swaying sickeningly to the motion of the ship. In her dreams, she had wandered on firm ground with an audacious but charming knight in armor.

"Yet I go unarmored!" she had cried, looking down at her kirtle, for they wandered, it seemed, in the olden time.

A knock, and the stewardess entered with an iced grapefruit, a note, and a great bunch of violets. The note, wide-margined, in small, firm writing, said:

Remember, you are professionally in my care. It is my business, and I'm fearfully in love with it, so I let no patient escape me. Take a good breakfast and come on deck. At half past eleven I shall be waiting at the lift to make you comfortable. You may sniff at the violets, but they are part of the cure.—PHILIP BRAINARD, M.D.

This insistent person must be put down!

The sun was shining through the port-hole, but there were whitecaps to account for the great ship's roll. Never had Ruth ventured on deck when such a sea was on. She sank back dejectedly.

"Tell the gentleman that Miss Cortlandt is not going on deck to-day. No breakfast, thank you!"

She laid the violets on her pillow. Promptly there came another note.

Of course, if you *like* to be ill! I thought you were game. I shall be at the lift at 11.30.—P. B., M.D.

Suppose he did know how to quell the Atlantic for her, this resourceful doctor man! He must be rather good in his profession for Schuyler Cortlandt to lay claim to him.

Ruth, pale and a bit resentful, was established in her deck-chair at a quarter to twelve. She uttered her ultimatum:

"You can do nothing for me. I've crossed many times. My seasickness takes the form of utter exhaustion—"

"Yes?" Dr. Brainard's tone was almost eagerly interested.

"I'm not only ill, but bored to death. Everything is distasteful. People are obnoxious, and—"

"Life is just one dem'd horrid grind!" quoted Dr. Brainard comfortably, and settled himself in Aunt Emma's chair with his book.

It was the beginning of the cure. Never had Ruth been so mentally met at every turn

by a man of like mind. He never gave her too much of anything—even of his absences, which, he saw to it, were never wished-for. Would she be silent, he had infinite capacity for silence. They talked of books often, of themselves a little, of their home world not at all.

Ruth came to feel as if the hemispheres were not—as if the sea and the "wide and starry sky" were the universe, and were their own. Aunt Emma's chair was a sufficient chaperon. The other passengers came and went vaguely. Even the laughing girl with straying hair and her assorted escorts passed as puppets in a show.

Once the girl, having indulged unwisely in lobster, looked green and glum for an hour. Ruth suggested that she might be another case for Dr. Brainard, who replied indifferently:

"She is too obvious to be interesting!"

"After all," said Ruth, "the unpardonable sin is to be uninteresting."

He smiled and shook his head.

"No, the unpardonable sin is to be uninterested." He looked at her approvingly.

"When I think of your lack-luster eye, while the boy drummed, and see you now, all alive and alight, I am proud of my patient!"

"But you didn't kill the boy. I've seen him, or his ghost—drumless—on deck."

"I bought his drum at his own price—wherefore he points at me the finger of scorn."

"And you bear that for me? My obligation is crushing!"

"But consider what you have done for me!" He broke off, and began to talk of his mistress, psychology. "My work is the whole of life to me," he said once.

III

ON the evening of the first day, Ruth had thought of the voyage as something to be lived through; now, on the morning of the seventh day, she knew that she had indeed *lived* through it.

She had obeyed Dr. Brainard as to eating and sleeping, because he had expected it of her, and he had a way of making any disregard of his professional advice seem childish and uninteresting. All through the voyage he had compassed her with sweet observances, and already she could hardly imagine him out of her consciousness. Some of Ruth's men friends had been pleasant to ride with, others to read with, others to



"MISS CORTLANDT, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY WIFE!"

flirt with—but Philip Brainard was pleasant to be with.

She gave no sign of her utter surrender. Her habitual reserve veiled her in a soft aloofness, so that she often caught a question in Dr. Brainard's eyes, as if she eluded his ken.

The ship was steaming slowly, with pilot aboard, into welcoming old Plymouth Sound. Hovering about them were gleaming gulls and brown-winged fishing-boats. Through the silvery April rain the sun struck across green English fields and purple little hills.

Ruth was at the deserted bow, alone with April and the gulls, when Dr. Brainard found her.

"Every one is watching the mail-bags and luggage coming out of the hold, and waiting for the tender to appear."

"Every one goes through that futile performance on every voyage—except myself," she said.

"You too superior person!" he chaffed. "I shall come and get you when the tender is alongside."

"Then I suppose I shall come," she answered very meekly, and his eyes flashed acknowledgment of her compliance.

She rather wondered at it herself. Why should she, just to bring that look to his face, watch a hundred uninteresting people get on or off a boat? The tender appeared suddenly, making for the steamer's bow, and the passengers crowded forward; but a life-boat separated them from the spot where Ruth and Dr. Brainard stood.

"Have you finished your work?" she asked, as the tender drew alongside.

"Yes, I've been writing hard; but it was all thought out before. You are a most inspiring companion—did you know it, dear Lady Disdain?"

His eyes laughed down at her, then looked absently at the tender beneath them. A few passengers were coming aboard.

"This has meant so much to me," he went on seriously. "I want you to know—"

Suddenly he leaned forward, as if to get a better view of some one on the tender. Then, with an exclamation of surprise and a word of apology, he turned from Ruth, and, making a quick yet courteous way through the passengers, disappeared. He must have recognized some one on the tender.

Ruth wandered contentedly to the deserted side of the ship. In a few hours they

would come to Cherbourg, and then to Paris. Dr. Brainard was going there for a medical society session, Ruth and Aunt Emma for clothes—but that was all in nebulous futurity. Ruth was content that to-day was perfect.

Aunt Emma, with the Channel ahead of her, still stuck to her knitting. Not until they anchored would she budge, and the stewardess knew just how quickly she could get her out of outing flannel into her traveling-suit.

The Channel held no fears for Ruth. Not since that memorable second day out had she felt a qualm; yet Dr. Brainard had prescribed no medicine. She had evidently outgrown her seasickness.

The ship was moving onward again, under convoy of the gulls. Ruth stood watching them, fascinated by their strange cries and wondrous sleight of wing.

Suddenly, at the other end of the deck, there appeared Dr. Brainard, and beside him a slender girl. Her hands were filled with bunches of English primroses and wild violets, and there was a look of April in the blue eyes that met Ruth's.

"We have been looking for you," said Dr. Brainard, a glad note in his voice. "Miss Cortlandt, I want you to meet my wife!"

With a sense of detachment, Ruth saw the primroses and violets crowded into one hand, and the other held out to hers in quick friendliness. Afterward she supposed that she had responded. She noticed that her left hand gripped the rail, and she deliberately relaxed the fingers. She knew that the gulls were crying sadly, while a laughing voice ran on:

"I was to have met Dr. Brainard in Paris, but I couldn't wait. Now he must take one day off, must he not, Miss Cortlandt? You know, Phil, you *never* forget your old psychology!"

"True," owned the doctor calmly.

"Even on the steamer, Miss Cortlandt, he wrote that he must do some research for a lecture that he is to give on 'Seasickness, a State of Mind.' He holds that a wreck, a fire, or even a good flirtation will cure it. What do you think?"

"I?" Ruth's tone achieved the casual. "Oh, I have never tried such heroic treatment! I cling to the unpsychological soda-mint."

And with a smile that valiantly included them both, she went below.



THE HORSES OF BOSTIL'S FORD

BY ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF "THE RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

BOSTIL himself was half horse. The half of him that was human he divided between love of his fleet racers and his daughter Lucy.

He had seen ten years of hard riding on that wild Utah border, where a horse meant all the world to a man; and then lucky strikes of wafer and gold on the vast plateau wilderness north of the Rio Virgin had made him richer than he knew. His ranges beyond Bostil's Ford were practically boundless, his cattle numberless, and, many as were his riders, he always had need of more.

In those border days every rider loved his horse as a part of himself. If there was a difference between any rider of the sage and Bostil, it was that, as Bostil had more horses, so he had more love.

If he had any unhappiness, it was because he could not buy Wildfire and Nagger, thoroughbreds belonging to one Lamar, a poor daredevil rider who would not have parted with them for all the gold in the

uplands. And Lamar had dared to cast longing eyes at Lucy. When he clashed with Bostil he avowed his love, and offered to stake his horses and his life against the girl's hand, deciding the wager by a race between Wildfire and the rancher's great gray, Sage King.

Among the riders, when they sat around their camp-fires, there had been much speculation regarding the outcome of such a race. There never had been a race, and never would be, so the riders gossiped, unless Lamar were to ride off with Lucy. In that case there would be the grandest race ever run on the uplands, with the odds against Wildfire only if he carried double.

If Lamar put Lucy up on Wildfire, and he rode Nagger, there would be another story. Lucy was a slip of a girl, born on a horse, and could ride like a burr sticking in a horse's mane. With Wildfire she would run away from any one on Sage King—which for Bostil would be a double tragedy,

equally in the loss of his daughter and the beating of his favorite. Then such a race was likely to end in heart-break for all concerned, because the Sage King would outrun Nagger, and that would bring riders within gunshot.

Bostil swore by all the gods that the King was the swiftest horse in the wild upland of wonderful horses. He swore that the gray could look back over his shoulder and run away from Nagger, and that he could kill Wildfire on his feet. That poor beggar Lamar's opinion of his steeds was as preposterous as his love for Lucy!

Now, Bostil had a great fear which made him ever restless, ever watchful. That fear was of Cordts, the rustler. Cordts hid back in the untrodden ways. He had fast horses, faithful followers, gold for the digging, cattle by the thousand, and women when he chose to ride off with them. He had always had what he wanted—except one thing. That was a horse. That horse was the Sage King.

Cordts was a gun-man, outlaw, rustler, a lord over the free ranges; but, more than all else, he was a rider. He knew a horse. He was as much horse as Bostil. He was a prince of rustlers, who thought a horse-thief worse than a dog; but he intended to become a horse-thief. He had openly declared it. The passion he had conceived for the Sage King was the passion of a man for an unattainable woman. He swore that he would never rest—that he would not die till he owned the King; so Bostil had reason for his great fear.

One morning, as was sometimes the rancher's custom, he ordered the racers to be brought from the corrals and turned loose in the alfalfa fields near the house. Bostil loved to watch them graze; but ever he saw that the riders were close at hand, and that the horses did not graze too close to the sage.

He sat back and gloried in the sight. He owned a thousand horses; near at hand was a field full of them, fine and mettlesome and racy; but Bostil had eyes only for the six blooded favorites. There was Plume, a superb mare that got her name from the way her mane swept in the wind when she was on the run; there were Bullet, huge, rangy, leaden in color, and Two-Face, sleek and glossy and cunning; there was the black stallion Sarchedon, and close to him the bay Dusty Ben; and lastly Sage King, the color of the upland sage, a horse proud and wild and beautiful.

"Where's Lucy?" presently asked Bostil. As he divided his love, so he divided his anxiety.

Some rider had seen Lucy riding off, with her golden hair flying in the breeze.

"She's got to keep out of the sage," growled Bostil. "Where's my glass? I want to take a look out there. Where's my glass?"

The glass could not be found.

"What're those specks in the sage? Antelope?"

"I reckon thet's a bunch of hosses," replied a hawk-eyed rider.

"Huh! I don't like it. Lucy oughtn't to be ridin' round alone. If she meets Lamar again, I'll rope her in a corral!"

Another rider drew Bostil's attention from the gray waste of rolling sage.

"Bostil, look! Look at the King! He smells somethin'—he's lookin' for somethin'! So does Sarch!"

"Yes," replied the rancher. "Better drive them up. They're too close to the sage."

Sage King whistled shrilly and began to prance.

"What in the—" muttered Bostil.

Suddenly up out of the alfalfa sprang a dark form. Like a panther it leaped at the horse and caught his mane. Snorting wildly, Sage King reared aloft and plunged. The dark form swung up. It was a rider, and cruelly he spurred the racer.

Other dark forms rose almost as swiftly, and leaped upon the other plunging horses. There was a violent, pounding shock of frightened horses bunching into action. With a magnificent bound, Sage King got clear of the tangle and led the way.

Like Indians, the riders hung low and spurred. In a single swift moment they had the horses tearing into the sage.

"Rustlers! Cordts! Cordts!" screamed Bostil. "He sneaked up in the sage! Quick men—rifles, rifles! No! No! Don't shoot! *You might kill a horse!* Let them go. They'll get the girl, too—there must be more rustlers in the sage—they've got her now! There they go! Gone! Gone! All that I loved!"

II

At almost the exact hour of the rustling of the racers, Lucy Bostil was with Jim Lamar at their well-hidden rendezvous on a high, cedared slope some eight or ten miles from the ranch. From an opening in the

cedars they could see down across the gray sage to the alfalfa fields, the corrals, and the house. In Lucy's lap, with her gauntlets, lay the field-glass that Bostil's riders could not find; and close by, halted under a cedar, Lucy's pinto tossed his spotted head at Lamar's magnificent horses.

"You unhappy boy!" Lucy was saying. "Of course I love you; but, Jim,

with her head on his breast. A soft wind moaned through the cedars, and bees hummed in the patches of pale lavender daisies. The still air was heavily laden with the fragrance of the sage.

Lamar gently released her, got up, and seemed to be shaking off a kind of spell.

"Lucy, I know you mustn't meet me any more. But oh, Lord, Lord, I do love you



LEAPING UP, LAMAR
SHOT ONCE—TWICE
—THREE TIMES

I can't meet you any more like this. It's not playing square with dad."

"Lucy, if you give it up, you don't love me," he protested.

"I do love you."

"Well, then—"

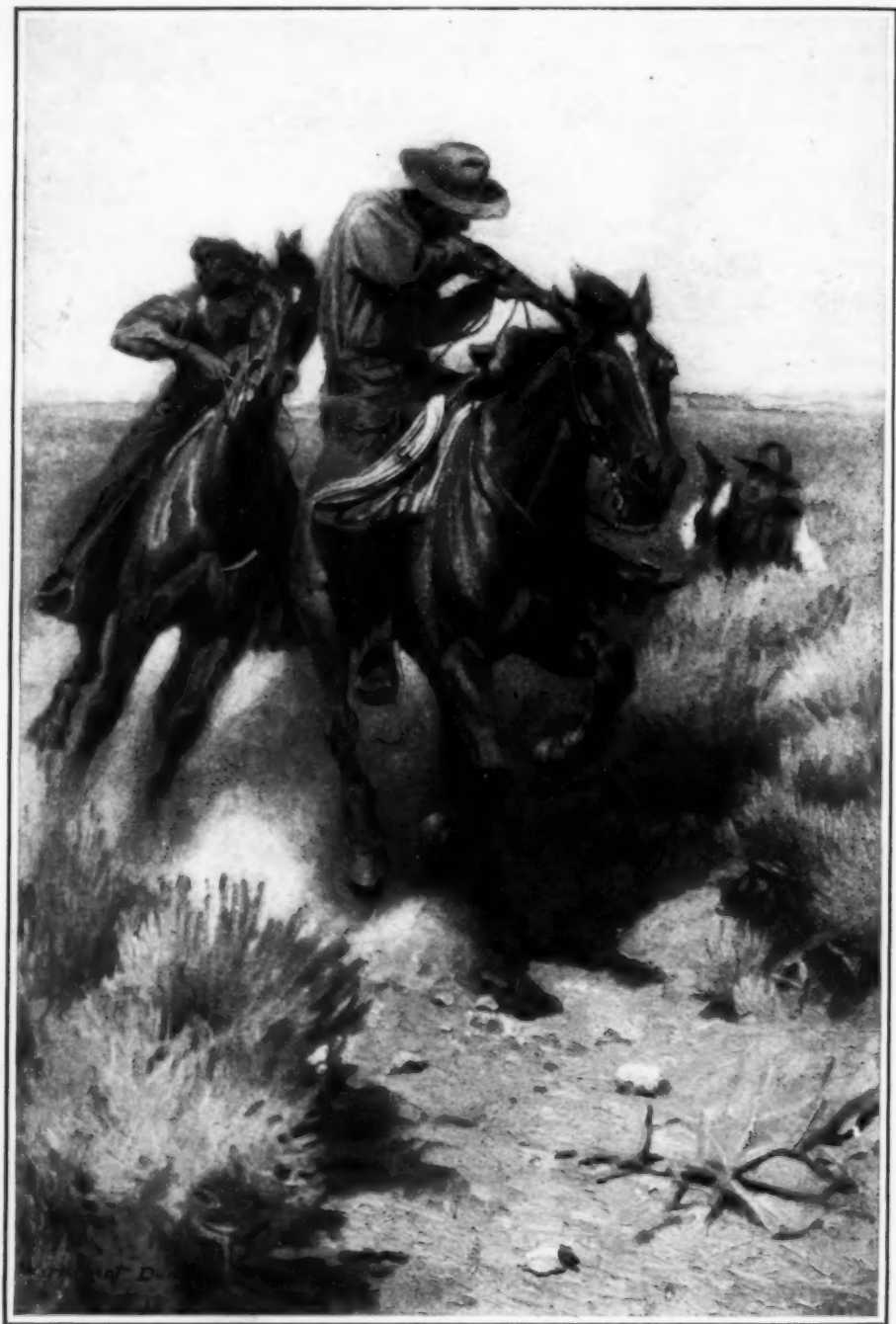
He leaned over her. Lucy's long lashes drooped and warm color flushed her face as she shyly lifted it to give the proof exacted by her lover.

They were silent a moment, and she lay

so! I had nothing in the world but the hope of seeing you, and now that'll be gone. I'll be such a miserable beggar!"

Lucy demurely eyed him.

"Jim, your clothes are pretty ragged, and



LAMAR FELT THE WIND OF BULLETS NEAR HIS FACE—SAW ANOTHER DARK FORM—
AND FIRED AS HE RODE BY

you look a little in need of some good food, but it strikes me you're a splendid-looking beggar. You suit me. You oughtn't say you have nothing. Look at your horses!"

Lamar's keen gray eyes softened. Indeed, he was immeasurably rich, and he gazed at his horses as if that were the first moment he had ever laid eyes on them.

Both were of tremendous build. Nagger was dark and shaggy, with arched neck and noble head that suggested race, loyalty, and speed. Wildfire was so finely pointed, so perfectly balanced, that he appeared smaller than Nagger; but he was as high, as long, and he had the same great breadth of chest; and though not so heavy, he had the same wonderful look of power. As red as fire, with sweeping mane and tail, like dark-tinged flames, and holding himself with a strange alert wildness, he looked his name.

"Jimmy, you have those grand horses," went on Lucy. "And look at me!"

Lamar did look at her, yearningly. She was as lithe as a young panther. Her rider's suit, like a boy's, rather emphasized than hid the graceful roundness of her slender form. Lamar thought her hair the gold of the sage at sunset, her eyes the blue of the deep haze in the distance, her mouth the sweet red of the upland rose.

"Jimmy, you've got me corralled," she continued archly, "and I'm dad's only child."

"But, Lucy, I *haven't* got you!" he passionately burst out.

"Yes, you have. All you need is patience. Keep hanging round the Ford till dad gives in. He hasn't one thing against you, except that you wouldn't sell him your horses. Dad's crazy about horses. Jim, he wasn't so angry because you wanted to race Wildfire against the King *for me*; he was furious because you were so sure you'd win. And see here, Jim dear—if ever you and dad race the red and the gray, you let the gray win, if you love me and want me! Else you'll *never* get me in this world."

"Lucy! I wouldn't pull Wildfire—I wouldn't break that horse's heart even to—to get you!"

"That's the rider in you, Jim. I like you better for it; but all the same, I know you would."

"I wouldn't!"

"You don't love me!"

"I do love you."

"Well—then!" she mocked, and lifted her face—

"Oh, child, you could make me do anything," went on Lamar presently. "But, Lucy, you've ridden the King, and you're the only person besides me who was ever up on Wildfire. Tell me, isn't Wildfire the better horse?"

"Jim, you've asked me that a thousand times."

"Have I? Well, tell me."

"Yes, Jim, if you can compare two such horses, Wildfire is the better."

"You darling! Lucy, did Bostil ever ask you that?"

"About seven million times."

"And what did you tell him?" asked Lamar, laughing, yet earnest withal.

"I wouldn't dare tell dad anything but that Sage King could run Wildfire off his legs."

"You—you little hypocrite! Which of us were you really lying to?"

"I reckon it was dad," replied Lucy seriously. "Jim, I can ride, but I haven't much horse sense. So what I think mayn't be right. I love the King and Wildfire—all horses. Really I love Nagger best of all. He's so faithful. Why, it's because he loves you that he nags you. Wildfire's no horse for a woman. He's wild. I don't think he's actually any faster than the King; only he's a desert stallion, and has killed many horses. His spirit would break the King. It's in the King to outrun a horse; it's in Wildfire to kill him. What a shame ever to let those great horses race!"

"They never will, Lucy, dear. And now I'll see if the sage is clear; for you must be going."

III

LAMAR's eye swept the gray expanse. A few miles out he saw a funnel-shaped dust-cloud rising behind a bunch of dark horses, and farther on toward the ranch more puffs of dust and moving black specks.

"Lucy, something's wrong," he said quietly. "Take your glass. Look there!"

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid dad has put the boys on my trail," rejoined Lucy, as she readjusted the glass and leveled it. Instantly she cried: "Three riders and three led horses—unsaddled. I don't know the riders. Jim! I see Sarchedon and Bullet, if ever I saw them in my life!"

"Rustlers! I knew it before you looked," said Jim, with compressed lips. "Give me the glass." He looked, and while he held the glass leveled he spoke: "Yes, Sarch and

Bullet—there's Two-Face. The three unsaddled horses I don't know. They're dark bays—rustlers' horses. That second bunch I can't make out so well for dust, but it's the same kind of a bunch—three riders—three led horses. Lucy, there's the King. Cordts has got him!"

"Oh, Jim, it will ruin dad!" cried Lucy, wringing her hands.

Lamar appeared suddenly to become obsessed by a strange excitement.

"Why, Jim, we're safe hidden here," said Lucy, in surprise.

"Girl! Do you think me afraid? It's only that I'm—" His face grew tense, his eyes burned, his hands trembled. "What a chance for me! Lucy, listen. Cordts and his men—picked men, probably—sneaked up in the sage to the ranch, and run off bareback on the racers. They've had their horses hidden, and then changed saddles. They're traveling light. There's not a long gun among them. *I've got my rifle.* I can stop that bunch—kill some of them, or maybe all—get the horses back. If I only had more shells for my rifle! I've only ten in the magazine. I'm so poor I can't buy shells for my rifle."

"Dear Jim, don't risk it, then," said Lucy, trembling.

"I will risk it," he cried. "It's the chance of my life. Dearest, think—think what it'd mean to Bostil if I killed Cordts and got back the King! Think what it'd mean for me! Cordts is the bane of the uplands. He's a murderer, a stealer of women. Bostil can't sleep for fear of him. I will risk it. I can do it. Little girl, watch, and you'll have something to tell your father!"

With his mind made up and action begun, Jim grew cold and deliberate. Freeing Lucy's pinto, he put her saddle on Nagger, muttering:

"If we have to run for it, you'll be safe on him."

As he tightened the cinches on Wildfire, he spoke low to the red stallion. A twitching ripple quivered over the horse, and he pounded the ground and champed his bit.

"S-sh! Quiet there!" Jim called, louder, and put a hand on the horse.

Wildfire seemed to turn to stone. Next Lamar drew the long rifle from its sheath and carefully examined it.

"Come," he said to Lucy. "We'll go down and hide in the edge of the cedars. That bunch'll pass on the trail within a hundred paces."

Lamar led the way down the slope, and took up a position in a clump of cedars. The cover was not so dense as he had thought it would be. There was not, however, any time to hunt for better.

"Lucy, hold the horses here. Look at Wildfire's ears! Already he's seen that bunch. Dear, you're not afraid—for once we've got the best of the rustlers. If only Cordts comes up in time!"

As the rustlers approached, Lamar, peering from his covert, felt himself grow colder and grimmer. Presently he knew that the two groups were too far apart for them both to pass near him at the same time. He formed a resolve to let the first party go by. It was Cordts he wanted—and the King.

Lamar lay low while moments passed. The breeze brought the sharp sound of iron-shod hoofs. Lamar heard also a coarse laugh—gruff voices—the jingle of spurs. There came a silence—then the piercing whistle of a frightened horse.

Lamar raised himself to see that the rustlers had halted within pistol-shot. The rider on Two-Face was in the lead, and the cunning mare had given the alarm. Jim thought what a fool he had been to imagine that he could ambush rustlers when they had Two-Face. She had squared away, head high, ears up, and she looked straight at the hiding-place.

It appeared as if all the rustlers pulled guns at the same instant, and a hail of bullets pattered around Lamar. Leaping up, he shot once—twice—three times. Riderless horses leaped, wildly plunged, and sheered off into the sage.

Lamar shifted his gaze to Cordts and his followers. At sound of the shots, the rustlers had halted, now scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.

"Are y-you all right, Jim?" whispered Lucy.

Lamar turned, to see the girl standing with eyes tight shut.

"Yes, I'm all right, but I'm stumped now. Cordts heard the shots from my rifle. He and his men won't ride any closer. There, they've started again—they've left the trail!"

Lucy opened her eyes.

"Jim, they're cutting across to head off Sarch. He's leading. If they ever catch the other racers, it'll be too late for you."

"Too late?"

"They'll be able to change mounts—you can't catch them then."

"Lucy!"

"Get up on Wildfire—go after Cordts!" cried the girl breathlessly.

"Great Scott, I hadn't thought of that! Lucy, it's Wildfire against the King. That race *will* be run! Climb up on Nagger. Girl, you're going with me. You'll be safer trailing after me than hiding here. If they turn on us, I can drop them all."

He had to lift her upon Nagger; but once in the saddle, when the huge black began to show how he wanted to run, her father's blood began to throb and burn in the girl, and she looked down upon her lover with a darkening fire in her eyes.

"Girl, it'll be the race we've dreamed of! It's for your father. It's Wildfire against the King!"

"I'll stay with you—as long as Nagger lasts," she said.

IV

LAMAR leaped astride Wildfire, and ducked low under the cedars as the horse bolted. He heard Nagger crash through close behind him. Cordts and his companions were riding off toward the racers. Sarch was leading Bullet and Two-Face around in the direction of the ranch. The three unsaddled mounts were riding off to the left.

One rustler turned to look back, then another. When Cordts turned, he wheeled the King, and stopped as if in surprise. Probably he thought that his men had been ambushed by a company of riders. Not improbably, the idea of actual pursuit had scarcely dawned upon them; and the possibility of any one running them down, now that they were astride Bostil's swift horses, had never occurred to them at all. Motionless they sat, evidently trying to make out their pursuers.

When Lamar stood up in his stirrups, and waved his long rifle at them, it was probably at that instant they recognized him. The effect was significant. They dropped the halters of the three unsaddled horses, and headed their mounts to the left, toward the trail.

Which way they went was of no moment to Lamar. Wildfire and Nagger could run low, stretched out at length, in brush or in the open. It was evident, however, that Cordts preferred open running, and as he cut across the trail, Lamar gained. This trail was one long used by the rustlers in driving cattle, and it was a wide, hard-

packed road. Lamar knew it for ten miles, until it turned into the rugged and broken passes. He believed the race would be ended before Cordts had a chance to take to the cañons.

Nagger had his nose even with Wildfire's flank. Lucy rode with both hands at strong tension on the bridle. Her face was pale, her eyes were gleaming darker, and wisps of her bound hair whipped in the wind. Lamar's one pride, after what he felt for his horses, was in Lucy, and in the fact that she could ride them. She was a sweetheart for a rider!

"Pull him, Lucy, pull him!" he shouted. "Don't let him get going on you. Wait till Plume and Ben are out of it!"

As for himself, he drew an iron arm on Wildfire's bridle. The grimness passed from Lamar's mood, taking with it the cold, sickening sense of death already administered, and of impending fight and blood.

Lucy was close behind on the thundering Nagger, and he had no fear for her, only a wild joy in her, that she was a girl capable of riding this race with him. So, as the sage flashed by, and the wind bit sweet, and the quick, rhythmic music of Wildfire's hoofs rang in his ears, Lamar began to live the sweetest thing in a rider's career—the glory of the one running race wherein he staked pride in his horse, love of a girl, and life.

Wildfire was not really running yet; he had not lengthened out of his gallop. He had himself in control, as if the spirit in him awaited the call of his master. As for the speed of the moment, it was enough for Lamar to see the space between him and Cordts gradually grow less and less. He wanted to revel in that ride while he could. He saw, and was somehow glad, that Cordts was holding in the King.

His sweeping gaze caught a glimpse of Bullet and Two-Face and Sarchedon dotting the blue horizon-line; and he thrilled with the thought of the consternation and joy and excitement there would be at Bostil's ranch when the riderless horses trooped in. He looked back at Lucy to smile into her face, to feel his heart swell at the beauty and wonder of her. With a rider's keen scrutiny, he glanced at her saddle and stirrups, and at the saddle-girths.

He helped Wildfire to choose the going, and at the turns of the trail he guided him across curves that might gain a yard in the race. And this caution seemed ordered in the fringe of Lamar's thought, with most of

his mind given to the sheer sensations of the ride—the flashing colored sage, the speeding white trail, the sharp bitter-sweetness of the air, the tang and sting of the wind, the feel of Wildfire under him, a wonderful, quivering, restrained muscular force, ready at a call to launch itself into a thunderbolt. For the moment with Lamar it was the ride—the ride!

As he lived it to the full, the miles sped by. He gained on Dusty Ben and Plume; the King slowly cut out ahead; and the first part of the race neared an end, whatever that was to be.

The two nearer rustlers whirled in their saddles to fire at Lamar. Bullets sped wildly and low, kicking up little puffs of dust. They were harmless, but they quickened Lamar's pulse, and the cold, grim mood returned to him. He loosened the bridle. Wildfire sank a little and lengthened; his speed increased, and his action grew smoother. Lamar turned to the girl and yelled:

"Let him go!"

Nagger shot forward, once more with his great black head at Wildfire's flank.

Then Lamar began to return the fire of the rustlers, aiming carefully and high, so as to be sure not to hit one of the racers. As he gained upon them, the bullets from their revolvers skipped uncomfortably close past Wildfire's legs.

Lamar, warming to the fight, shot four times before he remembered how careful he must be of his ammunition. He must get closer!

Soon the rustlers pulled Ben and Plume, half lifting them in the air, and, leaping off the breaking horses, they dashed into the sage, one on each side of the trail. The move startled Lamar; he might have pulled Wildfire in time, but Lucy could never stop Nagger in such short distance. Lamar's quick decision was that it would be better to risk shots as they sped on. He yelled to Lucy to hug the saddle, and watched for the hiding rustlers.

He saw spouts of red—puffs of smoke—then a dark form behind a sage-bush. Firing, he thought he heard a cry. Then, whirling to the other side, he felt the wind of bullets near his face—saw another dark form—and fired as he rode by.

Over his shoulder he saw Lucy hunched low in her saddle, and the big black running as if the peril had spurred him. Lamar sent out a wild and exulting cry. Ben and

Plume were now off the trail, speeding in line, and they would not stop soon; and out in front, perhaps a hundred yards, ran the Sage King in beautiful action. Cordts fitted the horse. If the King was greater than Wildfire, Cordts was the rider to bring it out.

"Jim! Jim!" suddenly pealed in Lamar's ears. He turned with a tightening round his heart. "Nagger! He was hit! He was hit!" screamed Lucy.

The great black was off his stride.

"Pull him! Pull him! Get off! Hide in the sage!" yelled Lamar.

Lucy made no move to comply with his order. Her face was white. Was she weakening? He saw no change of her poise in the saddle; but her right arm hung limp. She had been hit!

Lamar's heart seemed to freeze in the suspension of its beat, and the clogging of icy blood. He saw her sway.

"Lucy, hang on! Hang on!" he cried, and began to pull the red stallion.

To pull him out of that stride took all Lamar's strength, and then he only pulled him enough to let Nagger come up abreast. Lamar circled Lucy with his arm and lifted her out of her saddle.

"Jim, I'm not hurt much. If I hadn't seen Nagger was hit, I'd never squealed."

"Oh, Lucy!" Lamar choked with the release of his fear and the rush of pride and passion.

"Don't pull Wildfire! He'll catch the King yet!"

Lamar swung the girl behind him. The way she wrapped her uninjured arm about him and clung showed the stuff of which Lucy Bostil was made. Wildfire snorted as if in fierce anger that added weight had been given him, as if he knew it was no fault of his that Sage King had increased the lead.

Lamar bent forward and now called to the stallion—called to him with the wild call of the upland rider to his horse. It was the call that let Wildfire know he was free to choose his going and his pace—free to run—free to run down a rival—free to kill.

And the wild stallion responded. He did not break; he wore into a run that had slow increase. The demon's spirit in him seemed to gather mighty forces, so that every magnificent stride was a little lower, a little longer, a little faster, till the horse had attained a terrible celerity. He was almost flying; and the white space narrowed between him and the Sage King.

Lamar vaguely heard the howling of the wind in his ears, the continuous ringing sound of Wildfire's hoofs. He vaguely noticed the blurring of the sage and the swift fleeting of the trail under him. He scarcely saw the rustler Cordts; he forgot Lucy. All his senses that retained keenness were centered in the running of the Sage King. It was so swift, so beautiful, so worthy of the gray's fame and name, that a pang numbed the rider's breast because Bostil's great horse was doomed to lose the race, if not his life.

For long the gray ran even with his red pursuer. Then, by imperceptible degrees, Wildfire began to gain. He was a desert stallion, born with the desert's ferocity of strife, the desert's imperious will; he never had love for any horse; it was in him to rule and to kill. Lamar felt Wildfire grow wet and hot, felt the marvelous ease of the horse's action gradually wearing to strain.

Another mile, and the trail turned among ridges of rock, along deep washes, at length to enter the broken country of crags and cañons. Cordts bent round in the saddle to shoot at Lamar. The bullet whistled perilously close; but Lamar withheld his fire. He had one shell left in his rifle; he would not risk that till he was sure.

He watched for a break in the King's stride, for the plunge that meant that the gray was finished. Still the race went on and on. And in the lather that flew back to wet Lamar's lips he tasted the hot blood of his horse. If it had been his own blood, the last drops spilled from his heart, he could not have felt more agony.

At last Sage King broke strangely, slowed in a few jumps, and, plunging down, threw Cordts over his head. The rustler leaped up and began to run, seeking cover.

Wildfire thundered on beyond the prostrate King. Then, with terrible muscular convulsion, as of internal collapse, he, too, broke and pounded slow, slower—to a stop.

Lamar slipped down and lifted Lucy from the saddle. Wildfire was white except where he was red, and that red was not now his glossy, flaming skin. He groaned and began to sag. On one knee and then the other he knelt, gave a long heave, and lay at length.

Lamar darted back in pursuit of Cordts. He descried the rustler running along the edge of a cañon. Lamar realized that he must be quick; but the rifle wavered because of his terrible eagerness. He was shaken

by the intensity of the moment. With tragic earnestness he fought for coolness, for control.

Cordts reached a corner of cliff where he had to go slowly, to cling to the rock. It was then that Lamar felt himself again chilled through and through with that strange, grim power. He pulled trigger. Cordts paused as if to rest. He leaned against the face of the cliff, his hands up, and he kept that posture for a long moment. Then his hands began to slip. Slowly he swayed out over the cañon. His dark face flashed. Headlong he fell, to vanish below the rim.

Lamar hurriedly ran back and saw that the King was a beaten, broken horse, but he would live to run another race. Up the trail Lucy was kneeling beside Wildfire, and before Lamar got there he heard her sobbing. As if he were being dragged to execution, the rider went on, and then he was looking down upon his horse and crying:

"Wildfire! Wildfire!"

Choked, blinded, killed on his feet, Wildfire heard the voice of his master.

"Jim! Oh, Jim!" moaned Lucy.

"He beat the King! And he carried double!" whispered Lamar.

While they knelt there, the crippled Nagger came limping up the trail, followed by Dusty Ben and Plume.

Again the rider called to his horse, with a cry now piercing, thrilling; but this time Wildfire did not respond.

V

THE westering sun glanced brightly over the rippling sage, which rolled away from the Ford like a gray sea. Bostil sat on his porch, a stricken man. He faced the blue haze of the West, where, some hours before, all that he loved had vanished. His riders were grouped near him, silent, awed by his face, awaiting orders that did not come.

From behind a ridge puffed up a thin cloud of dust. Bostil saw it, and gave a start. Above the sage appeared a bobbing black dot—the head of a horse.

"Sarch!" exclaimed Bostil.

With spurs clinking, his riders ran and trooped behind him.

"There's Bullet!" cried one.

"An' Two-Face!" added another.

"Saddled an' riderless!"

Then all were tensely quiet, watching the racers come trotting in single file down the ridge. Sarchedon's shrill neigh, like a

whistle-blast, pealed in from the sage. From fields and corrals clamored the answer, attended by the clattering of hundreds of hoofs.

Sarchedon and his followers broke from trot to canter—canter to gallop—and soon were cracking their iron shoes on the stony road. Then, like a swarm of bees, the riders surrounded the racers and led them up to Bostil.

On Sarchedon's neck showed a dry, dust-caked stain of reddish tinge. Bostil's right-hand man, the hawk-eyed rider, gray as the sage from long service, carefully examined the stain.

"Wall, the rustler thet was up on Sarch got plugged, an' in fallin' forrard he spilled some blood on the hoss's neck."

"Who shot him?" demanded Bostil.

"I reckon there's only one rider on the sage thet could ever hev got close enough to shoot a rustler up on Sarch."

Bostil wheeled to face the West. His brow was lowering; his hands were clenched. Riders led away the tired racers, and returned to engage with the others in whispered speculation.

The afternoon wore on; the sun lost its brightness, and burned low and red. Again dust-clouds, now like reddened smoke, puffed over the ridge. Four horses, two carrying riders, appeared above the sage.

"Is that—a gray horse—or am I blind?" asked Bostil unsteadily.

The old rider shaded the hawk-eyes with his hand.

"Gray he is—gray as the sage, Bostil—an' so help me if he ain't the King!"

Bostil stared, rubbed his eyes as if his sight was dimmed, and stared again.

"Do I see Lucy?"

"Shore—shore!" replied the old rider. "I seen her long ago. Why, sir, I can see thet gold hair of hers a mile across the sage. She's up on Ben."

The light of joy on Bostil's face slowly shaded, and the change was one that silenced his riders. Abruptly he left them, to enter the house.

When he came forth again, brought out by the stamp of hoofs on the stones, his riders were escorting Lucy and Lamar into the courtyard. A wan smile flitted across Lucy's haggard face as she saw her father, and she held out one arm to him. The other was bound in a bloody scarf.

Cursing deep, like the muttering of thunder, Bostil ran out.

"Lucy! For Heaven's sake! You're not bad hurt?"

"Only a little, dad," she said, and slipped down into his arms.

He kissed her pale face, and, carrying her to the door, roared for the women of his household.

When he reappeared, the crowd of riders scattered from around Lamar. Bostil looked at the King. The horse was caked with dusty lather, scratched and disheveled, weary and broken, yet somehow he was still beautiful. He raised his drooping head, and reached for his master with a look as soft and dark and eloquent as a woman's.

No rider there but felt Bostil's grief. He loved the King. He believed the King had been beaten; and his rider's glory and pride were battling with love. Mighty as that was in Bostil, it did not at once overcome his hatred of defeat.

Slowly the gaze of the rancher moved from the King to tired Ben and Plumie, over the bleeding Nagger, at last to rest on the white-faced Lamar. But Bostil was not looking for Lamar. His hard eyes veered to and fro. Among those horses there was not the horse he sought.

"Where's the red stallion?" he asked.

Lamar raised eyes dark with pain, yet they flashed as he looked straight into Bostil's face.

"Wildfire's dead."

"Shot?"

"No."

"What killed him?" Bostil's voice had a vibrating ring.

"The King, sir; killed him on his feet."

Bostil's lean jaw bulged and quivered. His hand shook a little as he laid it on the King's tangled mane.

"Jim—what the —" he said brokenly, with voice strangely softened.

"Mr. Bostil, we've had some fighting and running. Lucy was hit—so was Nagger. And the King killed Wildfire on his feet. But I got Cordts and three of his men—maybe four. I've no more to say, sir."

Bostil put his arm round the young man's shoulder.

"Lamar, you've said enough. If I don't know how you feel about the loss of that grand horse, no rider on earth knows. But let me say I reckon I never knew your real worth. You can lead my riders. You can have the girl—God bless you both! And you can have anything else on this ranch—except the King!"

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

FOR SMALL INVESTORS

HOW well the French deserve their reputation as a nation of investors is strikingly illustrated by the outcome of a state railway loan brought out in Paris recently. The offering, which was for sixty million dollars of four-per-cent bonds at par, was oversubscribed more than thirty-two times. In other words, total applications for nearly two billion dollars' worth were received, and by far the larger portion of this huge total was made up of subscriptions from small shopkeepers, farmers, and working men.

While nothing could speak more eloquently of the economy and thrift of the small French investor, we should not lose sight of the fact that the large subscriptions were partly due to the policy of French bankers in bringing out a portion of the issue in bonds of low denomination. In France, the humblest citizen may participate with the wealthiest capitalist in buying securities of the highest grade, for all important French loans are issued in pieces of a denomination as low as one hundred and five hundred francs, or twenty dollars and one hundred dollars. Of course, they range upward in amount, but small and large investors have equal chances to buy the best bonds.

Our capitalists and corporation managers think and act in millions, and cater to millionaires and wealthy persons. Probably ninety-nine per cent of the total capitalization of legitimate American corporations is represented by stocks of a par value of one hundred dollars and by bonds of a denomination of one thousand dollars, or "multiples thereof." As a nation, we talk economy and thrift, and the great necessity of inculcating the habit of saving among the people; but with our capital issues we pursue a policy which excludes

countless investors from participating in most of our best bond issues by making the denominations of the bonds too large.

A natural result of this has been to drive many persons into securities of a doubtful or fraudulent character. You may have thought out for yourself why shares of the prospectus company and fiscal agency variety bear the low denominations of one, five, or ten dollars. It is, of course, in order to reach the small savings of poor and inexperienced people. Even the pitiful little hoard in the tin savings-bank of a child is not too small for the swindling stock-salesman or the dishonest company-promoter.

We have, to be sure, a few high-class one-hundred-dollar and five-hundred-dollar bonds listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, but the supply falls far short of the demand. As I have said, the common unit for an American bond—railway, industrial corporation, public-service company, or municipal—is one thousand dollars. Practically every rule relative to official quotations, or for the "delivery" of bonds on the exchange, treats one thousand dollars as the accepted unit.

Our bankers should emulate the French. We should have more bonds of low denomination. Ever since it has become generally known that some excellent issues of this sort are listed on the exchange, there has been an increasing inquiry for them. This demand should be recognized by corporation officials and by bankers, who should provide for small pieces when they bring out new issues. Bond and investment houses, too, should encourage investments in these securities. A stock-broker who would reject an investment order because it is too small is not worthy of exchange membership, for by that action he may cast a worthy person into the hands of the get-rich-quick crew.

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of April.

If bankers would inculcate the savings habit among their clients; if they would prevent the tremendous ravages of the get-rich-quick promoter, with the consequent heavy loss to legitimate industry, they should make it possible for investors of slender means to buy securities of the best character. For one man who can purchase a thousand-dollar bond, there are probably fifty, and perhaps a hundred, who could buy a hundred-dollar bond; and they would do so, too, if securities of the highest grade were readily available for purchase in amounts or pieces suitable for persons of limited resources.

Not only is the money of the small investor worth saving, and worth having, but nothing is better calculated to beat down opposition and win friends for honest corporations and constructive enterprises than to bring many men of small and moderate means into the companies as investors. Such persons would not be so prone to criticize themselves, or to brook the intermeddling of demagogues, if they had direct personal interest in great legitimate undertakings.

Moreover, much ignorant hostility toward Wall Street would probably disappear if bonds of the best character, safe securities, were brought within the reach of the man with a small pocketbook. Though Wall Street may not appreciate it, countless people who have been swindled in fake stocks, because they did not know how or where to buy better securities, believe that their misfortunes are chargeable to Wall Street, with which they associate every one who deals in stocks.

SAFE MUNICIPAL BONDS

THE announcement of a record-breaking bond-offering by the city of New York, which on May 7 opened bids for a fifty-year loan of sixty-five million dollars, at four and one-quarter per cent, directs attention to the attractiveness of municipal securities for a strictly high-grade investment.

Savings-banks, insurance companies, trust estates, and experienced personal investors, who are the principal purchasers of such bonds, have not, of course, lost sight of the unquestioned safety of these issues, nor are they likely to do so; but perhaps because municipals are offered usually in modest amounts, or because, as

a rule, their sale is unattended by sensational features, the miscellaneous investing public seems to give much less consideration to such securities than their intrinsic merit warrants. It takes a big offering, like that of the New York loan, or some unusual feature, to arouse wide-spread public interest in these most desirable but unobtrusive bonds.

The securities offered by New York were sold to provide funds for a variety of purposes—twenty-five millions for water-supply, twenty millions for new subway construction, and twenty millions for general requirements. This diversification serves in a meager way to illustrate the wide range of purposes for which public securities may be issued. They are, of course, the direct obligations of counties, cities, and other municipal subdivisions; and from the proceeds of their sale the communities meet the cost of such essential things as bridges, docks, drainage, electric lighting plants, fire protection, garbage disposal, jails, paving, public buildings, parks, roads, schools, sewers, viaducts, water-works, and the like.

To appreciate wherein rests the pre-eminent safety of a municipal bond, one has but to recall that these securities have behind them the property of the citizens of the issuing community. In other words, the bond is supported by the taxing-power. We are all familiar with the saying that in this world "nothing is sure but death and taxes." A municipal indebtedness implies one of these certainties, taxes. The holder of a public security may rest assured that the interest on his bond, if it is a bond issued by an established community in a regular and legal manner, will be paid, and that the principal will be met at maturity, from the proceeds of the tax-leaves.

There have been instances of municipal bonds being issued improperly. Once in a while some fly-by-night community—a transient mining-camp or boom town of mushroom growth—has even been known to move away, or to disappear from the map. In writing of public securities, however, it is assumed that an investor has enough common sense to buy the obligation of an established municipality, and to purchase his bonds only from a house of standing and reputation, whose responsibility may be determined through the banks or credit agencies.

Actually, however, the losses sustained through public securities are a negligible quantity. A recent statistical table prepared by Morris P. Dean, of New York, showed that between 1892 and 1909 there had been sold in the United States municipal bonds to the aggregate amount of \$2,974,914,000. Out of this great total, less than three hundred thousand dollars' worth, or one-hundredth of one per cent, resulted in loss. In 1907—a year of financial panic, by the way—there were no losses at all through default or voidance of any American municipal bond. No other class of security has such a clean record, and it is for this reason that municipal bonds are regarded as the ideal security for investment, where the element of safety alone is considered.

To enumerate various protective features from which municipal bonds derive strength, it may be said, first of all, that the amount of such bonds is limited by law to a very small portion—usually from three to thirteen per cent—of the assessed valuation of the taxable real estate within the issuing community. Furthermore, it is the imperative duty of a municipality to levy and collect taxes to provide for the payment of all its obligations, including both interest and principal of its funded debt, as these fall due. Taxes take precedence over all other obligations of a property-owner, and this virtually gives to a municipal bond the character of a prior lien on the real estate of the community.

Rigid laws, whose validity has been sustained by repeated court decisions, keep municipal indebtedness within safe limits, and compel municipalities to meet their contractual obligations. The tendency of recent legislation has been to throw still greater safeguards around municipal borrowing.

It is interesting and gratifying to note that most of this legislation has resulted from suggestions made by municipal bond houses, who objected to the lax methods of issuance at one time in vogue, and set about to systematize and improve them. As a result, very few public securities are now marketed except at open public sale, after due and proper announcement, and very few communities, by constitutional provisions or State laws, are permitted to sell bonds below par. In many cases it is necessary to submit a bond issue to a public vote of the citizens.

About the only feature that calls for special caution, in connection with municipal securities, centers around a variety known as "special assessment," or "improvement," bonds. With such issues it is most important that the investor should ascertain if the bond has behind it the full faith of the community, instead of only that portion of the community which is benefited by the purpose of the special issue. The municipal subdivision may not be adequate security for the bond, and the improvement may not be of an enduring character, or it may be too heavy a burden for a limited number of taxpayers. "Special assessment" and "improvement" bonds issued by boom towns should be particularly avoided.

In purchasing public securities, it is desirable for an investor to buy through a dealer of recognized standing and established responsibility, because that makes assurances doubly sure. A dealer investigates an issue thoroughly before risking his own money in buying it. He takes into consideration the character and location of the issuing community; its population and its tax valuation; the ratio of the tax assessment to the appraised value of the property; the municipal assets, such as water-works and the like; the sinking-fund provisions; the total amount of indebtedness, and a variety of similar features. He also procures the opinion of counsel as to the validity of the issue, and this opinion an investor may inspect or submit to his own lawyer.

As a rule, municipal bonds are not listed on stock exchanges, and do not have so ready a market for resale as some other securities. If an investor buys from a dealer of established reputation, however, he has a fair market for the security, through that dealer. Marketability, however, does not play so important a part with municipal bonds as with most other securities, from the fact that they are purchased largely for strict investment by institutions, estates, or individuals, who propose to hold them to maturity, for the interest. Once they are sold by a community, most of the bonds never reappear in the market.

The principal issues of leading American cities, however, are listed on the exchanges. New York City bonds, in particular, enjoy an international market, being bought and sold almost as freely in London, Paris, and Berlin as in New York.

Persons who are looking for an investment of high character should not overlook these public securities. Issues of the very best character may be bought at this time to net four per cent, and they range up to a yield of five per cent, or thereabouts, without undue risk. They are a non-speculative security, but they are safe. No holder of a good municipal bond need ever lose sleep over his investment, for his interest and principal are secure.

A PATHETIC CASE

A BANKING firm has submitted to us for inspection a letter which we think of sufficient general interest to reproduce. The unfortunate writer's ill-advised investments may serve as a timely warning for others. The actual experience of the bankers in trying to realize on his securities illustrates how necessary it is, when a man buys stock, that he should purchase something that has a ready market for resale, in case any unexpected misfortune should befall him, such as blindness and loss of position, as in the case in point.

At the request of the bankers, all names which might serve to identify the writer are withheld; but the letter, which is as follows, is in our possession:

You were so kind, about two years ago, as to reply to my inquiry regarding the Sterling Debenture Corporation of New York. Of course, I have entered into no new dealings with that concern, but I filled my subscriptions already taken at the time.

Last year, on losing my eyesight, I resigned my good position at the ——— office. I have since conducted a news-store, where I am interested for all I am worth. I have just recovered from a severe illness, and, to add to my misfortunes, I have been hit hard by a man whom I trusted, who skipped with a heavy amount of my cash money.

Only my straightforwardness and good name, seemingly, have saved my store and reputation, but I have to make good with all I have under the circumstances.

I understand that you are not stock-brokers, but I make free to enclose a list of stocks on hand here in my name, which I wish to dispose of at once at their reasonable value, through some reliable party.

If it is out of your line to make me a bid, kindly hand this list to some honest stock-brokerage firm, asking them to make me an offer or sell outright—all the shares—so I may mail the stocks promptly and obtain the proceeds.

The list accompanying the letter comprised the following stocks:

30 Oxford Linen Mills, par \$10.....	\$300
10 Oxford Linen Mattress Co., par \$10....	100
30 Telepost, par \$10.....	300
1 Eastern Underwear Manufacturing Co., par \$100.....	100
120 Columbian-Sterling Publishing Co., par \$1	120
	<hr/> \$920

With the exception of the shares in the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company, which the holder acquired through an original purchase of shares in *Hampton's Magazine*, all the above stocks are of the variety handled by the Sterling Debenture Corporation. As repeatedly pointed out by this department, there is no market for the resale of such things.

Out of sympathy for the unfortunate owner, the bankers sought to sell his stocks. They found, of course, that the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company was bankrupt, with its shares worth no more than the price of waste-paper, and with several of its officials under indictment for misuse of the mails. After much shopping around, they finally managed to sell thirty Oxford Linen Mills, ten Oxford Linen Mattress Company, and ten Telepost, a total of fifty shares, for the lump sum of seventy-five dollars. They could find no market at all for the remainder of the "investment."

Their experience with the stock of the Eastern Underwear Manufacturing Company surprised them, for on consulting various Sterling Debenture Corporation stock-offerings they learned that the concern was paying annual dividends of eight per cent. Unable to obtain any bid whatever for an eight-per-cent dividend-paying stock, they wrote to the company, asking for a bid. In reply, they discovered that the Eastern Underwear concern was engaged in selling stock itself, its letter reading in part:

As soon as the issue of our treasury stock, of which the one share referred to in your letter is a part, is placed, we will be glad to render you assistance in disposing of the one share of your client.

If this unfortunate man had put his nine hundred dollars into securities of established worth, if he had kept it in a savings-bank until he had accumulated enough to loan on real estate, or if he had joined a

good building and loan association, his money would have been safe. Being able to use it in an emergency, his investment would have been a very great benefit instead of an added calamity.

Imagine the cruel shock that he must have felt when he found, as the culmination of a series of misfortunes, that his stocks were

virtually valueless. Blind and reduced in fortune; struggling in a little news-store in a desperate effort to make his living; sick, and robbed by a friend, he turns to his investments, in the hopes that he may realize enough to pay his debts and save his name, only to find that there again he has been deceived. The case is truly a pathetic one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A DECORATIVE PROSPECTUS

Please advise me if you think the profit-sharing preferred stock of Myrick's Northwest Orange Judd Company would be a safe investment. I have always had a high regard for the Orange Judd Company, but the red-hot dope they have been sending me recently makes me a little doubtful. I have been getting letters and circulars like the enclosed for some time, but I have not answered any of them, and I would like to know what you think of the proposition.

H. L. H., Washington, Ill.

We dislike being called upon to express an opinion on publishing ventures, but this department would not be worth the space we give to it if we declined to answer such questions as that of our Illinois correspondent. Our readers will understand that we have no personal feeling against any promoter or promoters in the periodical field, and that such criticisms as we have printed are based solely upon sound and well-recognized principles of finance.

As we have repeatedly pointed out, the specially dangerous feature of these promotions—the feature that makes them, in the vast majority of cases, a most hazardous gamble, and in no sense an investment—is the fact that the publishing business is, as a rule, purely a good-will proposition, depending solely upon the prestige of a periodical, and possessing no solid, marketable property.

We should never advise the purchase of shares in any publishing company, unless the enterprise seeking its capital from the public was backed up with actual, tangible assets, and made a full report of its earnings and operations. We make no exception with the company in question, for after a careful examination of its stock-selling literature, so aptly described by this correspondent as "red-hot dope," we feel that it is highly advisable for those contemplating an investment to determine the financial responsibility of both the companies mentioned before purchasing shares.

The importance of determining the status of this enterprise arises from the fact that the preferred shares of the Northwest Orange Judd Company carry what purports to be a guarantee of dividends and principal by the Orange Judd Company of New York. The latter concern has been in business for more than seventy years, and its name is well known to the farming com-

munity. Inexperienced persons frequently buy a new company's shares, merely on the strength of an old name, without questioning the regularity of the proceedings or the concern's ability to fulfill the alleged guarantee. Those who would be safe should buy no stock whatever on a name or guarantee, unless accompanied by full evidence that the guarantor can fulfill the contract. They should also understand the precise terms of a guarantee.

The financial announcements of the Northwest Orange Judd Company are made in a flamboyant manner, in a circular of circus-poster proportions, with display type two inches high. Red and blue inks are used with great profusion. The broadside is also embellished with dollar signs (\$ \$ \$)—presumably to give the proposition an appearance of easy money. There is a free employment of such words as "safety," "guarantee," "dividends," and the like.

The whole is set off by a large portrait of a prosperous-looking gentleman, wearing spectacles, which bears, in red letters, the legend: "Herbert Myrick, president." One finds this name appended to numerous communications offering stock for sale. When persons do not respond, Mr. Myrick, who is president of both companies, writes to say that he feels "somewhat hurt about it." He offers stock again, and yet again, announcing that his purpose is "to do good to mankind."

The Myrick poster-prospectus, tacked up on a barn-door, by the side of others proclaiming the virtues of various brands of axle-grease and horse liniment, would serve admirably for decorative purposes; but it falls woefully short of fulfilling the recognized requirements of a financial announcement. It does not, for instance, give the name of the State in which the Northwest Orange Judd Company is incorporated. There is no list of directors. The amount of authorized capital stock is not mentioned, nor is anything said as to how much of the stock is common and how much is preferred, or how much of the preferred is being offered for sale. Even the stock subscription-blanks do not give these details, nor do they appear on the form of the alleged "guarantee of principal and interest."

Of several things that have attracted my attention in connection with the stock-offering of

the Northwest Orange Judd Company, I have found this guarantee by the Orange Judd Company of New York the most interesting. Mr. Myrick—having the character of his stock-selling literature in mind, perhaps—explains the reason for the guarantee quite clearly. He says:

I thought, perhaps, that some of my readers might possibly have the idea that this was a "get-rich-quick scheme," and they would be afraid of it.

The same thought flashed through my mind the instant I set eyes on the literature. It caused me to read the posters carefully, and to note Mr. Myrick's many assurances that his is not a "wild-cat scheme," nor "any fly-by-night speculative proposition." You also have Mr. Myrick's printed word for it that the enterprise is not a "fake," or a "blue-sky affair." These assurances are repeated twenty or thirty times, until you wonder if Mr. Myrick does not protest too much; but there may be added force in reiteration, and in this instance, upon as many occasions as Mr. Myrick asserts that his scheme is not a "fake," he adds that he is an honest man, or modestly prints letters assuring him not only that he is honest, but also that he is a "big money-maker," a person "of remarkable executive ability," and a "public benefactor."

The letters signed with Mr. Myrick's name, and the "red-hot dope" which accompanies them convey the impression that the preferred stock of the Northwest Orange Judd Company carries a straight and unqualified guarantee of the Orange Judd Company of New York as to both dividends and principal; but such is not the case. There is practically no guarantee of principal. As to the guarantee of dividends—provided the Orange Judd Company feels bound to assume such, and is capable of living up to the terms of the agreement—these are not guaranteed unqualifiedly, as is usual when one speaks of a "guaranteed stock," but for a term of five years only.

A careful reading of the letters and literature sent out in connection with this proposition discloses a surprising amount of word-juggling. Again and again you encounter the "guarantee of principal and interest"; but here and there in the circus-poster, or in a red and blue "dodger," or in a yellow handbill, which explains the double "guarantee," you find expressions such as these:

The dividends on your money are guaranteed, as specified in the guarantee.

The money you invest, as well as the dividends thereon, are both guaranteed just as stated.

Your money is safe, because you can have it back when you want it, at the time and in the manner stated.

The italics are ours. Of course, they qualify the proposition; but printed without emphasis in a running sentence, in a mass of material bearing on guarantees and double guarantees and the like, an inexperienced person might never notice the quibble until he had bought the shares and read the terms of the "guarantee" on the certi-

cate. Then he would find a statement in formal language that the Orange Judd Company of New York guaranteed the dividends for five years only, and that furthermore it "agrees" at any time "during the sixth year from the date" of the certificate, on sixty days' notice in writing, to purchase the stock at par, one hundred dollars a share.

In the literature of the company no mention is made of money set aside in a trust fund, or of the appointment of trustees to carry out the terms of this guarantee or agreement. I find no resolution of the board of directors, no record of its approval by the shareholders of the Orange Judd Company of New York, and no attested statement that all the necessary formalities of such a guarantee or agreement have been complied with. I do not know, therefore, whether the arrangement is binding upon the company or not, or whether it might be repudiated in case the Northwest Orange Judd Company should prove unsuccessful, and the purchase of its stock at par should become a bad bargain.

It is, of course, advisable for a shareholder to determine the regularity of a contract of this kind. It seems specially advisable in connection with Mr. Myrick's enterprises, for it appears that a serious misunderstanding has arisen about a somewhat similar guarantee which he gave not long ago.

In 1910, according to the testimony in a recent lawsuit, Mr. Myrick and his associates acquired, for forty thousand dollars, an agricultural paper, known as the *Minnesota and Dakota Farmer*. They formed the Northwestern Orange Judd Company of Minnesota, and paid the owners for the property in the stock, indorsed by the Orange Judd Company of New York as to six-per-cent dividends annually, and with an agreement to purchase the shares at par, on six months' notice, up to October 15, 1915.

A holder of twenty-two shares of this stock gave notice, in due course, that he desired to sell it; and as it was not purchased at the expiration of six months, he brought suit to enforce the guarantee and to recover twenty-two hundred dollars. Mr. Myrick asserted that the service in the suit was irregular, and set up as a defense that "said guarantee, if any there was, on which said alleged claim is based, was not executed and was not to be performed in the State of Minnesota." The case is now on appeal to the supreme court of the above State, the lower court having decided against Mr. Myrick.

In the meanwhile it appears that the Northwest Orange Judd Company was incorporated in South Dakota, with a capitalization of half a million dollars. Presumably the new concern has taken over the Northwestern Orange Judd Company of Minnesota, for it publishes what appears to be the same agricultural paper, though the present title is the *Northwest Farmstead*. It is this company's stock that is offered for sale, the issue being five hundred thousand dollars—ap-

parently against property which was sold for forty thousand dollars.

Whether the "guarantee" of the Orange Judd Company of New York on the shares of the Northwest Orange Judd Company of South Dakota is of greater value than a similar guarantee on the shares of the Northwestern Orange Judd Company of Minnesota, remains to be seen. Personally I have some doubts about it, for I find that on October 4, 1911, Mr. Myrick, under oath, deposed:

That the interest and only interest which the Orange Judd Company of New York has in the *Farmstead* is a contract, whereby the Orange Judd Company of New York is to print and publish the *Farmstead* for a stipulated percentage as a manufacturers' profit, and the Northwest Orange Judd Company of South Dakota is to pay and to make good this percentage, if the profit does not reach the sum agreed upon.

The circus-poster prospectus, enclosed in Mr. Myrick's letters of very recent date, contains many references to the guarantee of the Northwest stock by the Orange Judd Company of New York, which appear to be at variance with Mr. Myrick's deposition that the New York concern has no interest, except to publish the paper for the Northwest Company for a stipulated manufacturing profit.

WHEN BROKERS COMPOUND INTEREST

Your March article on "A Broker's Carrying Charges" lacks only a reference to how brokers justify charging customers compound interest on margin accounts, to make it complete. Since banks do not charge brokers compound interest on money borrowed by them, it does not seem reasonable for brokers to charge it to their customers. Your views on the question will interest many readers.

E. A. A., Phoenix, Arizona.

This question concerns a speculative account, as did also the article, "A Broker's Carrying Charges," which appeared in the March issue, page 383. As such, it does not concern those who, as we have urged, buy their securities outright; but as this correspondent observes, the question may interest certain readers, who are unfamiliar with the details of margin trading.

As previously explained, a stock speculator is practically always in debt to his broker. Such indebtedness, which is termed his "debit balance," represents the difference between the amount of the customer's "margin" and the sum advanced to him by the broker, in purchasing the stock. Brokers, like merchants, borrow money in order to transact their business. On this borrowed money, of course, they pay interest; and as they have to advance some of it to margin customers, they naturally charge interest on the debit balances.

The compounding of interest against a customer arises from the prevailing custom of rendering monthly statements. If, to an original debit balance, thirty days' interest is added to obtain the true debit at the end of a given month, and if this goes on month after month, it is obvious that interest is compounded against the customer.

It is equally obvious that the broker cannot arrive at the exact amount of the customer's indebtedness, or keep his accounts straight and in proper form, unless he computes and adds interest whenever he strikes a balance and renders a statement. By no other process can he show a true transcript of any account as it stands on his ledger.

Actually this compounding of interest is not a very important item in an active speculative account, for which stocks are being bought and sold daily or perhaps hourly, where dividends are being credited and other sums paid in or withdrawn frequently, and where the debit balance is ever changing. In such cases, a speculator loses sight of it; but on a large dormant account, interest upon interest might amount to a considerable item, if computed twelve times in the course of the year.

In cases like the latter, an experienced trader would probably inform his broker that he knew the standing of his account well enough, and did not require monthly statements, as one rendered quarterly would suffice. Computing interest on debit balances four times a year, instead of twelve, would naturally reduce the sum arising from compounding. Most speculators, however, prefer monthly statements, for few keep independent books of their transactions. They prefer to go over their accounts at brief intervals, compound interest and all, in order to check up their transactions and learn where they stand. As there is always a possibility of disputes over speculative accounts and carrying charges, there are many advantages in frequent reports.

This department does not believe in margin trading, but urges against it continually, in favor of buying securities outright. There is no compulsion upon any man to speculate, and if he will speculate, he should abide by the rules of the game. If he does not want a statement of his account rendered monthly, because interest will be compounded against him, he should inform his broker. Perhaps his broker will accept his account on a different basis, and perhaps he will not.

If a man will speculate on margin, however, it seems highly desirable that he should inspect and check up his account regularly and at frequent intervals, for it may prevent errors and save even more serious losses than speculative transactions usually entail.

The fact that a broker compounds interest on a continuing account has nothing to do with his borrowing at simple interest from a bank, and it involves no discredit to the broker. If he is rendering a true transcript of his ledger, he must make the interest appear; if it does not appear, it is a falsification of accounts. No honest broker in his sane senses would render a false statement, for he would have no status in court, in case a dispute was carried there.

It is customary for brokers to append the letters "E. & O. E."—"errors and omissions excepted"—to their statements, but that would not help them much in court, if they had not computed in-

terest charges in rendering a series of monthly statements, or in submitting to a customer what purported to be a true transcript of his ledger account, if on comparison it should be found that essential items of original entry had been omitted.

WIRELESS AND WORTHLESS

When in South Africa, some years ago, I purchased some shares in the Collins Wireless Telegraph Company, which I was afterward induced to exchange for shares in the Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company. Having been unable to learn anything about these companies on reaching America, I am writing to ask if you can supply me with any information concerning them.

J. R., Chicago, Ill.

A year or two ago this section of the country was flooded with salesmen selling stock of the Clark Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company. I bought some of the stock, and I have written many letters about it to the company, but I can get no reply. Is this company still in existence?

C. N., La Grande, Oregon.

I wish to inquire about the North American Wireless Corporation, which includes nearly a dozen wireless telephone and telegraph companies. I was an original stockholder in the Radio Telephone Company, the Great Lakes Radio Company, and the Atlantic Radio Company. I am very anxious to learn something about the enterprise and about my investment, of which I have heard nothing for nearly two years.

Miss E. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

More men are now in prison or under indictment for selling stock in wireless telephone and telegraph companies than is the case with any other line of industrial promotions of which I have knowledge. Lodged in various jails and penitentiaries are C. C. Wilson and four associates, who exploited the United Wireless Company swindle, and one of the Munros, of the famous firm of Munro & Munro, who pretended to sell Marconi Wireless stocks, but did not deliver the shares. All the enterprises mentioned by the above correspondents have their quota of men under indictment on charges of using the mails for the purposes of fraud.

These inquiries concern two distinct groups of wireless and radio companies, to the number of nearly a score, none of which, either singly or in combination, has developed a commercial success.

The Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company was formed for the ostensible purpose of amalgamating and operating the Collins Wireless Telephone Company, the Pacific Wireless Telegraph Company, the Clark Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Massie Wireless Telegraph Company. The individual concerns of the group had an aggregate authorized capitalization of \$13,800,000. The Continental Company had an authorized capital of \$10,000,000. It proposed an exchange of shares with the others, and also offered stock and collateral convertible trust bonds for sale; but in September, 1910, the selling agents were arrested, and they are now under indictment, awaiting trial.

The North American Wireless Corporation was a still more pretentious scheme, also organized to combine a group of similar companies. The con-

cern had an authorized capital stock of \$10,000,000 and proposed to exchange shares and amalgamate the Radio Telephone Company, the Commercial Radio Company, the Central Wireless Company, the Atlantic Radio Company, the Pacific Radio Company, the North American Radio Company, the De Forest Radio Telephone Company, the Universal Wireless Corporation, the Great Lakes Radio Telephone Company, and the Continental Wireless Construction Company.

How far the combination progressed no one seems to know; but the constituent companies marketed a great deal of stock before the postal authorities closed in upon them and arrested James Dunlop Smith, the former president of the Radio Telephone Company and of the Fiscal Agency Company, which handled the shares. Later on Lee De Forest, the inventor, who was associated with the enterprise, was arrested. Others indicted in connection with the group are Samuel E. Darby and Elmer E. Burlingame.

The general belief is that these various arrests and indictments have terminated the career of all these companies. The stocks are regarded as of no value whatever.

THE OSTRICH AS A FORTUNE-MAKER

Please let me know what you think of the African Ostrich Farm and Feather Company, of Bloomsburg, Pa., as an investment? The prospectus says that "the ostrich is the most valuable thing on earth and the greatest fortune-maker." Is this, in your judgment, true?

M. H. S., Morton, Pa.

I am forced to admit certain limitations, and I confess that I am not well enough acquainted with ostriches to advise on the investment possibilities of an ostrich-farm. It may be a highly profitable business, and a company formed to breed ostriches in Pennsylvania, and to engage in sundry other things in no way connected with ostrich-farming, may reap big profits; but knowing nothing about the industry from personal experience or otherwise, I cannot advise an investment in an ostrich-farm. Each individual must determine for himself the advisability of putting his money into such an enterprise.

The African Ostrich Farm and Feather Company seems to be a picturesque and multiform proposition. The concern, organized under the laws of Arizona, with an authorized capital of one million dollars, in one-dollar shares, is selling stock to complete the purchase of two farms at Espy, Pennsylvania, which appear to be singularly favored by nature. The company has a booklet bearing the appealing title, "Revolutionizing the Ostrich," from which I learn that the farms earn six per cent on the purchase price from farm products alone; that the company controls a large peat-bed and intends to equip a drying-plant, "for income available for dividends"; that a deposit of limestone "of superior quality" underlies the land, and that another plant is to be installed to manufacture lime.

Skipping from land to water, the booklet notes other treasures:

The Susquehanna River flows directly below our front farm, and its bed holds rich deposits of free coal, which at the present time is being taken out of the river by a number of dredges. This coal we will dredge and deliver to our lime-kilns, at a cost not to exceed fifty cents a ton.

What, you may ask, have agricultural products, peat-beds, limestone, and free coal from a river-bed to do with "Revolutionizing the Ostrich"? Personally I do not know, but I find these things enumerated in the booklet as added sources of revenue. They are mentioned incidentally, and they fade into insignificance compared with the profits you may expect from ostriches.

Have you any idea of the value of an ostrich, and do you know why you have never before been offered an interest in an ostrich-farm? The latter question is answered by the former, in the booklet. It is because "the ostrich is the most valuable of living things on earth, and the greatest fortune-maker." Promoters do not share such things with ordinary investors.

The booklet does not reduce its assertion to simple figures or vulgar fractions. It simply says:

It is impossible to value a good ostrich. For instance, what value would be placed on a breeding animal, which would produce an earning of one hundred dollars a year profit and an increase of five to twenty-five annually, which will themselves duplicate the work of the parent animals and live for one hundred years. This is what an ostrich will do.

Presumably, in course of time, the world is destined to be filled to overflowing with ostriches; but the ostriches of this concern will be superior to other birds, for the literature states—and prints it in italics by way of emphasis—that "as a result of knowledge possessed by this company alone, the ostrich has been completely revolutionized." This is the result:

No longer is he the frigate of the hot desert sands alone but a domesticated Americanized inhabitant of Pennsylvania's coldest section, where he is furnished no artificial heat, permitted to roam at will in the snow and rain, thriving, and, by reason of the cold, producing the highest grade quality of feathers.

This revolution implies a theory that if you turn ostriches out of doors, to scratch around in rain and snow and sleet, they will grow a heavier and a more luxuriant thatch of feathers to keep themselves warm. This is a novel and striking theory. I do not know that zero weather is not good for ostriches. They are witless birds, and perhaps it is simply through lack of intelligence that they have roamed the equatorial zone, ever since Noah loosed them on Ararat, when they might have enjoyed the more salubrious climate of Pennsylvania, or have grown exceedingly fluffy in Greenland or Nova Zembla.

How this "revolution" will work out with birds and feathers in the long run, I do not know; but I recall other experiments of a somewhat similar nature. Was it not, for instance, a Connecticut farmer who demonstrated successfully that his horse liked shoe-pegs as well as

oats, and who planned to continue that diet indefinitely, only the horse "up and died"? Then there was the case of the farmer's boy who fed his hogs abundantly one day and starved them the next, to make the pork grow fat and lean in layers, which was the way he liked it; but somehow or other, the swine would not fatten as they should.

Bearing these disappointments in mind, I think, if I were investing in an ostrich-farm, I should prefer the old style, rather than the "revolutionized" plan of breeding.

COLONIST COMPANIES

I have read with much interest your various articles on Florida land companies. I write to say that in my judgment there is every occasion for cautionary remarks of the same character concerning some of our California "colonist companies."

The method for working such is for a man or group of men to acquire a tract of cheap land almost anywhere in the State, have it surveyed and plotted into five-acre and ten-acre units, and then advertise and circularize in the East and central territory for "colonists."

While there are some meritorious "colonies," there are many frauds and swindles of the worst character. A "colony" not far from where I live, for instance, has soil which is a reddish mixture of clay and gravel, with the natural bed-rock very near the surface, in many places not more than six to twelve inches below cover. It never did and it never will produce anything but short grass in the early spring, and the land is not worth five dollars an acre.

The promoters of the "colony" blasted out some of the rock and brought in soil from a distance. Then they planted an orange-orchard; and when the trees grew large enough on this special patch, they had them photographed and sent the pictures everywhere. Numerous "colonists" came and examined the trees; and finding them apparently flourishing, they bought land at a hundred dollars, and upward, per acre.

In every instance the "colonists" have lost all they paid for their shallow surface land, and sometimes a year's work and all the money spent for improvements; and the game is still going on.

While this scheme of which I am writing is the worst in the State, there are others almost as bad, and my advice to any would-be California colonist is—"Watch out!"

H. N., Chico, Cal.

We think this letter speaks for itself, and calls for no special comment. We shall merely repeat what we have said time and time again—that no one should buy land anywhere without first seeing it, and without determining the full responsibility of the persons selling the land. This applies with the same force to land in California, in Texas, in Maine, or on Long Island, as to Florida or any other region.

A BURR BROTHERS PROMOTION

Having invested some money in the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad, which is under construction in Indiana from La Porte to Gary, before investing any more, as was my intention, I was advised to write you for information. Will you kindly give me your opinion of this proposition?

A. B., New York.

Recent developments in the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad, a property made famous by the Burr Brothers, who are now sojourning on Blackwell's Island, were mentioned at some length in the March number, page 885.

FATHER IN ENGLAND

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "AN IDYL UNDER THE TERROR," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE GIBBS

HE had been Gresham Hall, an American portrait-painter; but reflecting on the crowding honors of the past eight months, he was inclined—without vanity, and as a matter of sober fact—to claim the prominence of the definite article. To himself he had long figured as *the* portrait-painter of a country amiably blind to his achievements. Neither poverty nor obscurity—those jeering clowns attendant upon a man's ambitions—had ever shaken his faith in his inherent powers.

The justification, though late, had come to him in England. The visible symbol of it rose before him against the soft Surrey sky—the house of ancient days, winged, mullioned, ivied according to tradition, with a garden as full of many-colored flowers as one could name in an hour's drowsy reminiscence.

He and Constance had loved the house and called it their own during their first summer in England, when they had lived with a neighboring farmer, knowing no one, and themselves quite unknown. A year later, Gresham's portrait of Mrs. Dallas Byrd, a beautiful American, had set the ball of success rolling.

On this June afternoon—they preferred Surrey in June to London in the season—he was thinking, with a half humorous sympathy, of Constance's delight in her first "important" dinner-party, to be given next day to Sir Hubert and Lady King, the walls of whose manor rose impressively in the distance. With them would come their beautiful young kinswoman, Lady Muriel Fenton, an heiress, who had the look of a girl wilfully refusing to be gay because of some secret deprivation. Constance, meeting her at a garden-party, had succumbed

at once to the fascination of her beauty and her unyouthful melancholy.

The dinner-party marked Constance's admission to the society of the county. To Gresham's amusement, she was entering the portals with the calm of one who has never felt herself excluded. He loved to see her slight, graceful figure against the background of London drawing-rooms—and to remember where he had first seen her. They had met in a forlorn little district school, he barefoot and she in blue gingham. He acknowledged the thaumaturgic powers of the great republic!

His peaceful reflections, lazily unwinding with the smoke of his pipe, were cut sharply through by the vision of an agitated Constance walking hurriedly toward him. She held a letter in her hand.

He saw that she was troubled before she spoke. Some bolt from the blue had brought her out of her pleasant preoccupation with the details of her dinner-party. She fixed him in pained silence for a moment, then held out the letter.

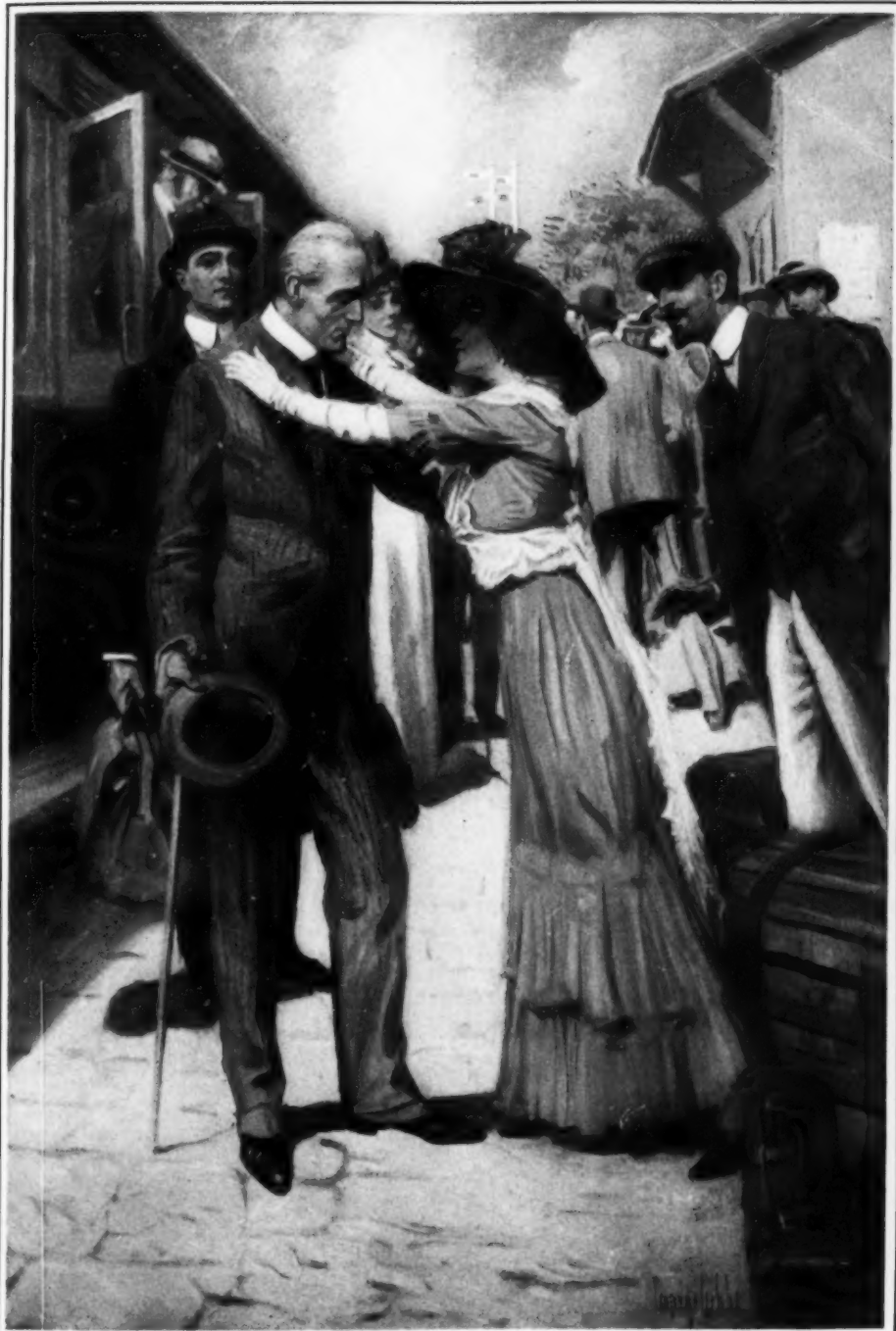
"Father Hall's in London," she announced.

"Good gracious!" Gresham ejaculated.

"He is traveling down to the Grange tomorrow morning. He'll arrive at noon," she went on with the voice of fate. "He's a love, and he's your parent, Gresham, but oh, why, why did he come just at this time?"

"This is facetiousness on the part of the dear old boy," Gresham said warmly, untroubled by the ghosts of the English aristocracy. "He wanted to surprise us, Con. He has been threatening to for a year."

"I don't like surprises," Constance answered. "They always come when you want to do something entirely different."



FROM A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE A FIGURE ALIGHTED, WHICH TO GRESHAM WAS AT ONCE
FAMILIAR AND UNFAMILIAR

"Will it upset your dinner-party?"

"Numerically, yes—and—and I'm afraid father won't enjoy it," she hesitated. Then the spirit of sincerity in her forced the truth from her lips. "I mean that I sha'n't enjoy it. You know how hard it is to mix elements that don't naturally come together. If I knew these people well, I could carry it off, but—but I was beginning to have stage fright, and this has finished me!"

"It's easily averted. We'll just wire dad to give another day to the Tower of London. I'll run up this afternoon and take him to the Carlton for dinner, and explain that your household arrangements won't permit of your receiving him before the day after to-morrow."

She was silent for a moment. He perceived that she was fighting a battle with herself. Constance's social conscience was very sensitive, but she had inherited from her New England ancestors a still more sensitive apprehension of one's duties and obligations as a member of a family. She acknowledged "in-laws," and paid all the usual penalties without grudging. Gresham himself had more than once been obliged to intervene between her and some tribute that she believed necessary to lay upon the family altar. He saw that the conjunction of a dinner-party to Sir Hubert and Lady King with the arrival of John Hall was to prove her Waterloo.

Taking the letter gently from her, he read the amazing news with more satisfaction than, under the circumstances, he cared to display. It ran thus:

DEAR CONNIE:

I left the farm a week ago last Wednesday. They all thought I was crazy to go just before haying, but I got kind of a hankering to see you and Gresh in that new house of yours, which Gresh writes is a beauty, but not long on plumbing, and rather damp. My rheumatism, thank the Lord, is better, so I guess it will be all right for me, and I can sit in the sun when you have any—which, judging by this town of London, ain't often.

It's a great old town, just the same. I've been to St. Paul's and the Tower, but enjoy driving in Hyde Park best. They're good judges of horse-flesh, these Englishmen; and the mutton-chop I had for breakfast this morning was eight inches long, if it was an inch. I brought one of the hired men with me to look after me on the route—a right smart fellow. We're putting up at Claridge's.

At this point Gresham dropped the letter.

"Claridge's!" he roared. "Who steered father to Claridge's—and how on earth did he get in there?"

Constance shook her head mournfully.

"He's such a dear," she said with an accent of remorse, "it seems dreadful not to be glad to see him!"

"You will be glad to see him—day after to-morrow. I'll run up, as I said, and fix it up for you."

She drew a long breath and faced him.

"No! I'm not going to be a coward, if it costs me my presentation at court. Father shall come and be at the party. I don't care what he says or what he does. I don't care if he talks about his friend the blacksmith at Hicks Corners."

"Oh, but you do! You do! And what's the use, Con? If you're going to be in misery all through dinner, you might just as well do the usual thing. Other women don't let their father-in-laws from somewhere in New York State break up their first fashionable dinner-party. Climbers have no family ties. If they did, they couldn't climb."

"We are not in that class," she said proudly. "Go up to London, and bring father down to-night, if he'll come."

Gresham patted her shoulder.

"Bully for you! You're the same old trump I knew at district school!"

"No, Gresham. I'm horrid," she sighed. "If I'd been a real person, I should never have hesitated."

II

NEXT morning, at eleven o'clock, they started for the little station, two miles away. Constance was in a calmer frame of mind, having summoned a pretty American girl, Betty Griscoll, from London, to balance the table. Betty would be the elder Mr. Hall's dinner-companion. On his other hand Constance intended to seat Lady Muriel Fenton, whose wistful gravity seemed to imply an understanding spirit.

Gresham felt boyishly happy. Between him and his father was a strong bond of sympathy, strengthened through the years by the latter's willingness to aid his son's career to the utmost. Gresham had been braced for the struggle by his belief in himself and in his art, but his father had had the courage to spend money for the support of something he didn't understand.

"I wonder if father has evening clothes?"

Constance said as they stood waiting on the platform.

"I don't think he has," Gresham returned abstractedly.

He was thinking of the day when he left the farm to become an art-student.

"Well, old gentlemen have privileges," Constance commented.

She was of the temperament which, once accepting a situation, refuses to lament the necessity for compliance.

The whistle of the train banished from her mind everything but the fact that she was honestly glad to see her father-in-law; that she would enjoy his delight in meeting Gresham and inspecting the new home.

From a first-class carriage a figure alighted, which to Gresham was at once familiar and unfamiliar. He recognized his honored father, but never had he beheld that father in such a glory of new raiment. From his hat to his shoes John Hall was immaculately, scrupulously, yet unobtrusively arrayed in the best of English clothes.

Following him with new Gladstone bags came a tall, handsome man, evidently the "hired man" of whom Mr. Hall had written. Constance, transfixed by this vision, hesitated one breathless moment, then embraced her father-in-law.

"You old dear!" she cried.

"Yes, ma'am, I've arrived," John Hall answered placidly, as he kissed her. "How are you, Gresh? Looks like a mighty pretty country down here, if a trifle damp. Is that your rig? Watson, just put those valises in here and see to that trunk of mine."

Watson touched his hat. He kept his eyes down, and did not speak. Constance, regarding him for a moment with frank curiosity, thought she had seldom seen a finer-looking valet. She made the mental reflection that the country districts of the United States sometimes produce more finished types than the cities.

They drove away, leaving the silent Watson to bring the luggage in a hack. John Hall, in his English clothes, sat calmly between his son and his daughter-in-law, telling them about his journey, the surprising and novel details of which he had accepted with complete imperturbability. To judge by his outward demeanor, he might have spent his life traveling around the world, instead of farming in New York State.

"You're set up to the king's taste, father," Gresham remarked genially.

"Well, I was sort of shabby when I first took the notion of coming over here; and as they told me clothes were cheap in London, I thought I'd wait until I struck that town before fixing up much. Then I went

to a tailor on Bond Street, and told him I wanted everything I'd need so as to do credit to my folks over here. He treated me like a son—barrin' his bill. But I got everything—dinner-coat, frock coat for Sundays, spats, great-coat, dreadnought. I said:

"If the articles are as funny as their names, I'll be a show for Harmonyville on my return to my native land!"

"He allowed the styles might be different in the States. I told him I was the father of Gresham Hall, and he brightened up considerable when he heard that."

John Hall beamed upon his son. Constance squeezed Gresham's hand.

"That's a fine-looking hired man you've brought with you, dad," Gresham said.

A smile flickered over the old gentleman's face.

"He's a smart fellow, Watson—wanted to see the world a little, so I brought him along. Mighty pretty country around here. Is that your house yonder?"

"Oh, no! That's Sir Hubert and Lady King's manor-house. They are dining with us to-night."

"I'm glad you have good neighbors. I suppose you have dinner at eight. That seems real queer to me. I wonder what the folks in Harmonyville would say if they could see me sitting down to dinner at the hour most of 'em go to bed!"

"You're to take Betty Griscoll in to dinner. You remember Betty, don't you?" Constance said.

"Charles Griscoll's little girl? I haven't seen her since she wore her hair in braids, before her mother took her to Europe. You don't say Betty's in the neighborhood?"

"She's coming down from London this afternoon. This is the Grange, father."

"Pretty place—looks like the pictures of England you see sometimes in the magazines. Gresh tells me you haven't any gas."

"No, we go to bed with candles."

"Well, that's nothing new to me."

When Constance was alone with her husband, she put her arms about him with a sigh of relief.

"Isn't he a duck? To think of his going to Bond Street to be made a credit to us! I'd be a villain if I cared now what he did. I thought I'd drill him not to use his fork for everything, as they do at home, but I'm just going to resign him to the instincts of his beautiful nature. Oh, Gresh, when the republic turns out a real man, you can't improve upon him anywhere!"

"The valet takes me," Gresham commented. "I don't remember ever seeing that type of hired man near Harmonyville, though father generally picked good men."

"I told the parlor-maid to look out for him a little, as he was an American and not used to the country. She gave me a surprised look, but she only said, 'Very well, madam.' I think they'd say 'Yes, madam,' if you told them to fetch you the north pole by half past four!"

"The hired man was dad's stroke of genius. The dear old boy has a sense of humor—and people with a sense of humor could go to any court in Europe and hold their own," Gresham commented.

Betty Griscoll arrived in the afternoon with her boxes, her English accent, and her American sparkle. She made much of John Hall, reminding him of sundry hay-rides with which he had favored her in her infancy. She questioned him about his handsome valet, and besought his impressions of London as well as the latest news of Harmonyville. Tea was a merry function.

Constance had another attack of nervousness while dressing, which ended in a visit to her father-in-law's bedroom to see "how he was getting on." She found him in his evening clothes, his white tie perfectly adjusted, his studs rich and unobtrusive, his pumps beautiful. He was standing by the lattice window, the late sunlight turning his gray hair to silver, his pink, smooth-shaven face expressing placid admiration of the garden scene before him. Watson, in silence, was arranging the brushes and combs on the dressing-table.

"Have they made you comfortable, Watson?" Constance inquired as she was leaving the room.

"Thank you, ma'am, very," he answered, with a moment's raising of his eyelids.

Constance departed, more mystified than ever.

III

At ten minutes to eight the dinner-guests had all assembled in the drawing-room, and had been presented to one another in the American fashion which Constance chose to follow. Sir Hubert King was a tall, stiff Englishman with a capacity for self-contained silence only balanced by his wife's gentle volubility. She had a sweet, narrow face and vague blue eyes, and wore many trinkets over the old lace of her dinner gown.

But the tender quality and rich importance of the occasion centered, to Constance's mind, in the beautiful, tired grace of Lady Muriel Fenton. She was a complete justification of the aristocratic system in terms of poetry. The lines of her figure, the oval of her face, the expression of her eyes, the folded rose of her mouth, were the very apotheosis of girlhood's privileges. It seemed that she was not claiming the right to joy.

She looked attentively at her host's father when she was introduced to him. Her interest appeared to deepen upon his telling her that he had recently crossed the Atlantic. She asked for a description of his native State. John Hall regarded her with frank admiration, and willingly answered her questions. Betty was dazzling a vicar whose acquaintance with American girls had been limited.

Dinner being announced, Gresham gave his arm to Lady King, while Constance took the arm of Sir Hubert, of whom she stood rather in awe. She breathed more freely, however. So far, everything had gone without a hitch.

The courses proceeded in their order, the conversation gradually becoming general. John Hall, seated between two beautiful girls, addressed a fatherly word to them occasionally. Constance, watching him out of the corner of her eye, was surprised to see that he used his fish-knife in the Anglican manner, and was entirely unabashed by the English modes of serving. She tried not to cherish the hope, but she did cherish it, that he would eat his dinner in this beautiful, faultless obscurity, and on the secure ground of next-door-neighbor conversation.

Lady Muriel Fenton was now talking with the vicar, her interest in American scenery having apparently waned. Suddenly Sir Hubert upset the comely order of affairs by leaning across the table and directly addressing John Hall.

"This is your first visit to England, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. I never made out to come before this year—don't believe I ever would have come if it hadn't been for Gresham. I sort of thought I'd like to see how he was situated. I never was much of a hand to travel, but I liked it first-rate once I got started."

Constance, to her self-contempt, felt her cheeks getting pink. She intervened quickly.

"You think of us as a nation of travel-

ers, Sir Hubert. Some of us cling to our soil very closely."

"Yes, I have never left the farm much," John Hall said calmly.

"If you saw as many Englishmen in the States as we see Americans in England," Lady King said, "you would not have to travel to become acquainted with us."

"Yes, that's true," John Hall agreed; then added reflectively: "But just one Englishman will bring a lot of his country to you—just one thorough Englishman."

Sir Hubert straightened himself in his chair, leaning forward a little. The vicar looked interested. Lady Muriel turned abruptly. The mask of indifference had fallen from her face.

"You knew an Englishman in the United States?" she questioned.

"Yes, I knew an Englishman," John Hall said slowly. "He arrived at the farm one evening just at milking-time—a tall young fellow, as good-looking as they are in story-books. He told me nothing about himself—they never do—but he asked for work. I looked at his hands, and shook my head, though the hay-harvest was beginning and I needed help.

"Try me," he said.

"I asked him what he could do. For answer he stripped off his coat and made for the nearest cow—old Delilah, a bad-tempered Holstein. I warned him that she'd kick a stranger; but he said something to her in the English way that sounds to us like talking with pebbles in one's mouth, patted her side, and I'm blessed if she didn't turn around and smile at him! He fetched a pail, and Delilah continued to smile. The next morning she kicked her usual milker, so I had to keep the Englishman. He was mighty smart in other ways, too. He rode a horse as if he grew on it, and I never saw a better shot at the Wild West Show."

"A—gentleman?" Sir Hubert said.

"I never discovered that he wasn't—if bein' white and straight answers that description."

Sir Hubert looked puzzled. Constance was thinking that the Gladstone bags were explained, also Father Hall's happy familiarity with the fish-knife. His man, whom she had accepted as an unusual farm-hand from the United States, had been probably a valet in some good English family.

She was conscious that the narrative, far from offending her guests, was drawing

them into a closer circle. Lady Muriel, a pretty glow in her serious face, was drinking in every word. Lady King's pale blue eyes expressed the deepest interest. John Hall paused, and Lady Muriel interposed.

"And then?"

"He stayed on all that winter, and he told me more about England than I could have learned in a college course, though he never told me about his folks, or where he lived. It wasn't so much what he said, however, as what he was, that made England clear to me—what he was, and what he did in his perfectly immovable, good-natured, silent way. He never gave up an inch of the ground he had brought with him, and that, I guess, was the whole United Kingdom. When I made up my mind to come over and see my son, I thought I'd ask that young man to come over as a kind of guide. He had seemed sort o' homesick for months. He jumped at the chance—or rather he told me very solemnly that it would be jolly. I'm real glad now I brought him."

There followed a silence too reflective for the amenities of a dinner-party. Then Sir Hubert suddenly changed the subject. Lady Muriel began talking to the man on her left. Constance was glad that the signal for rising would soon be given.

When the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, Sir Hubert rose from his chair and seated himself between Gresham and his father. John Hall had declined wine, but was enjoying his cigar in easy silence. The politics of the hour being the first subject broached, he remained a placid listener. Sir Hubert's remarks were perfunctory, as if his mind wandered to other matters. He turned abruptly, at last, and asked:

"Just when did you say that young Englishman showed up at your farm?"

John Hall was about to answer when the parlor-maid handed him a note. He opened it and read:

DEAR M^R. HALL:

May I see you a moment in the library? I have a favor to ask of you.

Sincerely yours,

MURIEL FENTON.

"May I be excused, Gresham, for a moment?" the old gentleman asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Lady Muriel is waiting in the library, sir," the parlor-maid whispered. "May I show you down, sir?"

"Thanks. I know the way."

John Hall descended to the ground floor, pausing an instant in one of the doorways which opened upon a broad terrace, now bathed in the warm glory of the afterglow. The library windows commanded the terrace, the windows of the drawing-room above giving upon another garden to the east. Beneath the yellow, close-pressing sky the whole landscape seemed to be hushed in a tender trance.

"Real pretty!" he commented, and advanced to meet the young lady.

IV

LADY MURIEL was standing in the embrasure of one of the windows, a slender lily from as old a soil as that surrounding the Grange. She held her head proudly as she advanced to meet him, but her eyes were girlhood's of any land, shy, sweet, and, for the moment, appealingly wistful.

"I am taking you away from the others," she said, "but I wanted so much to see you alone, Mr. Hall—to ask you certain questions. When one has been in the wrong one must do what one can—"

"Yes, my dear," he interrupted paternally.

She hesitated, blushed, and then disciplined herself to go on.

"Will you tell me if the young Englishman who came to you has blue eyes under very wide, straight brows, and hair with chestnut shades in it, and if sometimes, when he is embarrassed, he stammers a little?"

"You describe him precisely, Lady Muriel," John Hall said.

Her face brightened, paled, flushed to rose. Her eyes opened to some delightful vision.

"He wore a sapphire ring on his little finger," John Hall continued musingly, his eyes at gaze upon the garden. "He used to twist it sometimes and look at it as if it was a keepsake."

Every word seemed to give her life. Her beauty, under the dawn of a secret hope, took on a magic quality. John Hall heard her quick breathing before she said:

"Where is he now?"

"Where he doesn't belong, my dear. It was his own choice, like a prince traveling incognito, I suppose. I was never fooled; but I consented, thinking he might have good reasons of his own."

"He's here!" she cried.

"He's in the servants' hall. I trust he

is a friend of yours—a nice, manly chap, but a little quick-tempered."

"Yes! Yes!" she cried ecstatically.

"Oh, I must be sure!"

"You shall be. Shall I send him here?"

"Yes, please. No, I'll go into the garden. You can send him to me with this fan, as if—as if I had dropped it. Pardon me," she added with sweet entreaty, "but I had a quarrel with a good friend. I feel I must make amends, if by any wonderful chance—"

"Quite right. But"—he paused, his kindly face full of concern for this brilliant young creature, who brought all England's finished beauty to him—"but, my dear, there's many an Englishman afloat in the United States. You might be disappointed."

"I can hardly look beyond a disappointment," she answered.

When John Hall returned to the dining-room every one had left it but Sir Hubert King.

"We were interrupted," he remarked.

"Will you have another cigar, Mr. Hall?"

"No, thank you, sir. One's my limit."

Sir Hubert puffed at his own. He seemed ill at ease. After a while he began:

"I have a young friend who, two years ago, went off half-cock after a double quarrel—the more serious one being with his uncle, a peppery person himself, who has since died. This boy's in the States somewhere. For the past three months the lawyers have been hot on his trail; but he is proud as the deuce, and will probably stay hidden until he has proved some point to his self-willed spirit. He doesn't belong to this county—comes from a northern shire, but he used to visit us. He is now Lord Erskine, and a large estate is waiting for him."

"My man's name is Watson," John Hall remarked with a dry smile, "but maybe if you took a look at him you'd feel better satisfied. Come this way."

They descended to the ground floor, went out on the library terrace, crossed the lawn, and entered a garden-path that led to an old fountain. The path suddenly opening, John Hall pointed to two seated figures.

"That's my man Watson," he said, "and his arm's around Lady Muriel Fenton."

Sir Hubert looked, smiled grimly, then wheeled around toward the house.

"Lord Erskine has returned to his native land," he commented. "Shall we join the ladies?"

THE LIVE WIRE

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE PEPPER AND MRS. MAYNESTEIGH," ETC.

CARL P. STRYVER jumped from the moving trolley-car and hurried up a suburban cross street. His energetic gait was almost a run, but it was dignified by the important expression of his face. He had recently acquired the art of always appearing overburdened by vast and mysterious plans.

An appreciative passenger on the rear seat of the car spoke to the conductor.

"That lad's a live wire, hey?"

"You bet!" agreed the official. "The city of Leeton never had no such a booster as Carl P., nor any other city of our size here in Ohier, I guess!"

The twelve-o'clock whistles shrieked hoarsely as Stryver burst into his house like a tropical storm. Since the day when he resigned his clerkship in the Leeton Bank to accept the office of secretary of the new Board of Trade, he very seldom came home for the midday meal, which he had of late learned to call lunch, and which his wife still called dinner. Rose was therefore surprised, and genuinely pleased, to see him.

"Why, Carl!" she cried delightedly from the little dining-room. "I'll tell Katie to get a chop or something. I'm eating my favorite rusks and milk. Did you stop at the butcher's?"

"Didn't-have-time," panted Stryver, in one word.

"If you'd only let me do the marketing again—" began Rose.

But she did not conclude. Stryver, without removing his top hat, had already dashed up-stairs in search of some papers that he had left in a pocket of his business suit. When he descended, he found Rose gazing ruefully at the bare table.

"We can scare up eggs for an omelet," she said; "but Deeley's man hasn't fixed the gas stove. I can't understand why I shouldn't attend to that, Carl, as well as you!"

"Of course you can't understand, dear," said Carl. "No woman could understand Board of Trade affairs, any better than she could help in them. Deeley has just joined the board, and I want to get into personal touch with him, so I'll attend to the stove myself, perhaps to-morrow, Rosamond."

She smiled good-humoredly, for she was not yet accustomed to the impressive alteration of her name which Stryver had established.

"And why not to-day?"

"To-day?" he snorted. "Gracious powers! To-day is the biggest day in the history of the Board of Trade. Mr. Niles is scheduled to arrive this afternoon—the great Mr. Amos Niles, of Pittsburgh—and if he takes a shine to Leeton people, and moves one of his boiler-works here, it will be a feather in the board's cap, I can tell you, that the city won't forget!"

"Well, Carl, I hope the boiler-works may help the city more than that bankrupt clothing-store did, that you persuaded to move here from Toledo last spring."

"Tschuh!" remarked Stryver; and he bustled about, jamming the papers into the skirt of his best coat.

"I do wish you'd stay for din—for luncheon with me!" said Rose in a slightly changed voice. "Mother sent a box from the farm this morning—pies, and currant wine, and sausages, and things."

"No, I can't spare a minute, Rosamond. We have a committee-meeting at twelve thirty to arrange a grand banquet for Mr. Niles to-night. We're going to show Mr. Niles how proud we are of the place we live in, and how we're always trying to make it better. Good-by!"

He tripped on a tear in the faded carpet, which even Rose's skilled darning had been unable to remedy, and hastened out of the front door. The glass of the door was cracked. Carl, scurrying down the street,

remembered with a tiny qualm that he had promised Rose to have new glass installed. The door needed paint, too—as did the whole house, for that matter. Some day he would have time to look after it, and to buy a new carpet. Stryver had decided to look after all such domestic details, because he had heard an address at the Board of Trade rooms on "High Cost of Living Due to Unscientific Management."

Rose finished her solitary meal rather pensively, although she was a bright-natured, country-bred girl, given to making the best of everything, even of neglect. When Katie applied for leave of absence for the afternoon, Rose told the servant cheerfully that she might have the evening, too, because Mr. Stryver would not be home for supper. Then Rose sat down at the parlor window, with her sewing.

It was nearly five o'clock when the accident happened. An automobile skidded against a post opposite the Stryvers' house. There was a muffled feminine scream from the covered tonneau; and a stout old gentleman clambered out of it to the sidewalk and shook his fist at the chauffeur.

"You no-count idjut!" he roared. "You've gone and scared my wife into conniption fits again, you French fool!"

The strange gentleman, with his red face and linen duster, at once and forcibly reminded Rose of an angry farmer in a hay-field.

"Get out o' this pesky go-cart, Martha!" yelled he, diving under the limousine and producing therefrom a limp old lady, evidently on the verge of hysterics, or worse.

Again did Rose seem to recognize her own kind. The strange lady, in spite of modish clothes, might have been a farmer's wife, whose kitchen stove had broken down when the missionary society was expected.

Mrs. Stryver fairly flew to her dining-room, back to the front door, and down her front steps, bearing a bottle and a glass.

"There, there, dearie!" she said to the limp old lady. "Don't you take on. You drink this, and come right into the house and lie down, and stay as long as you want to."

The lady accepted the support of Rose's strong young arm without an instant's hesitation. The gentleman appeared to be equally accustomed to quick decisions.

"Thank you, ma'am," he acknowledged. "You're real folksy to strangers, for a city woman, ain't you? Martha's sort o' half

sick. I'd ought to 'a' known better than to fetched her on this trip, and—what's this? Currant wine? Well, say! I haven't seen any currant wine in a reg'lar dog's age!"

"I'll give you a farm-made apple-pie to go with it," laughed Mrs. Stryver.

He beamed gratefully; and while Rose assisted his wife into the house, he turned on the French chauffeur, who was tinkering at the wheel.

"Listen, you!" exploded the old gentleman. "We'll stop here quite a spell. You can mend that axle or not, I don't care two cents. I'd as lief dump the whole shebang into my boiler-works, for scrap-iron!"

"Vairy good," jabbered the chauffeur, touching his cap. "Vairy good, Meester Neels."

Meanwhile, at the rooms of the Leeton Board of Trade, the reception committee, high-collared and frock-coated, waited anxiously for Mr. Amos Niles of Pittsburgh. Each of the five members wore in his lapel a small badge shaped like the sole of a shoe and inscribed: "My Heart and Soul for Leeton." The badge had been happily devised by Carl Stryver in honor of the first accomplishment of the Board of Trade, which was the importation to the city of a shoe-factory, now extinct.

Stryver sat at the secretary's desk in a corner of one of the rooms. Beside him sat the landlord of the Majestic Hotel.

"We will have the claret served with the entrée," said Stryver, scowling at a portentous dinner-card.

"Wouldn't you rather have wine than claret?" hinted the landlord.

"That's right," put in Meyer, the committee's chairman. "We've got to blow Mr. Niles clean off his feet. He must be a great spender. Remember the day we called on him, Carl, and the way he ordered people 'round? I guess we can size up a man O. K. What jollies a millionaire like him is lugs, and plenty of 'em. Make it wine!"

"I had planned the champagne with the seventh course—the truffle croquettes," explained Stryver; "but we'll have it earlier, if you prefer." He glanced at his watch. "After five o'clock already!" he announced nervously.

"Maybe the train's late," suggested the chairman.

"Maybe he won't come by train," Stryver rejoined. "His letter didn't say. By George, is that our telephone ringing?"

He secluded himself in a telephone-booth.

No sooner had he done so than the hall door of the room opened slowly. Mr. Meyer started and caught his breath. The committee stood at attention, as if being photographed. But the arrival was merely Judge Broderick, a tall, angular old fellow in a crumpled suit of tweeds.

"I see by the evening paper, Meyer," said the judge pleasantly, "that I'm down for a speech to-night at your Board of Trade fandango."

Meyer looked shocked.

"Judge, the uplift of Leeton—"

"The uplift of Leeton," interrupted Broderick, "depends more on taking care of what we've got already than on roping in new, lop-sided industries, helter-skelter. However, I didn't come to talk about that. One of Amos Niles's plants would be a fine thing for us, of course. I believe he means to put one in here, unless you queer him with your banquets, and wine, and badges, and boosting flummery. Did you ever meet Amos?"

"We had an hour's interview with Mr. Niles last month," replied Meyer, with frigid reproof.

"You probably did all the interviewing," said the judge. "I don't understand how an intelligent person, with half an eye, could fail to see in a minute that Amos is still just a plain—hullo, Stryver! What's the matter? You look as if you had a heap on your mind, so I reckon I'll be going. So long, men!"

Carl had not observed Judge Broderick. Carl's face was white and set, and he rested both clenched fists on the table, with the air of a United States President, whose entire reputation is at stake, confronting a national crisis in the Cabinet.

"Gentlemen," he said firmly, "there has been a change in our arrangements. Amos Niles is at my house. I shall expect you there within an hour or so. Now, leave this to me—don't ask me to waste time by explaining!"

He could not have lucidly explained, had he wished to. Rosamond, over the wire, had given him a jumbled report, femininely unbusinesslike and almost incoherent. It was clear from it only that Amos Niles declined to leave Stryver's home. Stryver plunged down the stairs and into a cab.

"Ryan's grocery!" he shouted to the hackman.

The drive gave him an opportunity to think. He checked items excitedly on his

tremulous fingers. He must stop at a florist's, a wine merchant's, a butcher's—

Abruptly, the gas-stove occurred to him. He rapped frantically on the front window of the carriage.

"To Deeley's!" screamed Stryver. "Deeley, the plumber!"

Then, with a sudden spasm akin to toothache, he remembered the cracked glass of his street door. The parlor carpet, too! What opinion would Mr. Niles have about that? Stryver leaned back in the cab and groaned penitently. Why hadn't he taken care of his home? His fingers strayed to the badge in his lapel, and he wondered if the Pittsburgh millionaire had noticed that the porch needed painting.

The carriage rattled up the street to his house, and Stryver dismounted, with his bundles, resembling an overworked Santa Claus. Rose serenely met him on the steps.

"Carl, what in the world are you celebrating?"

"Hush!" he whispered. "Smuggle this gasfitter into the kitchen, can you? Where's Mr. Niles?"

"Up in our bedroom, with his wife. The sweetest old people! But, Carl, the stove needn't be fixed this instant. We've had supper."

"Had din—had supper?"

"Yes," smiled Rose. "Mr. Niles said it was the best he ever ate. I managed pretty well, considering."

"Considering my neglect of things, you mean," supplied Stryver sadly. "I guess, Rose, that boosting, like charity, begins at—oh, my heavens, here he comes downstairs!"

A couple of hours later, the five members of the Board of Trade committee left Stryver's residence, dinnerless but happy. Amos Niles, genial in shirt-sleeves and slippers, had assured them that he was thoroughly satisfied with Leeton, and that one of his factories would be erected there. In the returning trolley-car, Mr. Meyer was moved to enthusiastic comment.

"And the old plutocrat did look satisfied, for a fact," said Mr. Meyer. "How he chuckled over that doughnut, didn't he? Stryver claimed that it was all because of a motor accident, but I believe Carl P. had the whole thing framed up, somehow. That lad's a live wire, hey?"

"You bet!" ejaculated the committee, in fervent chorus.



BETWEEN TWO BLOODS

BY KING KELLEY

AUTHOR OF "A FREE SADDLE," "THE LUMBERJACK," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY A. I. KELLER

IT was good for Milt Comstock that he came upon the Indian village on the Fraser that afternoon in late June. Having had his horses swept under a drift in fording Big Creek two days before, and having escaped with no food-getting implements save a pocket-knife, the rude huts with the cone-shaped teepees standing in front of them spelled life in large letters.

However, it was not so good for the future peace of the Yellowhead Indians; for Matte Ka-lo—in English, the Wild Rose—dwelt among the tribe, and the white man's eyes fell covetously upon her.

Well did this half-breed girl merit the attention of the most critical. Slim and well muscled as the bounding deer, with round throat and full form, with hair and skin shaded and features straightened by the mix of blood, she was neither white nor Indian, but she possessed to the full the wild and cultured excellence of both physiques. Her large, dark, passive eyes suggested deep forest glades with love wooing and yielding forever in the great, clean silence.

Hers was to be the oft-repeated story of a

restless white man and an Indian girl. The Weasel, with whom Milt went hunting on the day after his arrival, told him that her father had come out of the mountains to the north, one day in the late fall. He wintered with the Yellowheads, and in the spring he and the Wild Rose's mother, who was to have married Big John, a great hunter, took a canoe and ran away. They traveled far to the north and found much gold; that nugget bracelet on the Wild Rose's arm was some of it. But in coming back down the Findlay, with the canoe heavily loaded, the white man set his squaw ashore and attempted to shoot a rapid. Neither he nor canoe were ever seen again. The squaw, with the baby girl in her arms, made her way back to her people at the head of the Fraser.

She was very poor; she had not even a teepee in which to sleep or a warm blanket for the coming winter. They pointed the finger of scorn at her until she withered like the leaf on the maple, and died. That was sixteen snows ago. The Wild Rose was a big girl now, and would marry Isadore, the Grizzly, after the autumn moose-hunt.

Milt Comstock's imagination ceased picturing yellow sands in the bed of some far stream, with a life of ease and idleness in the settled districts as an aftermath. The dream that took its place was one of endless wandering with the Wild Rose along the streams and over the lakes of this primitive land. He was young, and romance had never been knocked out of him. He fancied a future in which every coming moment would be a little fuller with joy than the last.

As for the Grizzly, that big, hideous-looking giant with scarred and distorted face where a bear had left its claw-marks, he was no mate for the Wild Rose. True, Isadore would be constant. No fear of his eloping with some other passer-by! With such a mighty hunter, her winter hut would always be stocked with sides of meat.

But so would Milt be unchanging. He would not do as other white men before him had done—take the gold they had found together, and leave her to become a drudge at some settlement. He would play square if he got her; and get her he would. He would use all the craft and cunning and patience of a determined white man. He would get her!

Milt had some money in a belt around his waist. He hired an old Indian to make him a dugout canoe. The Indian worked so slowly that the berries were ripe on the hillsides, and the salmon had come up the river to spawn, by the time the boat was finished; which suited Milt, and gave him time to press his wooing in secret.

He never met the Wild Rose alone. An occasional glance as they passed was the extent of his courtship; but it was fully as effective as an evening *tête-à-tête*. He asked the question with his eyes, and she answered by looking around sharply that no one should see.

Once, in the evening dusk, he came upon her unexpectedly down at the water's edge. She smiled faintly, and he reached out his hand to stay her, but she bounded off up the bank.

His canoe was ready, but still he tarried. As he told Chief Dominick one afternoon, as they lay on the bank of the stream, smoking and watching the advance-guard of the salmon army moving up the shallow water:

"Long time I eat your flour and smoke your tobacco. Now I help you take salmon. When you go down river after flour, I go

'long. I come back to help you hunt moose, then I go away."

"No look young squaws, all right. You stay. Look squaws, no good. My men kill you. Already young men say, 'Why white man no go?'"

II

THE next day the shallows above the village were afoam with fish. With spear in hand Milt waded out with the young bucks to gather the harvest. Ashore, they packed the salmon in willow baskets. Amid the screams of dirty papooses and the snarling of hungry dogs snatching the cast-off parts, the fish were dressed, split open down the back, sprinkled with salt, and hung on poles above a fire, to dry and smoke.

Tons were taken from the stream in a few days—enough to feed the tribe of one hundred and forty, dogs and all, for a year. Then the squaws and girls scattered over the hills to bring in the huckleberries.

Now was the chance for Milt, and warily he sought to improve it. Isadore and a few others were busy constructing the bridal cabin. With the Weasel's gun he wandered into the hills with the other men, to protect the women and children from the bears. He hovered as close as he dared to the Wild Rose, but there were always others near.

The roofs of the huts were completely spread with drying berries, and the pick was drawing to a close, yet he had not spoken to the Wild Rose. The bears had given them no fright, so the squaws boldly spread out over the hills. Milt watched closely, yet it seemed that an opportunity would never come.

One evening, by pure accident, he met her toiling down a wooded ravine with a basket of berries on her back. She was carrying it Indian fashion—her arms through the shoulder-holes, and on her fair brow the head-strap.

He listened. No one was near. He approached the frightened girl, took off her load, and set it on the ground. She would have bounded away, but he clutched her by the arm.

"Wait, Wild Rose! You no want to marry the Grizzly?"

"No!" she whispered.

"Then come away with me! No more hard work—no more head-strap. Me carry heavy loads. We go way off—build cabin—plenty warm blankets—lots clothes—all same white woman."



HE PICTURED TO HER UNDERSTANDING THE BIG WORLD OUTSIDE, WHERE HE WOULD TAKE HER
WHEN THEY HAD FOUND RICHES ON SOME NORTHERN STREAM



SHE TOOK OFF THE STRING OF BEAR-CLAWS AND DROPPED IT TO THE GROUND

She could understand more grammatical English than that, and had learned to talk it fairly well in the mission down at the white settlement, but he forgot this in his eagerness:

"I like to go, but afraid. Isadore follow, kill you, take me back. Then he be mean to me. No get away from him. He know all the streams and lakes. He follow us till snow comes!"

"He won't kill me, Wild Rose, and I won't let him take you back. Me get plenty guns at the town. Me come back, and some night we take canoe and go down river. Lots clothes, warm blankets, no more head-strap, no more mosquitoes. What you say?"

He pictured to her understanding the big world outside, where he would take her when they had found riches on some northern stream. They would be married and live in a big house with lots of doors and windows.

"Maybe you leave me," she broke in. "No can come back. Half white, half Indian, no can go with either. Me stay here, all right. No one ashamed of me. Me go, you leave me, nobody have me!"

The crackle of brush close by warned them of a returning picker. There was no time to reassure her. Milt merely kissed her unresisting face and fled.

The three-hundred-mile voyage through the many rapids to the settlement was full of peril. Milt studied and imitated the tricks of those who steered through the swift water, for it might stand in hand to know.

At the town the Indians sold their winter's catch of fur, or traded it for supplies. They had plenty of fur, and their canoes were loaded down with white men's goods. Isadore, the Grizzly, had an extra canoe-load, as he was to give a big potlatch after the moose-hunt.

Milt found a sixteen-foot Peterborough for sale. This was exactly what he needed. Light and strong, it could be portaged where the cumbrous dugouts could not. He filled it with necessities and comforts for winter, and they made their way back with paddle and tow-line.

The hunt was a big success. Fifteen fat moose, cut into long strips, smoked on the poles where the fish had been. Now all was in readiness for the potlatch, and for the wedding that was to come off on the day following the feast. On that day Father Merts would arrive over the Canoe River Trail.

Milt half felt that his suit was lost, and that it was useless to tarry longer. Twice he had come upon the Wild Rose when no one was about, but she had not even deigned to notice him, much less to speak. He would wait, though; he would stay for the potlatch.

With jerked meat and dried fish he re-enforced his supply, and arranged everything in his canoe for a hurried start. When the last echoes of the feast had died, he would take his leave, girl or no girl.

III

ISADORE, the Grizzly, had that morning taken new glory unto himself by shooting a moose as it drank below and across the river, fully one thousand yards away. The meat was dressed, sliced, and laid on poles out of reach of the ever hungry dogs, ready for the jubilation. All the presents, and all that was to be eaten, were to be the products of the Grizzly's skill as a hunter and trapper.

Through the whole day squaws packed enormous loads of wood on their backs, while the men idly fasted. Even little girls of six or seven carried sticks and added to the pile. Of all the women folks only the Wild Rose was exempt. She remained in the seclusion of the teepee of old Klahowe, her grandmother, and sewed beads on moccasins for the Grizzly.

In the evening a long fire was built on the river bank. Isadore took his place at one end, where the tokens he had brought from the town were piled. Old Simon, the seer of the tribe, was in the center, on one side, and opposite him was Chief Dominick. The rest of the men and boys squatted between these three wherever they could find a place. The squaws that were not chosen to serve ranged themselves at the vacant end, where the Wild Rose was to hold the seat of honor.

There was a great hubbub among the women and girls when it was discovered that the Wild Rose had not come. "Ma-tee Ka-lo, Ma-tee Ka-lo!" passed from mouth to mouth, in almost a panic of fear.

As the moments passed, and still no Wild Rose, there was an awed silence, as if some dreadful visitation was upon them.

She came presently — beautiful in the bead-wrought buckskin dress made from hides that the Grizzly had taken. From moccasins to shoulders she was a gleam with the varicolored globules. Her throat was open, showing the rosary of the Catholic

faith, while her hair, in two braids, hung down over her breast on either side of her face. On her left wrist was the nugget bracelet.

Surely, thought Milt, it was not her Indian blood that had prompted the effect. The art of white ancestors alone could have fashioned that dress and arranged her hair!

Was that neat-fitting raiment, which made stage costumes he had seen of the kind look like the work of a blacksmith, stitched without love for the ugly giant who squatted at the far end of the fire? Was she simply trying to give vent to her longing for the beautiful, ere she passed into the slavery of the head-strap that would twist her form like old Klahowe's?

She had been crying. Milt could see that. Her white nature had been weeping for the unattainable. She had sobbed out her emotions, then consented to her fate; for, as she herself had said, she was neither white nor Indian, and could go with neither, once she left her mother's people.

Milt longed to snatch her up in his arms and dash off through the darkness to his waiting canoe. He felt as if he could stand off the whole tribe with his rifle while he took her from them. They had no right to her! She had said she did not want to marry the Grizzly.

But he realized in a saner moment that force was impossible. Besides, when they got her back, as they surely would, they would taunt and mistreat her, as she said. The only chance was that she would be brave enough to defy them. Milt could hardly expect it of her, yet he would rest on that hope.

With lowered heads they chanted a long prayer, while the yelp of half a hundred dogs, answering the wail of the forest wolf, formed an accompaniment that suggested the struggle of the aborigines to banish civilization and keep the mountains for their own wild kind.

They raised their heads, the meat and sharpened sticks were passed around, and the feast began. Each broiled what he ate, while a continuous drone in the Siwash tongue was kept up.

Most of the moose was devoured, with the aid of the dogs, who were this night allowed to have more than they could steal. Then came the canned goods — peaches, apricots, tomatoes, and pears. Lastly, packages of currants and raisins were passed around.

When everything in sight had been eaten, a quiet of expectation fell over the group at the fire. All eyes turned toward the Grizzly, who rose deliberately, took up the bundles at his back, and passed slowly around the fire. He had a gift for each, ranging from candy for the tallow-smeared papooses to axes for the men, and blankets for the old women.

But the crowning present was a string of bear-claws which the Grizzly advanced to place upon the neck of the Wild Rose. This was the symbol of his prowess as a hunter, and the token that was to bind her to him. If she received it, the thing was settled. She would carry his wood, smoke the meat he killed, and tan his buckskin. If not, he must sulk and wait.

Would she wear the bear-claws? Milt looked away, to quiet the tension of his nerves, then back at the girl. Yes, the circle of her bondage was on her neck; but in her eyes, as she lifted them, there was a wild, reckless defiance.

The old men and women lit pipes. The young bucks were getting civilized, so they rolled cigarettes. The children curled up to sleep; all the others sat as still and unmoving as the trees. Even the dogs were quiet, and no longer answered the far-off wolf. Only an occasional snap of the burning wood cut into the silence.

IV

PRESENTLY, as if the spirit had moved him, the Grizzly spat the stub of his cigarette into the fire, arose, and addressed the group. He used the Chinook jargon of his tribe, which Milt interpreted as follows:

"I was a young boy when I took my first bear. I was carrying the new rifle which my father, Long Charley, gave to me. I heard a scream on the hillside, where the squaws were gathering berries. It was Ma-tee Ka-lo shouting for help. I ran as the wind moves when it comes to tear the withered leaves from the willow and thorn. Ma-tee Ka-lo was fleeing toward me, and close behind her a big she-bear. I sprang between them and fired, but the ball passed behind the heart, and the bear came on, growling in wounded rage. I fired again, but the ball passed through the neck, and did no good. The bear was upon me. I turned to run, but Ma-tee Ka-lo had fallen and could not get away. I fired a third time; then the bear struck me, once, twice, and I knew no more for a long time.

"I had been fair to look at before, but when I came out of my mother's teepee again I was ugly. My face has many scars, I see not well out of one eye, and you named me the Grizzly. That fight did not make me afraid. I have taken many bear since. I have met them when alone, and did not run. I have tracked them into caves and killed them when there were three and four together.

"And Ma-tee Ka-lo has not forgotten. She sees that I am ugly, yet she knows how I came by it, and she will have me. She is part white, but our children will be less so, and theirs less still, until the alien blood is washed out entirely. To-morrow Father Merts will come and marry the Wild Rose to the Grizzly. My brothers, it is good, it is good!"

Pipes were filled again and cigarettes were rolled during the silence that followed. More wood was thrown upon the fire, for the frost was creeping close to the backs of the squatting figures, and the sleeping children were rolling restlessly. Then, when a respectful interval had elapsed, Big John laid aside his pipe and began slowly:

"When I was young like Isadore, the Grizzly, I, too, thought to take the fairest of the tribe to my teepee, to be a mother to my children. I went far into the mountains to trap fur, that she might have plenty store goods. I traveled fast over the snow, for love made me swift and strong. I took many marten and lynx. I could buy much flour and beads and many blankets.

"But in the spring, when the willows along the streams were budding, the Dove left Klahowe's teepee as quietly as the mist rises; went down the river one night with the strange white man who had come out of the north with the first snow, and had warmed at our fires all winter. I followed to kill him and bring her back. Up and down streams and across many lakes I followed them. Far to the north I went, but he was strong and kept ahead.

"When another snow had gone, the Dove came back. She had no man, but a baby. Her moccasins were worn out, for she had traveled far afoot. No one would give her more, and she had nothing to trade with but a bracelet, which she would not give up. She had no teepee to keep off the frost. The squaws mocked at her; the cold nights chilled her, and she died.

"My brothers, this was not good. The holy father, who comes to-morrow, has told

me that it was not good. I am sad to-night that I gave her no blanket and killed no meat for her. The father has told me that she was not to blame, and I believe it. He says that squaws are like the salmon that hurry and struggle to reach the highest stream before casting their spawn. My brothers, I am sad that I gave her no blanket."

The defiance had left the eyes of the Wild Rose ere Big John had concluded. Her breast heaved like the long, slow roll of a wave when the storm has subsided. From her lips came an audible sigh, as if, like the salmon that find a waterfall barring their progress, and that beat themselves to death in trying to clear it, her soul had been rent with longing for the unattainable until she had given up the struggle.

Chief Dominick and two or three more followed the speaker, relating personal experiences, or exhorting the tribe to some duty. Then old Simon feebly tottered to his feet and held out his withered hands, as if to impress his hearers with the solemnity of what he was about to say.

"You that have talked have spoken according to your years; no more. You do not know what lies over the hill. But you have spoken well so far as you know. Listen now to one who has ninety times seen the salmon come up from the sea; to one who has seen the children of tribes that live close to where the trains run grow paler and paler until their dark blood was lost in the white stream."

Simon had been a powerful Indian once, and as the spell of the evening fired him more and more, his legs and back straightened until he towered above the Grizzly's great height. After recounting some of the tribe legends, he went on with things that pertained to the moment.

"We are but a few now. The baking-powder of the white man has eaten out the stomachs of many, and they have died. Others have gone off to the settlements to live and catch the bones that are thrown to them. Hark, the train is coming! Already men have cut a path along the river for it to run on. Let us not stay to be swallowed as the char eat the trout. Let us go when the high water comes again. Let us go away to the north, and find another patch of silence. Our dead will not hear the whistles. Let us leave them. We have done so many times before. From the Columbia's mouth to the head of the Fraser

they are scattered in their sleep. Let us find a new place ere you bury old Simon.

"Some of the young men say, 'The train will bring the flour and sugar closer, and we shall have better guns.' So will it bring white men, who will take our fur, and will give us their vices, but little of their good. Let us not stay for our squaws to become servants to the white women. Big John has spoken well. We should not leave our women to die because they looked on a white man. But as we guard them from the bear while they gather berries, so we should keep the white man from them with our rifles. Should a squaw go way with one of the strangers, we should follow, and never leave their tracks until we have killed him and brought her back.

"My children," he finished impressively, "old Simon has spoken to you through many years. Ponder it well!"

V

THE sleeping ones were roused, and the concluding prayer began. Low at first, it rose gradually until the weird chant became a droning wail, then receded to a murmur and ended. When it was finished, the wolf, like the voice of the wild, raised its hunger-cry in the timber to the east. A moose sent his mate-call echoing down from the farther heights.

A few at a time, the Indians moved noiselessly away to their teepees, and the white man was alone by the fire. The moonlight sparkled on the frost, and the night was deathly still. Down below, the waters hurried by like a timid person passing a cemetery. And over all this grandeur and mystery and quiet there lay the spell of love—sweeter than ever, now that Milt believed it lost.

For how could this simple girl conquer the fear that old Simon must have wrought in her? The white blood might, but not so the Indian. She was resigned to her fate;

by to-morrow Milt would be gone, and Father Merts would marry her to the Grizzly.

He ought to be going at once, but the place was enchanted, and he wanted to stare into the dying fire for a few moments longer—to ride on the slow roll of emotion into which the tension of the last hour had subsided.

He saw her toiling down the slopes with wood or berries on her back, the head-strap matting her hair and twisting her neck. He saw her growing gnarled and wrinkled, bent and old. It was inevitable, for they would pursue and bring her back.

Suddenly, like the turn of a page, he saw her standing in moccasined feet on that clean mountain glade, her dark braids framing the open throat and rosary. Ah, that was a picture he would carry till life went out! From that unrealized fancy, all dream-paths would henceforth slope away.

"I swear I would have been good to her!" came with a last sigh as he arose to go.

He started, then stopped. She was standing there across the coals from him. Her yearning eyes were lifted to the far stars, and the moonlight glittered on the rosary.

No, it wasn't the Wild Rose; it was his imagination. He was half asleep with the picture of her in his mind. He would see her many times that way in the days to come.

But as he stared her hands lifted slowly to her neck. She took off the string of bear-claws, and dropped it to the ground. Her eyes fell to his, and a faint smile played on her moonlit face.

He leaped the coals and laid his hand on her shoulder. She did not vanish. It was the Wild Rose!

With a stifled cry he crushed her in his arms. Then, with noiseless feet, they went together through the frost and down the bank to the waiting canoe.

LIFE AND DEATH

ONE radiant little hour of bliss
Wedged in among long years of strife—
And nothing matters after this,
For love is all there is of life!

A silence, and fair skies grown gray;
Perhaps a catching of the breath
As one puts all life's toys away;
Then sleep—that's all there is of death!

Stella Grenfell Florence

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

CHALLIS WRANDALL, a member of one of the leading families of New York, is found murdered in a suburban road-house. His companion, a woman, presumably the murderess, has disappeared. The dead man is identified by his wife, who comes from New York by a late train. Although it is a stormy winter night, Mrs. Wrاندall refuses to stay at the scene of the tragedy. As the last train has gone, she starts back toward the city alone, in a motor-car which her husband left at the inn.

On the way, she encounters a young woman, lost and wandering on the lonely, snow-covered road, whom she recognizes as answering to the description of her husband's companion. Taken into Mrs. Wrاندall's car, the stranger admits her identity, confesses her crime, and asks to be taken back to the inn, that she may give herself up to the law. Moved by emotions which she herself scarcely understands, Sara Wrاندall refuses this request. Instead, she takes the fugitive to the city, shelters her in her own apartment, and keeps her as a companion. The girl gives her name as Hetty Castleton, daughter of a British army officer. She had come to America expecting to find a position as governess, but had been disappointed, and Challis Wrاندall, who had met her on the steamer, had pretended to be anxious to help her. Of the tragedy that ensued, however, Mrs. Wrاندall will not let her speak.

Hetty's connection with the death of Sara's husband remains unknown, except to herself and Mrs. Wrاندall. She meets Challis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, his brother Leslie, and his sister Vivian, but none of them suspects her. After the funeral, Sara takes her abroad, and soon the whole mysterious affair drops out of the public memory.

About a year later, Sara and Miss Castleton return from Europe, and go to Southlook, Mrs. Wrاندall's country house overlooking Long Island Sound, not far from New York. Here they are visited by Leslie Wrاندall and his friend, Brandon Booth, an artist, both of whom are very much impressed with Hetty's beauty. Booth takes a near-by cottage, and it is arranged that he shall paint a portrait of Miss Castleton. In answer to a casual question, she tells him that she has never posed before; but he is struck by the extraordinary likeness between her and a model used by an English painter of whose work he has seen engravings. She gives a possible explanation of this by saying that there is a London actress, Hetty Glynn, who closely resembles her.

One morning Leslie Wrاندall comes out from New York to Southlook, and confides to Sara that he means to propose to Miss Castleton. Booth, who has been at work on the portrait, comes into the room with Hetty.

XXIII

"**H**ELLO!" cried Booth, catching sight of Wrاندall. "Train late, old chap? We've been expecting you for the last hour. How are you?"

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. His self-esteem was larger than his grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Don't want to disturb you, Brandy," he said. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me."

He passed on to Hetty, who had lagged behind. Bending over her hand, he said

something commonplace in a very low tone, at the same time looking slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding that his friend was regarding him rather fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse and raised the girl's slim hand to his lips. As suddenly he released her fingers and straightened up with a look of surprise in his eyes; he had distinctly heard the agitated catch in her throat.

She was staring at her hand in a stupefied sort of way, holding it rigid before her eyes for a moment before thrusting it behind her back as if it were a thing to be shielded from all scrutiny save her own.

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"You must not do so again, Mr. Wrاندall!" she said in a low, intense voice.

Then she passed him by and hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

Leslie blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him an unwonted sensation of shyness. He had never been abashed before in all his life. Now he was curiously conscious of having overstepped the bounds, and of having been set in his place by a girl. This to him, who had no scruples about boundary-lines!

All through luncheon he was volatile and gay. There was a bright spot in his cheek, however, that betrayed him to Sara, who already suspected the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplaning without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, yet thrilled with pleasure whenever Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-baked schoolboy in her presence—a most deplorable state of affairs, he had to admit.

"If you hate the trains so much, and your automobile is out of whack, why don't you try volplaning down from the Metropolitan Tower?" demanded Booth, in response to Leslie's lugubrious wail against the beastly luck of having to go about in crowded railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, nose-blowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear as yet.

"Sinister suggestion, I must say!" he exclaimed. "You must be eager to see my life-blood spattered all over creation. But, speaking of volplaning, I've had three lessons this week. Next week, Bronson says, I'll be flying like a gull. Gad, it's wonderful! I've had two tumbles, that's all—little ones, of course—net result, a barked knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out you're not flying like an angel before you get through with it, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a Chicago society leader was killed yesterday."

"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrاندall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

"I love it, too," said Hetty, her eyes agleam. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly still in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty or sixty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wrاندall!"

"I'll take you out in a week or two, Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly.

Booth frowned.

"Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business, Miss Castleton, flying about with fledglings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrاندall with some heat. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man!"

"I was merely suggesting she'd better wait till you've got used to your wings."

"Jimmy Van Wickle took his wife with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning.

"It's common report that she keeps Jimmy level, no matter where's she got him," retorted Booth.

"I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss Castleton?"

She smiled.

"Oh, as for that, Mr. Wrاندall, I think we can all trust you to cling pretty closely to your own level."

"Rather ambiguous, that!" he remarked dubiously.

"She means you never get below it, Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself.

"That's the one great principle in aeroplaning," said Wrاندall, quick to recover. "Vivian says I'll break my neck some day, but she admits it will be a heroic way of doing it. Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile or catapulting over a horse's head in Central Park!" He paused for effect before venturing his next conclusion. "It must be ineffably sublime, being squashed after a drop of a mile or two, mustn't it?"

He looked to see Miss Castleton wince, and was somewhat dashed to find that she was looking out of the window, quite oblivious to the peril he had figuratively faced for her especial consideration.

Booth was acutely reminded that the term "prig," as applied to Leslie, was a misnomer. He hated the thought of the other word, which reflectively he rimed with "pad."

Early in the course of this rather one-sided discussion it occurred to Brandon that their hostess was making no effort to take part in it; whether from lack of interest or because of its frivolous nature, he was, of course, unable to determine. Later, he was struck by the curious pallor of her face, and the lack-luster expression of her eyes. She seldom removed her gaze from Wrاندall's face, and yet there persisted in the

observer's mind the rather uncanny impression that she did not hear a word her brother-in-law was saying.

Booth, in turn, took to watching her covertly. At no time did her expression change. For reasons of his own, he did not attempt to draw her into the conversation, fascinated as he was by the study of that beautiful, emotionless face. Once he had the queer sensation of feeling, rather than seeing, a haunted look in her eyes, but he put it down to fancy on his part. Doubtless, he concluded, the face or voice or manner of her husband's brother recalled tragic memories from which she could not disengage herself.

It was some time before Booth realized that she made but the slightest pretense of touching the food that was placed before her by the footman. Leslie babbled on in blissful disregard for this strange ghost at the feast—for, to Brandon's mind, the ghost of Challis Wrاندall was there.

Turning to Miss Castleton with a significant look in his eyes, meant to call her attention to Mrs. Wrاندall, the artist was amazed to find that every vestige of color had gone from the girl's face. She was listening to Wrاندall and replying in monosyllables, but that she was aware of the other woman's abstraction was not for an instant to be doubted. Suddenly, after a quick glance at Sara's face, she looked squarely into Booth's eyes, and he saw in hers an expression of actual concern, if not alarm.

Leslie was in the middle of a sentence when Sara laughed aloud, without excuse or reason. The next instant she was looking from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, as if coming out of a dream.

Wrاندall turned scarlet. There had been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. Flushing slightly, Sara murmured something about having thought of an amusing story, and begged him to go on, for she wouldn't be rude again.

He had little zest for continuing the subject, and sullenly disposed of it in a word or two.

"What the deuce was there to laugh at, Brandy?" he demanded of his friend, after the women had left them together on the porch, a few minutes later.

Hetty had gone up-stairs with Mrs. Wrاندall, her arm clasped tightly about the older woman's waist.

"I dare say she was thinking about you falling a mile or two," said Booth pleasantly.

But Brandon, too, was perplexed.

XXIV

THE young men cooled their heels for an hour before word was brought down to them that Mrs. Wrاندall begged to be excused for the afternoon, on account of a severe headache. Miss Castleton was with her, but would be down later on. Meanwhile, they were to make themselves at home, and so on and so forth.

Booth took his departure, leaving Wrاندall in sole possession of the porch. Leslie was restless, nervous, excited; half afraid to stay there and face Hetty with the proposal he was determined to make, but wholly afraid to forsake the porch, and run the risk of missing her altogether.

Another hour passed. Leslie's heels were quite cool by this time, but his blood was boiling. This was a fine way to treat a fellow who had gone to the trouble to come all the way out in a stuffy train!

With considerable asperity, he rang for a servant, and commanded him to fetch a time-table, and to be quick about it. There might be a train leaving before he could get back, if it took him as long to find it as it took other people to remember their obligations! Leslie's sarcasm failed to impress Murray, who said he thought there was a schedule in Mrs. Wrاندall's room, and he'd get it as soon as the way was clear, if Mr. Wrاندall didn't mind waiting.

"If I minded waiting," snapped Leslie, "I wouldn't be here now!"

"It's the thing most people object to in the country, sir," said Murray consolingly. "Waiting for trains, sir."

"And the sunset," added Mr. Wrاندall pointedly, with a westward glare.

"We don't mind that, sir. We rather look forward to it. It means one day less of waiting for the trains."

This was rather cryptic, but Leslie was too deeply absorbed in self-pity to take account of the pathos in Murray's philosophy.

"What time is it, Murray?"

"Five twenty, Mr. Wrاندall."

"That's all, Murray."

"Thank you, sir."

As the footman was leaving, Sara's automobile whirled up to the porte-cochère.

"Who is going out, Murray?" he called in surprise.

"Miss Castleton, sir—for the air, sir."
"The deuce you say!" gasped the harassed Mr. Wrاندall.

It was a pretty kettle of fish!

Hetty appeared a few minutes later, attired for motoring.

"Oh, there you are," she said, espying him. "I am going for a spin. Want to come along?"

"If you don't mind being encumbered," he remarked sourly.

"I don't in the least mind," said she sweetly.

"Where are you going?" he asked, without much enthusiasm.

He wasn't to be caught appearing eager, not he! Besides, it wasn't anything to be flippant about.

"Yonder," she said, with a liberal sweep of her arm, taking in the whole landscape. "To be home in time to dress for dinner," she added, as if to relieve his mind.

"Good Heavens!" he groaned. "Do we have to eat again?"

"We have to dress for it, at least," she replied.

"I'll go!" he exclaimed, and ambled off to secure a cap and coat.

"Sara has planned a run to Lenox tomorrow if it doesn't rain," she informed him on his return.

"Oh!" he said, staring. "Booth gets a day off on the portrait, then?"

"Being Sunday," she smiled. "We knock off on Sundays and bank holidays. But, after all, he doesn't really get a holiday. He is to go with us, poor fellow."

Leslie looked as if he expected nothing. He could only sit back and wonder what Sara meant by behaving like this.

It was not by way of being a profitable excursion, if we are to judge by the amount of pleasure Leslie derived from the two hours' spin through the cool, leafy byways with the object of his heart's desire on the seat beside him. He tried to screw up his courage to the point of asking her why he shouldn't kiss her hand, which might have opened the way to more profound interrogations; but somehow he felt unable to cope with the serenity that confronted him. Moreover, he had a horrible conviction that the chauffeur was a brute with abnormally long ears and a correspondingly short sense of honor.

No, it was not the time or the place for love-making. He would have to be content to bide his time till after dinner, which

now began to lose some of its disadvantages. There was a most engaging nook, he remembered, in the corner of the garden facing the Sound, where the shadows were deep; where sentiment could thrive on its own ecstasy; where no confounded menial dared to show his face.

They returned at seven. Dinner was unusually merry. Sara appeared to have recovered from her indisposition; there was color in her cheeks and life in her smile. Leslie took it to be an omen of good fortune, and was immeasurably confident. The soft, cool breezes of the starlit night blew visions of impending happiness across his lively imagination; fanned his impatience with gentle ardor; filled him with suppressed sighs of contentment; made him willing to forego the delight of conquest that he might live the longer in serene anticipation of its thrills.

Ten o'clock came. He arose and stretched himself in a sort of ecstasy. His heart was thumping loudly, his senses swam. Walking to the veranda-rail, he looked out across the moonlit Sound, then down at the selected nook over against the garden wall—spot to be immortalized!—and actually shivered. In ten minutes' time, or even less, she would be down there in his arms! Exquisite meditations!

He turned to her with an engaging smile, in which she might have discerned a prophecy, and asked her to come with him for a stroll along the wall.

Hetty sent a swift, appealing look at Sara's purposely averted face. Leslie observed the act, but misinterpreted it.

"Oh, it is quite warm," he said quickly. "You won't need a wrap," he added, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. Of course she wouldn't need a wrap!

"I have a few notes to write," said Sara, rising. She deliberately avoided the look in Hetty's eyes. "You will find me in the library."

She stood in the doorway and watched them descend to the terrace, a sphinxlike smile on her lips. Hetty seemed tall and erect, as one going to meet a soldier's fate.

Then Sara entered the house and sat down to wait.

XXV

A LONG time afterward a door closed stealthily in a distant part of the house—the sun-parlor door, Sara knew by direction. A few minutes later an up-stairs door

creaked on its hinges. Some one had come in from the mellow night, and some one had been left outside.

Many minutes passed. She sat there at her father's writing-table and waited for the other to come in. At last quick, heavy footfalls sounded on the tiled floor outside, and then came swiftly down the hall toward the small, remote room in which she sat. She looked up as Leslie unceremoniously burst into the room.

He came across and stood over her, an expression of utter bewilderment in his eyes. There was a ghastly smile on his lips.

"Confound it all, Sara," he said shrilly, "she—she turned me down!"

He seemed incapable of comprehension. She was unmoved. Her eyes narrowed, but that was the only sign of emotion.

"I—I can't believe—" he went on querulously. "Oh, what's the use? She won't have me. Gad! I'm trembling like a leaf. Where's Watson? Have him get me something to drink. Never mind! I'll get it from the sideboard."

He dropped heavily into a chair at the end of the table, and looked at her with glazed eyes. As she stared back at him, she had the curious feeling that he had shrunk perceptibly, that his clothes hung limply on him. His face seemed to have lost its smart symmetry; there was a looseness about the mouth and chin that had never been there before. The saucy, arrogant mustache sloped dejectedly.

"I fancy you must have gone about it very badly," Sara Wrاندall said, pursing her lips.

"Badly?" he gasped. "Why—why, good Heavens, Sara, I actually pleaded with her," he went on, quite pathetically. "All but got down on my knees to her! I must have lost my head completely. I begged like a love-sick schoolboy! And she kept on saying no—no—no! Like a blithering ass, I kept on telling her I couldn't live without her, that I'd make her happy, that she didn't know what she was saying, and—but she kept on saying no! Nothing but no! Do—do you think she meant to say no? Could it have been hysteria? She said it so often, over and over again, that it might have been hysteria. I never thought of that! I—"

"No, Leslie, it wasn't hysteria, you may be sure of that," said Sara deliberately. "She meant it, old fellow."

He sagged deeper in the chair.

"I—I can't get it through my head," he muttered.

"As I said before, you did it badly," she said. "You took too much for granted. Isn't that true?"

"Goodness knows I didn't *expect* her to refuse me," he exclaimed, glaring at his sister-in-law. "Would I have been such a fool as to ask her if I thought there was the remotest chance of being—"

The very thought of the word caused it to stick in his throat. He swallowed hard.

"You really love her?" she demanded.

"Love her?" There was a sob in his voice. "I adore her, Sara! I can't live without her. And the worst of it is, I love her now more than I did before. Oh, it's appalling! It's horrible! What am I to do, Sara? What *am* I to do?"

"Be a man for a little while, that's all," she said coolly.

"Don't joke with me," he groaned.

"Go to bed, and when you see her in the morning tell her that you understand. Thank her for what she has done for you. Be—"

"Thank her?" he almost shouted.

"Yes; for destroying all that is detestable in you, Leslie—your self-conceit, your arrogance, your false notions concerning yourself—in a word, your egotism."

He blinked incredulously.

"Do you know what you're saying?" he gasped.

She went on as if she hadn't heard him.

"Assure her that she is to feel no compunction for what she has done; that you are content to be her loyal, devoted friend to the end of your days."

"But, hang it, Sara, I *love* her!"

"Don't let her suspect that you are humiliated. Give her to understand that you are cleansed and glorified."

"What utter tommy—"

"Wait! Believe me, it is your only chance. You will have to learn some time that you can't ride roughshod among angels. Think it over, old fellow. You have had a good lesson. Profit by it."

"You mean, I'm to sit down and twirl my thumbs and let some other chap snap her up under my very nose? Well, I guess not!"

"Not necessarily. If you take it manfully, she may discover a new interest in you. Don't breathe a word of love to her. Go on as if nothing had happened. Don't forget that I told you in the beginning not to take no for an answer."

He drooped once more, biting his lip.

"I don't see how I can ever tell mother that she refused—"

"Why tell her?" Sara inquired, rising.

His eyes brightened.

"By Jove, I won't!" he exclaimed.

"I am going up to the poor child now," she went on. "I dare say you have frightened her almost to death. Naturally, she is in great distress. I shall try to convince her that her decision does not alter her position in this house. I depend on you to do your part, Leslie. Make it easy for her to stay on with me."

"I can't keep on coming out here as I've been doing, Sara."

"Don't be silly! Of course you can. This will blow over."

"Blow over?" he almost gasped.

"I mean the first effects. Try being a martyr for a while, Leslie. It isn't a bad plan, I can assure you. It may interest you to know that Challis proposed to me three times before I accepted him, and yet I—I loved him from the beginning."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed.

He came to his feet with a new light in his eyes. The hollows in his cheeks seemed to fill out perceptibly.

"Good night!" Sara said, walking away.

"I say, Sara dear, you'll—you'll help me a bit, won't you? I mean, you'll talk it over with her, and—"

"My sympathy is entirely with Miss Castleton," she said from the doorway.

His jaw dropped. He was still ruminating over the callousness of the world in respect to lovers when she mounted the stairs and tapped firmly on Hetty's door.

His hopes began to revive. A new thought had entered in and lodged securely among them, bracing them up amazingly.

"By Jove," he said to himself, staring hard at the floor, "I dare say I *did* go about it badly. Sara was clever enough to see that. I must have taken her off her feet with my confounded earnestness. Girls do lose their heads, bless 'em, if you go at them with a rush. I'm sure she'll look at it differently when she's had time to compose herself." He was perplexed, however, over something he had not revealed to Sara, and his sudden frown proved that it was still disturbing him. "I can't for the life of me understand why she should have been so horrified at the idea!"

He started for the dining-room, recalling his need of a drink, but changed his mind

in the hall. Grabbing up his hat and stick, he darted out of the house, and was soon swinging briskly down the moonlit avenue. He had come to the conclusion that a long walk would prove settling; and, moreover, it wasn't a stupid idea to go over and have his drink with Brandon Booth.

The longer Leslie walked, the more springy his stride. Sara was quite right; he *had* gone about it badly. He'd set about it differently next time.

Half way to Booth's cottage his pace slackened. A disconcerting thought struck him, almost like a dash of cold water in the face. Was she in love with Booth?

Leslie sat down on the rugged stone fence to ponder. A cold perspiration broke out all over him. When he next resumed his walk, his back was toward Booth's cottage. He attributed the perspiration to the violence of his exercise.

XXVI

HETTY CASTLETON was standing in the middle of her room when Sara entered. From her position, it was evident that she had stopped short in her nervous, excited pacing of the floor. She was very pale, but there was a dogged, set expression about her mouth.

"Come in, dear," she said, in a manner that showed she had been expecting the visit. "Have you seen him?"

Sara closed the door, and then stood with her back against it, regarding her agitated friend with serious, compassionate eyes.

"Yes. He is terribly upset. It was a blow to him, Hetty."

"I am sorry for him, Sara. He was so dreadfully in earnest. But, thank Heaven, it is over!" She threw back her head and breathed deeply. "That horrible, horrible nightmare is ended. I suppose it had to be. But the mockery of it—think of it, Sara!—the terrible mockery of it!"

"Poor Leslie!" sighed the other. "Poor old Leslie!"

Hetty's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I *am* sorry for him. He didn't deserve it. Oh, if he really knew everything! If he knew why I could not listen to him, why I almost screamed when he held my hands in his and begged—actually begged me to—oh, it was ghastly, Sara!"

She covered her face with her hands, and swayed as if about to fall. Sara came quickly to her side. Putting an arm about the quivering shoulders, she led the girl to

the broad window-seat and threw open the blinds.

"Don't speak of it, dearest—don't think of *that*. Sit here quietly in the air and pull yourself together. Let me talk to you. Let me tell you how deeply distressed I am, not only on your account, but his."

They were silent for a long time, the girl lying still and almost breathless against the other's shoulders. She was still wearing the delicate blue dinner-gown, but in her fingers was the exquisite pearl necklace that Sara had given her for Christmas. She had taken it off, and had forgotten to drop it into her jewel-box.

"I suppose he will go up to the city early," she said monotonously.

"Leslie is a better loser than you think, my dear," said Sara, looking out over the tops of the cedars. "He will not run away."

Hetty looked up in alarm.

"You mean he will persist in—in his attentions?" she cried.

"Oh, no. I don't believe you will find him to be the bugbear you imagine. He can take defeat like a man. He is devoted to you; he is devoted to me. Your decision no doubt wrecks his fondest hope in life, but it doesn't make a weakling of him."

"I don't quite understand—"

"He is sustained by the belief that he has paid you the highest honor a man can pay to a woman. There is no reason why he should turn his back on you, as a sulky boy might do. No, my dear, I think you may count on him as your best, most loyal friend from this night on. He has just said to me that his greatest pain lies in the fear that you may not be willing to accept him as a simple, honest, unassuming friend, since—"

"Oh, Sara, if he will only be that and nothing more!" cried the girl wonderingly.

Sara smiled confidently.

"I fancy you haven't much to fear in that direction, my dear. It isn't in Leslie Wrandall's make-up to court a second repulse. He is all pride. The blow it suffered to-night can't be repeated—at least, not by the same person."

"I am so sorry it had to be Leslie," murmured Hetty.

"Be nice to him, Hetty. He deserves that much of you, to say the least. I should miss him if he found it impossible to come here on account of—"

"I wouldn't have that happen for the

world!" cried the girl in distress. "He is your dearest friend. Send me away, Sara, if you must. Don't let anything stand in the way of your friendship for Leslie. You depend on him for so much, dear. I can't bear the thought of—"

"Hush, dearest! You are first in my love. Better for me to lose all the others and still have you."

The girl looked at her friend in wonder for a long time.

"Oh, I know you mean it, Sara, but— but how can it be true?"

"Put yourself in my place," was all that Sara said in reply.

Hetty had no means of translating the sentence. She could only remain mute and wondering, her eyes fixed on that other mystery—the cameo face in the moon which hung high above the somber forest.

"If it were not for the trip to Lenox!" she murmured plaintively.

"The trip is off," announced Sara. She, too, was staring at the cloudless sky. "There will be rain to-morrow."

"It is very clear to-night, Sara."

"Do you hear that little wail in the trees—as if a child were whimpering out there? That is the plaint of the fairies who live in the buds and twigs, in the flower-cups and mosses. They famish, their gods will hear. Their gods hear when ours are deaf. You will see. There will be clouds over us to-morrow, and we shall breathe the mist."

The girl shivered. Many minutes afterward she said, as one who marvels:

"I hear the promise in the wind, Sara—the new, cool wind."

"The gods are whispering. Soon the fairies and elves will come forth to revel. Ah, what a wonderful thing the night is!"

"The fairies!" mused the girl. "You believe in them?"

"Resolutely."

"And I, too."

"We shall never grow old, my dear," said Sara. "That is what the fairies are for—to keep those who love them young."

Hetty had relaxed. Her soft, young body was warm again; that ineffably feminine charm was revived in her.

"Poor Leslie!" murmured Sara, a long time afterward, a dreamy note in her voice. "I can't put him out of my thoughts. He will never get over it. I have never seen one so stricken and yet so brave. He would have been more than a husband to you, Hetty. It is in him to be a slave to

the woman he loves. I know him well, poor boy!"

Hetty was silent, brooding. Sara resumed her thoughtful observations.

"Why should you let what happened so long ago stand in the way of—"

She got no further than that. With an exclamation of horror, she girl sprang away from her and glowered at her with dilated eyes.

"Good Heavens, Sara!" she whispered hoarsely. "Are you mad?"

The other sighed.

"I suppose you must think it of me," she said dismally. "We are made differently, you and I. If I cared for a man, nothing in all this world could stand between me and him. My love would justify me in slaying the thing we call conscience. In your heart, Hetty, you have not wronged Leslie Wrاندall by any act of yours. You owe him no reparation. On the contrary, it is not far out of the way to say that he owes you something; but, of course, it is a claim for recompense, and resolves itself into a sentimental debt, so there's no use discussing it."

Hetty was still staring.

"You don't mean to say you would have me marry Challis Wrاندall's brother?" she said in a sort of stupefaction.

Sara shook her head.

"I mean this—you would be justified in permitting Leslie to glorify that which his brother desecrated—your womanhood, my dear."

"Good Heavens, Sara!" again fell in a hoarse whisper from the girl's lips.

"I simply voice my point of view," explained Sara calmly. "As I said before, we look at things differently."

"I can't believe you mean what you have said," cried Hetty. "Why—why, if I loved him with all my heart, soul, and body, I could not even think of—oh, I shudder to think of it!"

"I love you," continued Sara, fixing her mysterious eyes on those of the girl, "and yet you took from me something more than a brother. I love you, knowing everything, and I am paying in full the debt he owed you. Leslie, knowing nothing, is no less your debtor. All this is paradoxical, I know, my dear; but we must remember that while other people may be indebted to us, we also owe something to ourselves. We ought to take pay from ourselves. Please do not conclude that I am urging or even

advising you to look with favor upon Leslie Wrاندall's honorable, sincere proposal of marriage. I am merely trying to convince you that you are entitled to all that any man can give you in this world of ours. We women all are, for that matter."

"I was sure that you couldn't ask me to marry him. I couldn't believe—"

"Forget what I have said, dearest, if it grieves you," cried Sara warmly. She arose and drew the girl close to her. "Kiss me, Hetty!"

Their lips met. The girl's eyes were closed, but Sara's were wide open and gleaming.

"It is because I love you," she said softly, but she did not complete the sentence that burned in her brain. To herself she repeated: "It is because I love you that I would scourge you with Wrاندalls!"

"You are very good to me, Sara," sobbed Hetty.

"You *will* be nice to Leslie?"

"Yes, yes! If he will only let me be his friend!"

"He asks no more than that. Now, you must go to bed."

Suddenly, without warning, she held the girl tightly in her arms. Her breathing was quick, as of one moved by some sharp sensation of terror. When Hetty, in no little wonder, opened her eyes, Sara's face was turned away, and she was looking over her shoulder as if cause for alarm had come from behind.

"What is it?" cried Hetty anxiously.

She saw the look of dread in her companion's eyes, even as it began to fade.

"I don't know," muttered Sara. "Something, I can't tell what, came over me. I thought some one was stealing up behind me. How silly of me!"

"Ah," said Hetty, with an odd smile, "I can understand how you felt."

"Hetty, will you take me in with you to-night?" whispered Sara nervously. "Let me sleep with you. I can't explain it, but I am afraid to be alone to-night."

The girl's answer was a glad smile of acquiescence.

"Come with me, then, to my bedroom, while I change," Sara went on. "I have the queerest feeling that some one is in my room. I don't want to be alone. Are you afraid?"

Hetty held back, her face blanching.

"No, I am not afraid," she cried at once, and started toward the door.

"There *is* some one in this room!" said Sara, a few moments later, when they were in the big bedroom down the hall.

"I—I wonder," murmured Hetty.

And yet neither of them looked about in search for the intruder!

Far into the night Sara sat in the window of Hetty's dressing-room, her chin sunk low in her hands. She stared moodily into the now opaque night, her eyes somber and unblinking, her body as motionless as death itself. The cooling wind caressed her and whispered warnings into her unheeding ears, but she sat there unprotected against its chill, her nightdress damp with the mist that crept up with sinister stealth from the sea.

In the flats below, a vast army of frogs shrilled in ceaseless chatter; night birds and insects responded to the bedlam challenge; the hoarse, monotonous grunts of a fog-horn came up from the Sound.

A cat mewed piteously somewhere in the garden. Sara was curiously disturbed by this. She hated cats. There had never been one on the place before.

XXVII

MR. REDMOND WRANDALL, gray and gaunt and somewhat wistful, rode slowly through the leafy lane, attended some little distance behind by Griggs, the groom, who slumped in the saddle and thought of the sylvan dell only to curse it with poetic license.

Ever since Mr. Wrاندall had been thrown by his horse a few years before, his wife had insisted on having a groom handy in case he lost his seat again; hence Griggs. It sometimes got upon Mr. Wrاندall's nerves, having Griggs lopping along like that; but there didn't seem to be any way out of it, nor was there the remotest likelihood that the groom himself might one day be spilled and broken to pieces while engaged in this obnoxious espionage.

Mr. Wrاندall was gray because he was old, he was gaunt because he was old, and he usually was somewhat wistful for the same reason. He nourished the lament that he had grown old before his time, despite the sixty-odd years that lay behind him. He was always a trifle annoyed with himself for not having demanded more of his youth. Griggs, therefore, was a physical insult, any way you looked at him. His very presence in the road behind was a blatant, house-top sort of proclamation that

he, Redmond Wrاندall, was in his dotage; and that was something which Mr. Wrاندall would never have admitted, if he had had anything to say about it.

To-day he was riding over to Southlook to visit his daughter-in-law and one whom he looked upon as a prospective daughter-in-law. It was Wednesday, and the family had been in the country since Monday. His wife and Vivian had motored over on Tuesday. They were letting no grass grow under their feet, notwithstanding a sudden and unexplained period of procrastination on the part of Leslie, who had gone off for a fortnight's fishing in Maine.

Moreover, so far as they knew, Leslie had departed without proposing to Hetty—an oversight which deprived his mother of at least two weeks of activity along obvious lines. Naturally, it was quite impossible to discuss the future with Miss Castleton under the circumstances, and it was equally out of the question to discuss it with security in the very constricted circle that Mrs. Wrاندall affected in the country. It really was too bad of Leslie!

Half way to Southlook, Mr. Wrандall, turning a bend in the road, caught sight of two people walking some distance ahead—a man and a woman. They were several hundred yards away, and traveling in the direction in which he was going. He pulled his horse down to a walk—a circumstance which for the moment escaped the attention of Griggs, who rode alongside before he quite realized what had happened.

"Griggs," said his master, staring at the pedestrians, "when did my son return?"

Griggs grasped the situation at a glance—a rather vague and imperfect glance, however.

"This morning, sir," he replied promptly, although he was as much at sea as his master.

"I understood Mrs. Wrандall to say he was not expected before Saturday."

"Yes, sir. He came unexpected, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Wrандall, with an indulgent smile, "we will not ride them down."

"No, indeed, sir," consented Griggs, with a wink that Mr. Wrандall did not see.

The pleased, satisfied smile grew on Redmond Wrандall's gaunt old face—not reminiscent, I am bound to say, yet reflective.

The tall young man and the girl far ahead apparently were not aware of the scrutiny. They appeared to be completely

absorbed in each other. At last, coming to a foot-path diverging from the macadam, they stopped and parleyed. Then they turned into the narrow, tortuous trail over the hillside, and were lost to view.

Mr. Wrandall's smile broadened as he touched his horse lightly with the crop. Coming to the obscure little by-path, he shot a surreptitious glance into the fastnesses of the wood, but rode on without slackening his speed.

"I dare say the danger is past, Griggs," he said humorously. "They are safe!"

"I believe you, sir," said Griggs, also forgetting himself so far as to steal a look over his right shoulder.

It was Mr. Wrandall's design to ride on to Southlook and surprise Leslie and his innamorata at the lodge gates, where he would wait for them. Arriving there, he dismounted and turned his steed over to Griggs, with instructions to ride on. He would join Mr. Leslie and Miss Castleton, and walk with them for the remainder of the distance.

He sat down on the rustic bench and lighted a cigar. The lodge-keeper saluted him from the garden below. Later, the keeper's small son came up, and from the opposite side of the roadway regarded him with the wide, curious gaze of a four-year-old.

Mr. Wrandall disliked children. He made no friendly overtures. The child stood his ground, which was in a sense disconcerting, although the old gentleman couldn't tell why. He felt like saying "shoo!"

Presently the keeper's collie came up and sniffed his puttees, all the while looking askance. Mr. Wrandall said:

"Away with you!"

The dog retreated with some dignity to the steps, where he lay down and fixed his eyes on the stranger.

Half an hour passed. Mr. Wrandall frowned as he looked at his watch. Another quarter of an hour went by. He changed his position, and the dog lifted his head, without wagging his tail.

"Pon my soul!" said Mr. Wrandall in some annoyance.

Just then the dog and the child deflected their common stare. Mr. Wrandall was at first grateful, then interested. The child was beaming, the dog's tail was thumping a merry tattoo on the wooden step. Footsteps crunched on the gravel. He turned to look, although it was not the direction from

which he expected his son and Miss Castleton.

He came to his feet, plainly perplexed. Miss Castleton approached, but the fellow beside her was not Leslie.

"How are you, Mr. Wrandall?" called out the young man cheerily, crossing the road.

"Good afternoon, Brandon," said Mr. Wrandall, nonplused. "How do you do, Miss Castleton? Delighted to see you looking so well. Where did you leave my son?"

"Haven't seen him," said Booth. "Is he back?"

Mr. Redmond Wrandall swallowed hard.

"I was so informed," he replied, with an effort.

"Are you not coming up to the house, Mr. Wrandall?" inquired Miss Castleton, and he thought he detected a note of appeal in her voice.

"Certainly," he announced, taking his place beside her. To himself he was saying: "This young blade has been annoying her, confound him!"

"Miss Castleton had a note from Leslie this morning, saying he wouldn't start home till Friday," said Booth, puzzled. "You don't mind my saying so, Miss Castleton?"

"Not at all. I am sure he said Friday."

"I fancy he did say Friday," said Mr. Wrandall. "I think Griggs had been drinking."

"Griggs?" inquired the two in unison.

Mr. Wrandall volunteered no more. He was too busily engaged in wondering what his son could be thinking of, to leave this delightful girl to the tender mercies of a handsome, fascinating chap like Brandon Booth. He didn't relish the look of things. She was agitated, suspiciously so; and Booth wasn't what one would describe as perfectly at ease. There was something in the air, concluded Leslie's father.

"I hear you are coming over to spend a fortnight with us, Miss Castleton," said he pleasantly.

Hetty started.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wrandall?" she said, although he had spoken very distinctly.

"Leslie mentioned it a—oh, some time ago, my dear. This is the first time I have seen you, otherwise I should have added my warmest appeal for you to come early and to stay late. Ha, ha! Hope you will find your way to our place, Brandon. You are always a most welcome visitor."

The girl walked on in silence, her lips set with curious firmness. Booth looked at her and indulged in a queer little smile, to which she responded with a painful flush.

"Vivian expects to have a few friends out at the same time—very quietly, you know, and without much of a hurrah. Young ladies you ought to know in New York, my dear Miss Castleton. I dare say you will remember all of them, Brandon."

"I dare say," said Booth, without interest.

"I understand the portrait is finished," went on the old gentleman, blissfully oblivious to the disturbance he had created. "Mrs. Wrandall says it is wonderful, Brandon. You won't mind showing it to me?"

"Glad to have you see it, sir."

"Thanks!" He slackened his pace, an uneasy frown appearing between his eyes. "I am almost afraid to tell Sara the news we have had from town this morning. She is so opposed to notoriety and all that sort of thing. Poor girl, she's had enough to drive one mad, I fear, with all that wretched business of a year ago!"

Hetty stopped in her tracks. She went very white.

"What news, Mr. Wrandall?"

"They say they have stumbled upon a clue—an absolutely indisputable clue. Smith had me on the wire this morning. He is the chief operative, you understand, Miss Castleton. He informs me that his original theory is fully substantiated by this recent discovery. If you remember, he gave it as his opinion a year ago that the woman was not—er—I may say, of the class catalogued as fast. He is coming out to-morrow to see me."

Things went suddenly black before Hetty's eyes, but in an instant she regained control of herself.

"They have had many clues, Mr. Wrandall," she complained, shaking her head.

"I know," he replied; "and this one may be as futile as the rest. Smith appears to be absolutely certain of his ground this time, however."

"I understood that Mrs. Wrandall—I mean Mrs. Challis Wrandall—refused to offer a reward," said Booth. "These big detective agencies are not keen about—"

"There is a ten-thousand-dollar reward still standing, Brandon," suggested Mr. Wrandall.

Again the girl started.

"That isn't generally known, sir," ob-

served the painter. "Leslie told me there was no reward."

"It was privately arranged," explained Leslie's father.

They came in sight of the house at that moment, and the subject was dropped, for Sara was approaching them in earnest conversation with Mr. Carroll, her lawyer.

XXVIII

THEY met at the edge of the lower basin, where the waters trickled down from an imposing Italian fountain on the level above, forming a deep, clear pool, to which the lofty sky lent unfathomable depths. To the left of the basin there was a small tea-house, snug in the shadow of the cypresses that lined the crest of the hill. A series of rough stone steps wound down to the water's edge and the boat-house.

"Mr. Carroll is the bearer of startling news, Mr. Wrandall," said Sara, after the greetings. There was a trace of the sardonic in her voice.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Wrandall gravely.

"I was not aware, sir," said the old lawyer stiffly, and with a positive glare, "that your detectives were such unmitigated asses as they now appear to be."

"I fail to understand, Mr. Carroll," with considerable loftiness.

"That confounded rascal Smith called to see me this morning, sir. He is a rogue, sir. He—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carroll!" protested Mr. Wrandall, in a far from conciliatory manner.

"It seems, in short, that he has been working on a very intimate clue," said Sara, staring fixedly at her father-in-law's face.

"So he informed me over the phone this morning," said he, rather taken aback. "However, he did not go into the details. I am here, Sara, to tell you that he is coming out to-morrow. I want to ask you to come over to my place at—"

"That is out of the question, sir," exclaimed Mr. Carroll vehemently.

"My dear Mr. Carroll—" began Wrandall angrily.

Sara interrupted him to suggest that they should talk it over in the tea-house. She would ring for tea.

"If you will excuse me, Mrs. Wrandall, I think I will be off," said Booth.

"Please stay, Mr. Booth," she urged. "I would like to have you here."

She fell behind with Hetty. The girl's eyes were glassy.

"Don't be alarmed," Sara whispered.

Booth pressed the button for her.

"Thank you," she went on. "You will be surprised, Mr. Wrاندall, to hear that the new clue leads to a member of your own family."

Mr. Wrاندall was in the act of sitting down. At her words he dropped. His eyes bulged.

"Good Heavens!"

"It appears that Mr. Smith suspects—me!" said Sara coolly.

Her father-in-law's lips moved, but no sound issued. His face was livid.

"The stupid fool!" hissed the irate Mr. Carroll.

There was deathly silence for a moment following this outburst. Every face was pale. In Hetty's there was an expression of utter horror.

"He has, it seems, put one thing and another together, as if it were a picture-puzzle," went on Sara. "His visit to Mr. Carroll this morning was for the purpose of ascertaining how much it would be worth to me if he dropped the case."

"The infernal blackmailer!" gasped Mr. Wrاندall, finding his voice. "I will have him kicked off the place if he comes to me with—my dear, my dear! You cannot mean what you say."

He was in a shocking state of bewilderment.

"I'd advise you to call off your infernal blackmailer, Mr. Redmond Wrاندall," snarled Mr. Carroll.

"My dear sir," stammered the other, "I—I—do you mean to imply that I could possibly know anything about this infamous business?"

"He is your dog, not ours," declared the lawyer, pacing the brick floor.

"Peace, gentlemen!" admonished Sara. "Let us discuss it calmly."

"Calmly?" gasped Mr. Wrاندall.

"Calmly?" snapped the lawyer.

"At least deliberately. It appears, Mr. Wrاندall, that Smith has all along been working on the theory that it was I who went to the inn with Challis. You recall the description given of the woman? She was of my size and figure, they said at the time. Well, he has—"

"It is infamous!" shouted Mr. Wrاندall, springing to his feet. "He shall hear

from me to-night. I shall have him lodged in jail before—"

"You will do nothing of the sort," interrupted Sara firmly. "I think you will do well to hear his side of the story. And remember, sir, that it would be very difficult for me to establish an alibi."

"Bless me!" groaned the old man. Then his eyes brightened. "But Miss Castleton can prove that for you, my dear. Don't forget Miss Castleton!"

"Miss Castleton did not come to me, you should remember, until after the—the trouble. It occurred the second night after my arrival from Europe. Mr. Smith has discovered that I was not in my rooms at the hotel that night."

"You were not?" fell from Mr. Wrاندall's lips. "Where were you?"

"I spent the night in our apartment—alone."

She shivered as she spoke.

"What?"

"Leslie met me at the dock. He said that Challis had gone away from town for a day or two. The next day I telephoned to the garage and asked them to send the big car to me, as I wanted to make some calls. They said that Mr. Wrاندall had discharged the chauffeur a week or two before, and had been using my little French runabout for a few days, driving it himself. I then instructed them to send the runabout around with one of their own drivers. You can imagine my surprise when I was told that Mr. Wrاندall had taken the car out that morning, and had not returned with it."

"I see," said Mr. Wrاندall, beads of perspiration standing on his forehead.

"He had not left town. I will not try to describe my feelings. Late in the afternoon, I called them up again. He had not returned. It was then that I thought of going to the apartment, which had been closed all winter. Watson and his wife were to go in the next day, by my instructions. Challis had been living at a club, I believe. Somehow, I had the feeling that during the night my husband would come to the apartment—perhaps not alone. You understand. I went there and waited all night. That is the story. Of course, it is known that I did not spend the night at the hotel. Mr. Smith evidently has learned as much. It is on this circumstance that he bases his belief."

* (To be continued)

THE STAGE

THE AMATEUR NEVER HAD A DAY

WITH almost a thousand licensed theaters of one sort or another in New York, and with thirty-six more building, the man with a play in his head or his pocket might well be excused for having higher hopes of production than ever before. Imagine, then, the consterna-

tion in the camp of the would-be dramatists when this bombshell from the office of David Belasco was dropped among them *via* the newspapers, one morning not long since:

The Belasco Play Reading Bureau is abolished. Henceforth any manuscript received will be returned not only unread, but unopened.

Mr. Belasco was sure to have cogent



ALICE LINDAHL, WHO WAS LORETTY TOLLIVER WITH CHARLOTTE WALKER IN
"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"

From a photograph by White, New York

reasons for such a drastic act, and I at once sought an interview with him, hoping to have them elucidated for the benefit of MUNSEY readers. Meanwhile I looked over the records to see what other managers had

been enriched by a real find from such a source. I do not refer to work showing literary skill or loftiness of purpose, but to a play that puts the public in line at the box-office to buy tickets.



BRONISŁOWA PAJITZKAIA, A RUSSIAN DANCER WHO HAS RECENTLY APPEARED
IN THIS COUNTRY

From a photograph by White, New York

gained by undertaking to examine any play submitted to them. Each of the well-known New York producers receives, on an average, at least a thousand manuscripts annually from absolutely unknown authors. What percentage of them is worth reading?

So far as my own memory goes, I do not recall a single instance where our stage has

"But how about Porter Emerson Browne with his 'A Fool There Was'?" you ask. "Or Rupert Hughes with 'Excuse Me,' or Thompson Buchanan with 'A Woman's Way,' or Avery Hopwood with 'Clothes'?" They each had to begin."

Yes, but none of these men was an absolute novice. Browne and Hughes were



LOUISE AICHEL, WITH GEORGE M. COHAN AS FLORA DORA DEAN IN
"FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY"

From a photograph by Bangs, New York



BEATRICE VON BRUNNER, WHO APPEARED WITH "THE SPRING MAID" IN LONDON

From a photograph by Rita Martin, London

magazine writers, with a training and a reputation that were of material assistance. Buchanan was an experienced newspaper man; Avery Hopwood collaborated with Channing Pollock, who in turn was connected with the theater in a business way when his first play got on. Other young playwrights have entered through the gateway of acting—as, for example, Winchell Smith, Augustin McHugh, author of the farce hit "Officer 666," and, to cross the ocean for a notable instance, Sir Arthur Pinero himself.

Speaking of Pinero, he has very decided views on the subject of the amateur. Writing a little over a year ago to Hudson Maxim to express his opinion on the latter's book, "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," the famous English playwright said:

One thing has particularly impressed me in my hasty reading, and that is that you have a strong feeling of disdain for the amateur. In these days, when the amateur intrudes himself into all the arts, and when the hand of the professional critic is more than ever against the man, writer or painter, who has taken the trouble to learn his business, such emphatic and sanely reasoned utterances as yours are of the greatest value.

Far too many men and women rush into play-writing with absolutely no equipment for the task except pen, paper, and an idea. They have read somewhere that Eugene Walter, we will say, after sleeping on a park bench—which, by the way, he never did—stepped into fame and fortune in a night with "Paid in Full." They

do not stop to think that he had been a newspaper man for years, and had studied the game from the inside by means of his "Sergeant James," which had been produced and was a failure. No, they hope to succeed without training or experience, and mistake the wish to write a play for the ability to do so. But to continue with the records.

For years Charles Frohman has maintained a play-reading bureau to take care of the flood of manuscripts certain to inundate a manager of such wide reputation.



JEANNETTE HORTON, WHO WAS COUNTESS VON HOLSTEIN IN THE ROMANTIC OPERA
"BARON TRENCK"

From a photograph by White, New York



MME. NORDICA, THE AMERICAN OPERA AND CONCERT SINGER, FAMOUS IN
WAGNERIAN SOPRANO RÔLES

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

What is the sum of his discoveries in the line of unknown genius? Not one. In other words, in his entire career he has never brought out a play written by a real novice. His nearest approach to it was

Out of the two thousand plays that come to Henry B. Harris each year, he has never yet found a winner, though he has made strenuous efforts to do so, having offered a prize of one thousand dollars in New York



EILEEN KEARNEY, WHO IS MME. BRIEY WITH NAZIMOVA IN "THE MARIONETTES"

From a photograph by Moffett, Chicago

with "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," by Austen Strong, already known as a writer; and that piece failed wofully in New York, though it afterward did fairly well at a series of matinées in London.

for the best scenario, and five hundred dollars in Chicago for the same thing. In each case the winner proved utterly unable to make a play out of the accepted outline sketch.



DOROTHY DONNELLY, WHO WAS LEADING WOMAN AS JANET VAN ROAF IN
"THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

The Shuberts have now a particularly well organized play bureau, housed in a room which they call the library, and run on the card-index system. They receive an average of three plays a day, all of which are carefully examined by their regular reader. Of these, perhaps ten or fifteen a month are found worthy of further consideration by one or the other of the Shubert brothers; but as yet only one has ever turned out a money-maker, and its career was cut short by the star to whom it was assigned for road use, but who decided that he did not care for it. In declining a play, the Shuberts do not use a form rejection slip, but always write a personal letter to the author.

In the two-year career of the New Theater, it produced only one work discovered by its reading department, and this, a drama of Indian life, "The Arrow Maker," proved a failure. The reader for the house had a habit of putting the initials "G. A. H." on the records of certain scripts that passed through his hands.

"What do those stand for?" asked George Foster Platt, the stage-director, one day.

"Guaranteed absolutely hopeless," was the reply.

"Oh!" said Mr. Platt. "I thought it meant 'Get a hook!'"

I might tell another anecdote, given to me by one of Henry W. Savage's representatives, who while with "Mme. X," in Boston, advertised a special *matinée* with a play that had never been given before in America. The public confused this with a desire on the part of the management for new material, and the theater was flooded with play scripts by Harvard professors, country clergymen, and others whom one would never suspect of being bitten by the dramatic mania.

One day a Harvard student, less than twenty years old, appeared with a small package and said he would like to leave a play. When the manager discovered that it was a one-act piece, he said that they had no use for a curtain-raiser; but the college student was so eager to have it read that his wish was granted. To the utter amazement of the manager, the thing proved remarkably strong in every way—so well done, in fact, that the suspicion immediately cropped up that it had been copied from some source.

When the young man called for his an-

swer, he was closely questioned, but insisted that he had written the piece entirely unassisted. The manager suggested that he should send it to Mrs. Fiske, who sometimes produced one-act plays. She read and praised it, but said that she could not use it just then. The Savage manager then showed it to Dorothy Donnelly, the *Mme. X* in his company, and she was so taken with the piece that she offered to pay a thousand dollars for it, provided the author could prove to her satisfaction that he had really written it. But this he was never able to do, and to the best of my knowledge the play is still in his possession.

So here is another handicap for the unknown to face. If his play is bad, nobody wants it; if it is remarkably good, managers will not believe that he wrote it.

Not all Harvard men have had the same ill fortune, however. Indeed, that college, with an ably filled chair in dramatic construction, has an enviable record for turning out playwrights who make good. Among them are Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet"; Edward Sheldon, who wrote "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger"; and Harry James Smith, who furnished Mrs. Fiske with the comedy, "Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh." Knoblauch got in by way of London, where the gateway seems easier to negotiate than in New York; while Sheldon sent "Salvation Nell" to an agent, who placed it for him.

To return to the American gateway, Augustus Thomas found it to be the stage door, which he entered first as an actor. So did James Montgomery, author of "The Aviator," which failed last year, and of "Ready Money," a comedy which has registered a big hit in Chicago this spring.

In this connection, and because it has a direct bearing on the subject of the amateur playwright, I cannot forbear quoting some remarks of James O'Donnell Bennett, the dramatic critic of the *Chicago Record-Herald*. In speaking of "Ready Money," he said:

Mr. Montgomery's play, though it is by no means a weighty document, nor was it meant to be, may sincerely be taken as a sign of large promise, because it represents a considerable advance in facility in maneuvering incident, in keeping a story constantly on the go, and in bringing action to decisive climax.

In much of the work done by the new men who are writing for the American stage it is quite the other way round. Their themes are weighty and honorable, but their touch is uncertain and

their maneuvers are unwieldy. They have not mastered their craft. It is thus with the work of the men of letters who, allured by stories of huge royalties, are graciously pleased to dash off what they think is a play. Often the most they achieve is a thesis, set forth in leisurely conversation, and brought in three places—supposed to be the ends of acts—to lame climaxes.

Cohan & Harris had a sad experience with a play accepted from a lawyer who studied the drama from the outside. His work failed on Broadway, and is now on the cheap stock-company circuit. The Cohan & Harris reader told me that it is practically hopeless to expect successful work from the tyro. Possibly his play may have the glimmering of a usable idea, but in nine cases out of ten it would have to be made over by an expert.

"Yes," said Mr. Belasco, when I talked with him on the matter, "I have lost my patience with the amateur writers, who, in any event, have been coddled long enough, considering what has been got out of them. I have found an actual peril in reading their manuscripts. In at least three instances in the past year, I have been accused of appropriating their ideas for use in a play of my own or of some one else's. Even the fact that 'The Concert' was an announced adaptation from the German did not deter a man from claiming that I had borrowed episodes for it from a manuscript of his that had been in my office. The notoriety these unknowns achieve by rushing to lawyers with their absurd contentions, which are never proved, is glory enough for them, but annoying and expensive to me, so I have determined to quit."

"Then you do not fear," I went on, "that you will miss some transcendent work of genius?"

"I am not worried about that," Mr. Belasco answered, with one of the smiles that set his eyes twinkling like a boy's. "You know there is just now only one type of play that appeals to me, and that is the psychological, samples of which I have given the public in 'The Return of Peter Grimm' and 'The Case of Becky.' The latter is by Locke, who learned playwriting through first being an actor."

"Speaking of actors, Mr. Belasco," I reminded him, "I note that you have just issued a call for young men to study the art, and that you will educate the candidates you pick, provided they do not join an actors' club for three years. You are

serious in saying that the average young American player does not take his vocation seriously enough?"

"I certainly am." He laid his hand on a pile of some fifty photographs that had come to him since his announcement had been made public. "I have parts for two or three juveniles in the plays I am planning to produce next autumn, but the men who fill them must be prepared to regard the actor's profession just as they would regard that of a lawyer or a doctor—not merely as a career which will enable them to bask in the limelight of publicity, to sit up after midnight drinking at clubs or cafés, and to use the stage as a stepping-stone to feminine conquests."

Mr. Belasco feels so strongly on this subject of the American actor's laziness, that in an interview with Charles Darnton, the dramatic critic of the *New York Evening World*, he said:

While the American playwright is advancing, our actor is ruined. He has evidently made up his mind that the actor's life is one of pleasure, when by every law that governs his profession, more than any other, perhaps, it should be one of tireless energy. In England, Germany, and France actors get away from one another and mingle with people in other walks of life. They study life, and reflect that life in their speech and manners.

Pursuing my own talk with the manager, I asked him:

"Under existing conditions, you would not hold out much encouragement for a young man to take up the stage as a career?"

"If he were a young man in whom I had a strong personal interest," was the reply—"a son or a nephew, for instance—I should certainly use every means to dissuade him from entering the profession. As I have said, it requires so much from the man, and brings him so little in the way of permanency of position. Say a young fellow is fortunate enough to obtain an engagement, in the autumn, with a play containing a part just suited to his type. He continues with it throughout the year, and then, eager to broaden his experience, seeks a new post the following summer. But he seeks in vain. Plays are not written with the supporting cast in mind; and if it chances that there is nothing just suited to him, he has as much difficulty in securing his second engagement as his first.

"Suppose that he is lucky enough to cap-

ture another good part, and that he plays it extremely well. It is all in the game that the play itself may prove a failure and be called in after only two or three weeks of life. Again he is thrown out, through no fault of his own, and the search for a job must begin all over again. His only salvation is the stock company; but to-day, with the twelve performances a week most of them give, this is a grind that may break the man in the making of him."

And yet Mr. Belasco secured Frances Starr after her training in the Murray Hill stock, with its two performances a day. That organization also yielded him Charles D. Waldron. Other leading players, graduates of the same school, are Dorothy Donnelly, Robert Drouet, and Ralph Stuart.

To revert to the subject of plays and playwrights, Mr. Belasco himself was an actor on the stage before he became a writer for it. So were William Gillette, Edgar Selwyn, Margaret Mayo, George M. Cohan, and Brandon Tynan. Charles Klein, too, started out in the area back of the footlights, as a character actor.

On the question of the amateur, by the way, Mr. Klein, interviewed by the New York Times with respect to Mr. Belasco's pronouncement, delivered himself of the following dictum as manager of the Authors' Producing Society:

There is not one in ten thousand unsolicited manuscripts that is worth the time it takes to read it.

To sum up, then, Mr. Belasco's stand does not mean that the amateur has had his day. In view of the facts I have presented, it stands apparent that he never had a day. He has been patted on the back and encouraged in the delusive hope that blood might be drawn from a stone.

If the mechanics of writing were as difficult as the painting of a picture or the modeling of a statue, it is safe to say that there would not be half the present number of amateur playwrights. The stage needs new writers; but if any one department of intellectual effort requires special training, it is this, and yet there is no other into which so many ill-equipped novices strive to force their way. For instance, the other night during an *entr'acte*, my companion at the play strolled across Broadway to purchase a cigar. Seeing the program sticking out of his pocket, the clerk nodded in its direction:

"How do you like the show?" he inquired, and added: "I've got a scenario that's going to make them sit up and take notice!"

NO HOPE FROM SWEDEN.

If the man in the street knows too little about the technique of play-building, such a master of his craft as August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, knows too much to hope for wide popularity with American audiences. His powerful document against women, "The Father," was recently presented for the first time in New York by Messrs. Warner Oland and Frederic Burt, both appearing in the cast. While there is no denying the power of the piece, it is so distinctly unpleasant as to seem wholly out of place in a country where theater-going is considered to be an amusement.

The wife of a captain of cavalry, eager to have their daughter educated according to her own notions instead of her husband's, thinks to gain her end by making him believe that the child is not really his. She succeeds so well that she ends by driving him into insanity. Such, in two sentences, is the gruesome plot of "The Father."

Some very excellent acting was shown by Rosalind Ivan, as the wife, and by Louise Dempsey, who, as the hero's old nurse, gets the strait-jacket on him by calling to his mind how she used to dress him when he was a little fellow. But there is no getting away from the unpleasant effect of such a play, and it can scarcely be expected that Americans will care to assist at such performances, even to lay a wreath on the altar of dramatic realism. So it is not likely that our void in plays will be filled by importations from Sweden.

FROM BATH TO CHINATOWN

That this void is exigent is attested by the frequent recourse to revivals—even more frequent, indeed, as new theaters continue to multiply. Of course it is gratifying to see so able an actor as Lewis Waller revive a part made famous on this side of the Atlantic by the late Richard Mansfield, but it is scarcely likely that this eminent British actor-manager would keep "M. Beaucaire" long on view if a fresher vehicle suited to his abilities had presented itself. Again, we have a compatriot of his, Charles Hawtrey, crossing the ocean to disport himself for a month in such a back-number piece as "Dear Old Charlie," punctuated

with soliloquies, and revolving about so stale a feature as a package of compromising letters which a bride is constantly on the verge of capturing. It goes without saying that neither New York nor London would have seen this mediocre farce had it not been advertised by the recent appointment of its adapter, Charles Brookfield, as the official censor of the drama in England. Other British playwrights assert that it would have been banned from revival had it been written by any one except the arbiter himself.

In the musical way, the trend toward the past to make up for the deficiencies of the present has been marked for some seasons. In converting the New York Theater into what he is pleased to call the Moulin Rouge—the only new feature being that now one may smoke in the house—Ziegfeld went back twenty years for the material of his opening show. As I mentioned in my glance backward two months ago, "A Trip to Chinatown" was a record-breaker in the early nineties, and this Hoyt farce stands the transfer into another century very well indeed.

To play *Welland Strong* there is the same Harry Conner, who created the part more than twenty years ago, and who actually seems no older than he was then. Frank Tinney is a host in himself as the waiter at the Poodle Dog, and fills in the gap while they are making the real ice for the final dazzling scene by telling the audience some of the secrets of the show. Its strongest point, after all, is the resplendent fashion in which it has been put on. That this was the intention is sufficiently indicated by putting Julian Mitchell's name in the biggest type. For years he staged the Weber & Fields productions, and he has outdone himself in "A Winsome Widow."

The weak spot in the affair is the widow herself, Emmy Wehlen. She appears to be afraid to let herself go, and she is sadly lacking in magnetism—a most essential quality for a musical comedy head-liner.

Aside from Miss Wehlen, however, there is enough of color, and dash, and novelty, not to mention the pretty girls and the catchy tunes by Raymond Hubbell, to keep "A Winsome Widow" going until the hot weather may put a stop to its ice carnival, even though the surface on which the skaters disport themselves is artificially frozen. In that case they can run in more dancing by Kathleen Clifford, the *Willie Grow*, and

by several other specialists in the light fantastic already dotting the bill.

ONE RING AND THREE

Blanche Ring is back again on Broadway, after a two years' absence. Her manager, Frederic McKay—formerly dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Mail*—knowing the ways of these gentlemen of Gotham who sit in judgment, shrewdly keeps his star out of Manhattan in each new offering until he has cleaned up a whole season's receipts on the road, where she is a great favorite. Nor do I call to mind any other woman in musical comedy who is better liked on Broadway; but possibly this very fact leads the reviewers to feel and say that she ought to have better vehicles. Personally I do not care quite as much for "The Wall Street Girl" as I did for "The Yankee Girl"; but after all, there is more of Blanche Ring and Will Rogers than there is of Wall Street, so why cavil?

Will Rogers was recruited to the cast from vaudeville, as *Lariat Bill*, and he appears in the Reno scene without one dissenting voice to protest against his breaking up the plot. What he does with a rope you wouldn't believe unless you saw it for yourself, so there is no use in my telling you about it. I can imagine his making good even without his rope, for his slow, drawing way of throwing in his humorous comments on his own work, on the show itself, and on politics, gives a unique character to his act. He possesses the same offhand, perfectly-at-home-on-the-stage air as Miss Ring herself; and she has a particularly catchy fashion of displaying it, this season, in her calls to the various members of the chorus to do solo work in the "Deedel-Dee-Dum" number.

Blanche Ring's company is the first to occupy George M. Cohan's Theater except Mr. Cohan's own organization since the house was opened on Lincoln Day last year. And by the same token the theater has never yet been closed, even for hot weather. I shouldn't be surprised to see Blanche Ring keeping its doors open until Douglas Fairbanks arrives in the autumn with the new play that George Cohan is now writing for him.

If the circus had more lariat-throwers and fewer pretentious offerings like "Cleopatra," I believe its treasury would be better off, at any rate in New York. But after

all, the Barnum & Bailey three-ring show is prepared mainly for tent use on the road, where this rather feeble imitation of the Hippodrome spectacles will doubtless appeal with all the force of novelty. I am glad to note that the management pursues its plan of increased attention to the equestrian side of the program. Miss May Wirth, who is said to be only eighteen years old, and who is escorted into the ring with great pomp and ceremony, accomplishes feats really deserving of the extra touches that serve to preface them. A dancing horse, trained in Russia, actually does dance, and as if he liked it, too, not as the result of painful and weary rehearsal.

One act, borrowed from the theater, does not seem out of place. A young woman who has been riding around with an exhibition of more or less commonplace feats, standing on her horse's back, suddenly floats off over his head on an invisible wire. But I wonder if jumping is becoming a lost art in the arena. Oh, for a return to that number, the joy of our childhood, with the acrobats leading the way in hand-springs over a constantly widening group of elephants, followed by the clowns in grotesque mimicry!

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY B. HARRIS.

The loss of Henry B. Harris on the Titanic robs the American stage of a manager who always showed a worthy purpose and a steadfast courage in the face of defeat. The native playwright had no stancher champion than he. To his actors and office force he was more than the employer; he was the friend to whom access was always easy, and whose kindly disposition endeared him in peculiarly close fashion to each and all of them.

My last conversation with Mr. Harris was on the second night of "The Arab." I met him in the lobby after the first act, and in talking about the play I told him that I liked the way in which it started out. I met him again at the close, and he said:

"Well, do you like it as well now as you did?"

I told him that personally I had been interested, but that I did not think he could hope to interest a New York public in the affairs of a missionary's family.

"I am willing to try," he said, still with a smile, and the failure of the play—for it was abandoned after two stars had tried it—was a failure in a worthy cause.

In his work he was one of the most conscientious of men. Rose Stahl, one of his stars, once told me of an incident that happened on a Hudson River night boat.

"I want you all to come into our state-room"—Mrs. Harris was with him—"and listen to a play I have promised to read," he said after dinner.

So James Forbes and Miss Stahl sat with the manager and his wife while he read the first act. At its close the protests were loud and deep, and all declared that it was useless to go any further.

"You stay, Rose," pleaded Mr. Harris, "I am sure there is a winner in this, and I want you to back my judgment."

But Miss Stahl persisted in her opinion that the thing was too hopelessly political, so it ended by his sending the script back to the author, who was none other than George Broadhurst. Miss Stahl admitted afterward that she had unwittingly done her manager out of a fortune, for the play in question, was "The Man of the Hour."

Henry B. Harris went bravely to his death that others might live; and although no shaft of marble may ever cover his remains, his memory will long ennoble the profession of which he was so worthy a member.

A STARLESS OPERETTA PLEASURES.

In the naming of their newest offering, Messrs. Werba & Luescher have advanced from spring to June time. They seem to have made it a royal progress, for "The Rose Maid" has been received with almost as much warmth as "The Spring Maid."

Both operettas are from German sources. "The Rose Maid" underwent a decided sea-change in crossing the Atlantic, as its title in the original was "Bub oder Maedel" ("Boy or Girl"), referring to the sex of the alleged baby which, if a son, puts a quietus on the expectations of *Sir John's* nephew, the spendthrift *Duke of Barchester*, sung here by a tenor with a real voice—J. H. Duffey. Pretty Adrienne Augarde, who came to us from London a few years ago with an English piece, is attractive as his running-mate, while Edith Decker's fine singing voice is more appealing than the lucre-loving princess she impersonates.

"The Rose Maid" has a particularly brisk opening. Toward the close of the piece, however, a little cutting would appreciably assist in leaving a better final impression.

Matthew White, Jr.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XLII—FERDINAND LASSALLE AND HÉLÈNE VON DÖNNIGES

BY LYNDON ORR

THE middle part of the nineteenth century is a period which has become more or less obscure to most Americans and Englishmen. At one end the thunderous campaigns of Napoleon are dying away. In the latter part of the century we remember the gorgeousness of the Tuileries, the four years' strife of our own Civil War, and then the golden drift of peace with which the century ended. Between these two extremes there is a stretch of history which seems to lack interest for the average student of to-day.

In America, that was a period when we took little interest in the movement of affairs on the continent of Europe. It would not be easy, for instance, to imagine an American of 1840 cogitating on problems of socialism, or trying to invent some new form of *arbeiterverein*. General Choke was still swindling English emigrants. The *Young Columbian* was still darting out from behind a table to declare how thoroughly he defied the British lion. But neither of these patriots, any more than their English compeers, were seriously disturbed about the interests of the rest of the world. The Englishman was contentedly singing "God Save the Queen!" The American was apostrophizing the bird of freedom with the floridity of rhetoric that reached its climax in the "Pogram Defiance." What the Dutchies and Frenchies

were doing was little more to an Englishman than to an American.

Continental Europe was a mystery to English-speaking people. Those who traveled abroad took their own servants with them, spoke only English, and went through the whole European maze with absolute indifference. To them the socialist, who had scarcely received a name, was an imaginary being. If he existed, he was only a sort of offspring of the Napoleonic wars—a creature who had not yet fitted into the ordinary course of things. He was an anomaly, a person who howled in beer-houses, and who would presently be regulated, either by the statesmen or by the police.

When our old friend, *Mark Tapley*, was making with his master a homeward voyage to Britain, what did he know or even care about the politics of France, or Germany, or Austria, or Russia? Not the slightest, you may be sure. *Mark* and his master represented the complete indifference of the Englishman or American—not necessarily a well-bred indifference, but an indifference that was insular on the one hand and republican on the other. If either of them had heard of a gentleman who pillaged an unmarried lady's luggage in order to secure a valuable paper for another lady, who was married, they would both have looked severely at this abnormal person, and the American would doubtless have added a

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Story of the Carlyles" (May, 1911); "The Story of Mme. de Staël" (June); "Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux" (July); "George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert" (August); "The Story of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (September); "Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester" (October); "Napoleon and Marie Walewska" (November); "Goethe and Charlotte von Stein" (December); "The Mystery of Charles Dickens" (January, 1912); "The Story of Karl Marx" (February); "Queen Christina of Sweden and the Marquis Monaldeschi" (March); "Heinrich Heine and The Red Sefchen" (April), and "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale" (May).

remark which had something to do with the matchless purity of Columbia's daughters.

KARL MARX AND FERDINAND LASSALLE

If, again, they had been told that Ferdinand Lassalle had joined in the great movement initiated by Karl Marx, it is absolutely certain that neither the Englishman nor the American could have given you the slightest notion as to who these individuals were. Thrones might be tottering all over Europe; the red flag might wave in a score of cities—what would all this signify, so long as Britannia ruled the waves, while Columbia's feathered emblem shrieked defiance three thousand miles away?

And yet few more momentous events have happened in a century than the union which led one man to give his eloquence to the social cause, and the other to suffer for that cause until his death. Marx had the higher thought, but his disciple Lassalle had the more attractive way of presenting it. It is odd that Marx, to-day, should lie in a squalid cemetery, while the whole western world echoes with his praises, and that Lassalle—brilliant, clear-sighted, and remarkable for his penetrating genius—should have lived in luxury, but should now know nothing but oblivion, even among those who shouted at his eloquence and ran beside him in the glory of his triumph.

Ferdinand Lassalle was a native of Breslau, the son of a wealthy Jewish silk-merchant. Heymann Lassal—for thus the father spelled his name—stroked his hands at young Ferdinand's cleverness, but he meant it to be a commercial cleverness. He gave the boy a thorough education at the University of Breslau, and later at Berlin. He was an affectionate parent, and at the same time tyrannical to a degree.

It was the old story where the father wishes to direct every step that his son takes, and where the son, bursting out into youthful manhood, feels that he has the right to freedom. The father thinks how he has toiled for the son; the son thinks that if this toil were given for love, it should not be turned into a fetter and restraint. Young Lassalle, instead of becoming a clever silk-merchant, insisted on a university career, where he studied earnestly, and was admitted to the most cultured circles.

Though his birth was Jewish, he encountered little prejudice against his race. Napoleon had changed the old anti-Semitic feeling of fifty years before to a liberalism

that was just beginning to be strongly felt in Germany, as it had already been in France. This was true in general, but especially true of Lassalle, whose features were not of a Semitic type, who made friends with every one, and who was a favorite in many salons. His portraits make him seem a high-bred and high-spirited Prussian, with an intellectual and clean-cut forehead; a face that has a sense of humor, and yet one capable of swift and cogent thought.

HEINE'S FRIENDSHIP WITH LASSALLE

No man of ordinary talents could have won the admiration of so many compeers. It is not likely that such a keen and cynical observer as Heinrich Heine would have written as he did concerning Lassalle, had not the latter been a brilliant and magnetic youth. Heine wrote to Varnhagen von Ense, the German historian:

My friend, Herr Lassalle, who brings you this letter, is a young man of remarkable intellectual gifts. With the most thorough erudition, with the widest learning, with the greatest penetration that I have ever known, and with the richest gift of exposition, he combines an energy of will and a capacity for action which astonish me. In no one have I found united so much enthusiasm and practical intelligence.

No better proof of Lassalle's enthusiasm can be found than a few lines from his own writings:

I love Heine. He is my second self. What audacity! What overpowering eloquence! He knows how to whisper like a zephyr when it kisses rose-blooms, how to breathe like fire when it rages and destroys; he calls forth all that is tenderest and softest, and then all that is fiercest and most daring. He has the sweep of the whole lyre!

Lassalle's sympathy with Heine was like his sympathy with every one whom he knew. This was often misunderstood. It was misunderstood in his relations with women, and especially in the celebrated affair of the Countess von Hatzfeldt, which began in the year 1846—that is to say, in the twenty-first year of Lassalle's age.

THE COUNTESS VON HATZFELDT

In truth, there was no real scandal in the matter, for the countess was twice the age of Lassalle. It was precisely because he was so young that he let his eagerness to defend a woman in distress make him forget the ordinary usages of society, and expose

himself to mean and unworthy criticism which lasted all his life. It began by his introduction to the Countess von Hatzfeldt, a lady who was grossly ill-treated by her husband. She had suffered insult and imprisonment in the family castles; the count had deprived her of medicine when she was ill, and had forcibly taken away her children. Beside this, he was infatuated with another woman, a baroness, and wasted his substance upon her even contrary to the law which protected his children's rights.

The countess had a son named Paul, of whom Lassalle was extremely fond. There came to the boy a letter from the Count von Hatzfeldt ordering him to leave his mother and come to his father. The countess at once sent for Lassalle, who brought with him two wealthy and influential friends—one of them a judge of a high Prussian court—and together they read the letter which Paul von Hatzfeldt had just received. They were deeply moved by the despair of the countess, and by the cruelty of her dissolute husband in seeking to separate the mother from her son.

In his chivalrous ardor Lassalle swore to help the countess, and promised that he would carry on the struggle with her husband to the bitter end. He took his two friends with him to Berlin, and then to Düsseldorf, for they discovered that the Count von Hatzfeldt was not far away. He was, in fact, at Aix-la-Chapelle with the baroness.

Lassalle, who had the scent of a greyhound, pried about until he discovered that the count had given his mistress a legal document, assigning to her a valuable piece of property which, in the ordinary course of law, should be entailed on the boy, Paul. The countess at once hastened to the place, broke into her husband's room, and secured a promise that the deed would be destroyed.

No sooner, however, had she left him than he returned to the baroness, and presently it was learned that the woman had set out for Cologne.

Lassalle and his two friends followed, to ascertain whether the document had really been destroyed. The three reached a hotel at Cologne, where the baroness had just arrived. Her luggage, in fact, was being carried up-stairs. One of Lassalle's friends opened a trunk, and, finding a casket there, slipped it out to his companion, the judge.

Unfortunately, the latter had no means of hiding it, and when the baroness's ser-

vant shouted for help, the casket was found in the possession of the judge, who could give no plausible account of it. He was, therefore, arrested, as were the other two. There was no evidence against Lassalle; but his friends fared badly at the trial, one of them being imprisoned for a year and the other for five years.

A LONG STRUGGLE IN THE COURTS

From this time Lassalle, with an almost quixotic devotion, gave himself up to fighting the Countess von Hatzfeldt's battle against her husband in the law-courts. The ablest advocates were pitted against him. The most eloquent legal orators thundered at him and at his client, but he met them all with a skill, an audacity, and a brilliant wit that won for him verdict after verdict. The case went from the lower to the higher tribunals, until, after nine years, it reached the last court of appeal, where Lassalle wrested from his opponents a magnificently conclusive victory—one that made the children of the countess absolutely safe. It was a battle fought with the determination of a soldier, with the gallantry of a knight errant, and the intellectual acumen of a learned lawyer.

It is not surprising that many refuse to believe that Lassalle's feeling toward the Countess von Hatzfeldt was a disinterested one. A scandalous pamphlet, which was published in French, German, and Russian, and written by one who styled herself "Sophie Solutzeff," did much to spread the evil report concerning Lassalle. But the very openness and frankness of the service which he did for the countess ought to make it clear that his was the devotion of a youth drawn by an impulse into a strife where there was nothing for him to gain, but everything to lose. He denounced the brutality of her husband, but her letters to him always addressed him as "my dear child." In writing to her he confides small love-secrets and ephemeral flirtations—which he would scarcely have done, had the countess viewed him with the eye of passion.

Lassalle was undoubtedly a man of impressionable heart, and had many affairs such as Heine had; but they were not deep or lasting. That he should have made a favorable impression on the women whom he met is not surprising, because of his social standing, his chivalry, his fine manners, and his handsome face. Mr. Clement Shorter has quoted an official document

which describes him as he was in his earlier years:

Ferdinand Lassalle, aged twenty-three, a civilian born at Breslau and dwelling recently at Berlin. He stands five feet six inches in height, has brown, curly hair, open forehead, brown eyebrows, dark blue eyes, well proportioned nose and mouth, and rounded chin.

We ought not to be surprised, then, if he was a favorite in drawing-rooms; if both men and women admired him; if Alexander von Humboldt cried out with enthusiasm that he was a *wunderkind*, and if there were more than Sophie Solutzeff to be jealous. But the rather ungrateful remark of the Countess von Hatzfeldt certainly does not represent him as he really was.

"You are without reason and judgment where women are concerned," she snarled at him; but the sneer only shows that the woman who uttered it was neither in love with him nor grateful to him.

LASSALLE AND HÉLÈNE VON DÖNNIGES

In this paper we are not discussing Lassalle as a public agitator or as a Socialist, but simply in his relations with the two women who most seriously affected his life. The first was the Countess von Hatzfeldt, who, as we have seen, occupied—or rather wasted—nine of the best years of his life. Then came that profound and thrilling passion which ended the career of a man who at thirty-nine had only just begun to be famous.

Lassalle had joined his intellectual forces with those of Heine and Marx. He had obtained so great an influence over the masses of the people as to alarm many a monarch, and at the same time to attract many a statesman. Prince Bismarck, for example, cared nothing for Lassalle's championship of popular rights, but sought his aid on finding that he was an earnest advocate of German unity.

Furthermore, he was very far from resembling what most people, especially in those early days, regarded as the typical picture of a Socialist. There was nothing frowzy or squalid about him; in his appearance he was elegance itself; his manners were those of a prince, and his clothing was of the best and most fashionable. Seeing him in a drawing-room, no one would mistake him for anything but a gentleman and a man of parts. Hence it is not surprising that his second love was one of the nobility,

although her own people hated Lassalle as a bearer of the red flag.

This girl was Hélène von Dönniges, the daughter of a Bavarian diplomat. As a child she had traveled much, especially in Italy and in Switzerland. She was very precocious, and lived her own life without asking the direction of any one. At twelve years of age she had been betrothed to an Italian of forty; but this dark and pedantic person always displeased her, and soon afterward, when she met a young Wallachian nobleman, one Yanko Racowitza, she was ready at once to dismiss her Italian lover. Racowitza—young, a student, far from home, and lacking friends—appealed at once to the girl's sympathy.

At that very time, in Berlin, where Hélène was visiting her grandmother, she was asked by a Prussian baron:

"Do you know Ferdinand Lassalle?"

The question came to her with a peculiar shock. She had never heard the name, and yet the sound of it gave her a strange emotion. Baron Korff, who perhaps took liberties because she was so young, went on to say:

"My dear lady, have you really never seen Lassalle? Why, you and he were meant for each other!"

She felt ashamed to ask about him, but shortly after a gentleman who knew her said:

"It is evident that you have a surprising degree of intellectual kinship with Ferdinand Lassalle."

This so excited her curiosity that she asked her grandmother:

"Who is this person of whom they talk so much—this Ferdinand Lassalle?"

"Do not speak of him," replied her grandmother. "He is a shameless demagogue!"

A STORY OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

A little questioning brought to Hélène all sorts of stories about Lassalle—the Countess von Hatzfeldt, the stolen casket, the mysterious pamphlet, the long battle in the courts—all of which excited her still more. A friend offered to introduce her to the "shameless demagogue." This introduction happened at a party, and it must have been an extraordinary meeting. Seldom, it seemed, was there a better instance of love at first sight, or of the true affinity of which Baron Korff had spoken. In the midst of the public gathering they almost rushed into each other's arms; they talked the free talk

of acknowledged lovers; and when she left, he called her love-names as he offered her his arm.

"Somehow it did not appear at all remarkable," she afterward declared. "We seemed to be perfectly fitted to each other."

Nevertheless, nine months passed before they met again at a *soirée*. At this time Lassalle, gazing upon her, said:

"What would you do if I were sentenced to death?"

"I should wait until your head was severed," was her answer, "in order that you might look upon your beloved to the last, and then—I should take poison!"

Her answer delighted him, but he said that there was no danger. He was greeted on every hand with great consideration; and it seemed not unlikely that, in recognition of his influence with the people, he might rise to some high position. The King of Prussia sympathized with him. Heine called him the Messiah of the nineteenth century. When he passed from city to city, the whole population turned out to do him honor. Houses were wreathed; flowers were thrown in masses upon him, while the streets were spanned with triumphal arches.

Worn out with the work and excitement attending the birth of the *Deutscher Arbeiterverein*, or workmen's union, which he founded in 1863, Lassalle fled for a time to Switzerland for rest. Hélène heard of his whereabouts, and hurried to him, with several friends. They met again on July 25, 1864, and discussed long and intensely the possibilities of their marriage and the opposition of her parents, who would never permit her to marry a man who was at once a Socialist and a Jew.

Then comes a pitiful story of the strife between Lassalle and the Dönniges family. Hélène's father and mother indulged in vulgar words; they spoke of Lassalle with contempt; they recalled all the scandals that had been current ten years before, and forbade Hélène ever to mention the man's name again.

THE STRANGE EPISODE AT GENEVA

The next scene in the drama took place at Geneva, where the family of Herr von Dönniges had arrived, and where Hélène's sister had been betrothed to Count von Keyserling—a match which filled her mother with intense joy. Her momentary friendliness tempted Hélène to speak of her

unalterable love for Lassalle. Scarcely had the words been spoken when her father and mother burst into abuse and denounced Lassalle as well as herself.

She sent word of this to Lassalle, who was in a hotel near by. Scarcely had he received her letter, when Hélène herself appeared upon the scene, and with all the intensity of which she was possessed, she begged him to take her wherever he chose. She would go with him to France, to Italy—to the ends of the earth!

What a situation, and yet how simple a one for a man of spirit! It is strange to have to record that to Lassalle it seemed most difficult. He felt that he or she, or both of them, had been compromised. Had she a lady with her? Did she know any one in the neighborhood?

What an extraordinary answer! If she were compromised, all the more ought he to have taken her in his arms and married her at once, instead of quibbling and showing himself a prig.

Presently, her maid came in to tell them that a carriage was ready to take them to the station, whence a train would start for Paris in a quarter of an hour. Hélène begged him with a feeling that was beginning to be one of shame. Lassalle repelled her in words that were to stamp him with a peculiar kind of cowardice.

Why should he have stopped to think of anything except the beautiful woman who was at his feet, and to whom he had pledged his love? What did he care for the petty diplomat who was her father, or the vulgar-tongued woman who was her mother? He should have hurried her and the maid into the train for Paris, and have forgotten everything in the world but his Hélène, glorious among women, who had left everything for him.

What was the sudden failure, the curious weakness, the paltriness of spirit that came at the supreme moment into the heart of this hitherto strong man? Here was the girl whom he loved, driven from her parents, putting aside all question of appearances, and clinging to him with a wild and glorious desire to give herself to him and to be all his own! That was a thing worthy of a true woman. And he? He shrinks from her and cowers and acts like a simpleton. His courage seems to have dribbled through his finger-tips; he is no longer a man—he is a thing.

Out of all the multitude of Lassalle's

former admirers, there is scarcely one who has ventured to defend him, much less to laud him; and when they have done so, their voices have had a sound of mockery that dies away in their own throats.

Hélène, on her side, had compromised herself, and even from the view-point of her parents it was obvious that she ought to be married immediately. Her father, however, confined her to her room until it was understood that Lassalle had left Geneva. Then her family's supplications, the statement that her sister's marriage and even her father's position were in danger, led her to say that she would give up Lassalle.

It mattered very little, in one way, for whatever he might have done, Lassalle had killed, or at least had chilled, her love. His failure at the moment of her great self-sacrifice had shown him to her as he really was—no bold and gallant spirit, but a cringing, spiritless self-seeker. She wrote him a formal letter to the effect that she had become reconciled to her "betrothed bridegroom"; and they never met again.

THE DUEL WITH RACOWITZA

Too late, Lassalle gave himself up to a great regret. He went about trying to explain his action to his friends, but he could say nothing that would ease his feeling and reinstate him in the eyes of the romantic girl. In a frenzy, he sought out the Wallachian student, Yanko von Racowitza, and challenged him to a mortal duel. He also challenged Hélène's father. Years before, he had on principle declined to fight a duel; but now he went raving about as if he sought the death of every one who knew him.

The duel was fought on August 28, 1864.

There was some trouble about pistols, and also about seconds; but finally the combatants left a small hotel in a village near Geneva, and reached the deuling-grounds. Lassalle was almost joyous in his manner. His old confidence had come back to him; he meant to kill his man.

They took their stations high up among the hills. A few spectators saw their figures outlined against the sky. The command to fire rang out, and from both pistols gushed the flame and smoke.

A moment later, Lassalle was seen to sway and fall. A chance shot, glancing from a wall, had struck him to the ground. He suffered terribly, and nothing but opium in great doses could relieve his pain. His wound was mortal, and three days later he died.

Long after, Hélène told the whole story in her own way. She admitted that she still loved Lassalle, and believed that he would win the duel; but after the tragedy, the tenderness and patience of Racowitza won her heart. She married him, but within a year he died of consumption. Hélène, being disowned by her relations, prepared herself for the stage. She married a third husband named Shevitch, who was then living in the United States, but who has since made his home in Russia.

Let us say nothing of Lassalle's political career. Except for his work as one of the early leaders of the liberal movement in Germany, it has perished, and his name has been almost forgotten. As a lover, his story stands out forever as a warning to the timid and the recreant. Let men do what they will; but there is just one thing which no man is permitted to do with safety in the sight of woman—and that is to play the craven.

A SONG TO MY LADY

I SANG a little song, one day, to gain my lady's pleasure;
I chose its theme with ardent care, but paid no heed to measure.

First chanted I of martyrs stern, who for a cause were brave,
That men might know the truths they knew, immortal lives they gave.

My lady heeding not, I turned to tales of war and glory,
Reciting, with deep reverence, the old world's stirring story.

But still she sat with listless mien, her eyes on rays above,
Ah, suddenly thought I, this maid would list the song of love.

I chanted tribute to her charms and told of love's sweet hour:
My lady smiled with magic grace, and proffered me a flower.

Charles Albert Williams

THE MONOPOLY OF BARNABAS BEAGLE

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE MUSCAMOOT ORPHAN," "THE CAPTAIN'S TENANTS," ETC.

JACOB WHITTLE, newly elected town councilor, was excited. He rushed up the stairs to the office of Martin Goodhand, who had been president of the board for a time so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

"Martin," Jacob began shrilly, as he burst into the room and mopped his brow with a huge blue handkerchief, "we been neglectin' our duty. Not knowin'ly, Martin, nor delib'rately, but neglectin' all the same. What d'you s'pose, Martin, is existin' in this town right under our noses, without our seein' it, that has got to be stamped out in the grasp of a iron hand? What d'you s'pose?"

Martin leaned forward, his jaw setting grimly.

"Ain't nobody violatin' the licker law, is they?"

"Worse! Worse'n that! And who'd ever thought one of 'em would 'a' growed up right here in Sand Hill? It's a monopoly, Martin—one of them graspin', grindin', unholy monopolies; that's what it is!"

"I don't b'lieve," asid Martin judiciously, "that you'd know a monopoly if it walked right up and stepped on your foot."

Jacob bristled.

"I guess I read the papers and the magazines and sich; and if a feller don't git to know monopolies from ground floor to flag-pole, like he was born and brought up in the same house with 'em, he ain't very quick in his mind. I've read about railroads and trusts and pools and consolidations till I kin see 'em with one hand tied behind me. *Monopolies!*"

"Well, bein's you're posted, you might's well out with it. Who's monopolizin' in Sand Hill?"

"It's our one and only public service concern. It's our bus line, that's what it is!

It's Barney Beagle. Look this thing in the eye, Martin, and tell me if there's any competition. Does any one else own a bus? What other feller carries passengers and trunks to the depot? Nobody! Barney Beagle holds us in the holler of his hand. He's grasped off this here necessity and is runnin' it to suit himself. I tell you, Martin Goodhand, if he took a notion he could raise the fare from the depot to the hotel to a *quarter* instead of ten cents—that's what he could do! He could charge folks *fifty cents* for takin' 'em and their baggage to a train, and we couldn't raise a hand to pervent him. *Now* what you got to say?"

Martin pondered.

"What's your idee?" he asked finally.

"Competition! As officers of this here town, it's our bounden duty to look to the int'rests of all the folks that live here. Who knows what minute Barney Beagle will shove his hands deeper into their pocket-books by boostin' his prices? We'll give him competition; we'll git into the field and haul people from depot to hotel for *five cents*; that's my idee—and so bust the monopoly. We'll start a village bus line, and the profits can come off'n the taxes. It's bound to be a pop'lar measure, Martin, with everybody exceptin' Barney."

"Jacob"—Martin struck his table a tremendous blow—"I'm gratified! I didn't think you had it in you, Jacob. You're a man of brains, and how you've hid it all these years beats *me*. I wouldn't be s'prised to see you sent to the Legislater after this—no, sir, I wouldn't. How'll we begin perceedin'?"

"Call a meetin' of the council and summon Barney Beagle in front of it. Peaceful measures is best, if they'll work. If he'll give bond and guarantee never to raise his rates, all right. In that case he becomes one

of them monopolies spoke of by the Supreme Court, that eats out of the hand of the public without bitin' off a finger. If he's stiff-backed, we kin perceed with stronger measures."

II

THE village councilors were called together, and Jacob Whittle's discovery was laid before them. One and all sat aghast at the calamity that had well-nigh overtaken them, and one and all gazed on Jacob with eyes of admiration and envy. Tacitly he was accepted as the mainspring of their engine of war, as the general of the campaign against the monopoly of Barnabas Beagle.

"Has Barney been sent for?" demanded Jacob.

"He's comin' up the street now. I kin hear the rattle of his bus," said Abel Martin.

The councilors waited breathlessly. There came a clatter on the stairs, and Barnabas Beagle, stout, proclaiming horse from every feature, red of cheek, with hair that curled in tight little twists all over his head, and blue eyes that twinkled, and a broad mouth open more often in hearty laughter than bent in smile, entered noisily.

"Afternoon, gentlemen, one and all!" he roared. "What kin I do for you? Tickled to death to be of service to the council."

"Set down," President Goodhand ordered sternly. "There's a serious matter we want to talk over with you—a matter touchin' the interests of the public of this here town."

"I'm set," responded Barnabas. "Start your hosses to runnin'!"

"It's been discovered," began the president, "that you're a monopoly. Know what a monopoly is?"

"I calc'late. It's where a feller has got all there is of it and is reachin' out for more."

"You've got the idee, all right; that describes you to a tee. You've got all the busses there is, and for all we know you may be stretchin' out after more. You ain't got no competition; this here town lays at your mercy. Havin' no competition, you kin raise prices; you kin gouge us and hold us up—and nobody knows when you'll up and do it. That there is a possibility this here council is settin' for the purpose of preventin'."

Barnabas looked from one councilor to another, and his eyes disappeared in a mass of wrinkles that always came at the com-

mencement of a laugh. Then he opened his mouth and roared until the lamp in its bracket threatened to fall. He pounded the table and slapped his knee and stretched forth a powerful hand to dig Councilor Martin in the ribs. At length he became preternaturally sober.

"Gentlemen, one and all," he said with solemnity, "you're right! It hadn't never occurred to me before—never. I'm what you said, one of them monopolies. It's a mean thing to be, and a hard name to be called, but like the dog said when he killed the sheep and was wonderin' whether to eat it, I might as well have the game as the name. Therefore, gentlemen, one and all, bein' 's I'm a monopoly, I'm a goin' to monopolize a little. Follerin' out that line of argyment, from and after the present minute, my rates for carryin' folks from the depot to the hotel is twenty-five cents, and for cartin' 'em from their houses to the train is half a dollar. That bein' the case, and seein' as how my business has growed so profitable it needs my attention, why, good afternoon, gentlemen, one and all, and I hope every one of you is thinkin' of travelin' soon!"

With that, Mr. Beagle stamped out of the room, chuckling, and leaving behind him a thunderstruck town council, each member of which looked into his neighbor's face with dismay written on his features. Simultaneously all turned to Jacob Whittle, who seemed likely to burst with suppressed emotion.

"We got to fight!" Jacob rasped. "We will not be trod on. We'll run a competin' line, and we won't charge but half of Barney's old prices. Then we'll see where he'll be with his monopoly!"

Meantime Barnabas Beagle hurried to the printing-office, and had printed two huge placards, with black letters, on red paper, reading:

BARNABAS BEAGLE

BUS MONOPOLY

Prices Doubled and Custom Solicited

These he fastened, one on each side of his bus, and drove noisily down Main Street.

III

JACOB WHITTLE, with the burden of the campaign on his willing shoulders, gave thought to ways and means. First, it was clear, a conveyance capable of transporting

passengers and baggage must be had. For an hour Jacob vainly endeavored to scale this obstacle, but his indomitable will finally led him to a path that might reach its crest.

The path took the shape of the village band-wagon, a cumbersome affair on wheels, consisting of a huge wooden body, with long, parallel, cloth-upholstered seats. It was uncovered, but would serve its purpose. It was owned by Henny Richards.

Forth sallied Jacob to the Richards home, where, behind the barn, stood the objective vehicle. It assumed an important entity as Jacob gazed upon it; it became an instrument of righteous justice, a weapon placed in his hand for the destruction of the octopus monopoly. He summoned Henny, who emerged from the barn.

"Henny," he began, "be you a public-spirited citizen?"

"I be," declared Henny, drawing himself up. "I ain't missed a vote since I was twenty-one."

"You'd be willin' to do a service for the community?" asked Jacob, rubbing his hands.

Henny scratched his head.

"Depends some on the service," he hesitated.

"If it was lendin' the village this here band-wagon for a spell?" suggested the diplomatic Jacob.

"Gratis?" asked Henny.

"Gratis," nodded Jacob.

"In that there case," Henny said positively, "I feel my public spirit oozin' out rapid. Besides, I've—"

At this moment Barnabas Beagle appeared around the corner of the barn, coughing and choking alarmingly. He backed toward Henny, evidently wishing to be pounded on the back—an office which was performed with enjoyment and gusto.

"Like to choked!" gasped Barnabas. "Somethin' got stuck in my throat." He glanced at Jacob and nodded. "I came to see you," he said, addressing Henny, "about rentin' this old band-wagon of your'n."

Henny gazed at him open-mouthed and felt of his collar—a sign of helpless astonishment.

"But—" he wheezed.

"I want to hire it for a few weeks," declared Barnabas.

Jacob seized Henny by the arm.

"I was here first," he said excitedly. "I came first!"

"To borrow—not to hire," observed Henny, who had resumed his usual calm.

"I'll pay—I'll pay!" exclaimed Jacob.

"How much?"

"Fifty cents a day."

Barnabas grunted scornfully.

"I'll give seventy-five," he said.

Jacob glared at the monopolist. "A dollar!" he shouted.

"And a quarter," bid Barnabas.

"Dollar'n a half," groaned Jacob, his face working convulsively.

"Two dollars," raised Barnabas.

Jacob hesitated until he saw Henny turn to his rival and open his mouth.

"Two'n a half," he bellowed.

Barnabas was silent.

"It's your'n," observed Henny. "Cash in advance!"

Jacob paid over a day's rental with reluctance, his eyes fixed on the proprietor of the local monopoly with a baleful glare. He even shook his fist.

"This'll come out of you, Barney Beagle," he vowed. "You'll be made to pay!"

Barnabas smiled tolerantly, and Henny Richards doubled up with suppressed laughter. Presently the latter recovered enough to ask if Jacob desired horses and a driver.

"I kin rent 'em to you and drive myself," he offered.

"How much?"

"Two dollars a day for the hosses and a dollar a day for me."

Jacob recognized the price as reasonable, and closed at once. His campaign against monopoly was costing five dollars and fifty cents a day, and he was pledged to carry fares at half Barnabas's old rate. He hoped the opposition would be unable to hold out long against such competition.

IV

THE following morning, the active campaign opened. Henny appeared at the depot platform on the seat of the band-wagon just as Barnabas drove up on his bus. Barney's sign was still displayed; on the band-wagon was a legend which begged all public-spirited people to help break the monopoly and save money at the same time. Prices of five cents to the hotel and fifteen cents elsewhere were offered. Barnabas serenely made demand for a quarter to the hotel and fifty cents beyond.

Jacob stood in the waiting-room anxiously. How, he thought, could any reasonable

person choose to ride with Barnabas when such a bargain was offered by the municipal band-wagon?

The train drew in, and a dozen people alighted. Two were traveling men with heavy grips, and with glad shouts, as of those who sight an old acquaintance, they hailed Barnabas. Mutely, but grinning, he pointed to his sign and to the band-wagon.

They loudly demanded to be enlightened as to what they called "the joke," then threw their baggage on the roof, and entered the bus.

Two other individuals chose the band-wagon. Next came Higgins, the grocer, returning from the city. He took in the situation at a glance, and, with wry mouth, climbed into Barnabas's conveyance. Four strangers took the band-wagon, all passengers beyond the hotel. That was all. With cracking whips, both equipages started on their way, Barnabas carrying three passengers and collecting fares of one dollar; the municipal carrier bearing six, and collecting seventy-five cents. Barnabas chuckled.

That afternoon Jacob approached Grocer Higgins frowningly.

"What's matter?" he demanded. "Ain't you goin' to help bust the monopoly? Be you goin' to let a restraint of trade rob you?"

"When Barney Beagle is it, I am," said Higgins. "His trade is wuth more to me than savin' a quarter two or three times a year."

So matters went on for a couple of weeks, the reformers spending five dollars and fifty cents for their conveyance each day, and never taking in more than three dollars in fares. The dead loss of sixteen or eighteen dollars a week—for no trains arrived on Sunday—was carving great chips off their enthusiasm. Barnabas's earnings were being cut into, of course. Even with his increase in price he did not make as much money as before, but he showed no signs of weakening.

Jacob alone, of the councilmen, was indomitable, and he inspired his colleagues to fight on for another week.

"He'll never hold out," Jacob reiterated. "He's got to come to terms. He's got to! Then we kin git an iron-clad agreement out of him, and his monopoly will be busted. We'll be able to control rates!"

The third week passed, and still Barney perched imperturbable on the high seat of his bus. He made no complaint, his face

bore a look of contentment, and his voice was often lifted in care-free song.

Whittle, with perspiration streaming from his brow, begged the council to remain steadfast for yet another week. In that time Barney *must* surrender, he urged with almost frantic insistence.

But Barnabas did not surrender; and after the fourth week the village councilors had had enough. Seventy dollars wasted in four weeks! It was not to be heard of longer. Besides, the town lawyer told them that it might come out of their own pockets if any taxpayer protested, for the expenditure was beyond their authority. Learning of this, Barnabas promptly lodged a formal protest.

Forthwith the monopolist was summoned again to the council-chamber.

"Be you willin' to sign a agreement to let this here council fix your rate of fare?" demanded Jacob.

"Now, Mr. Whittle," said Barnabas in a pained voice, "how could I do that? Maybe you'd have me carryin' folks for a cent a ride."

"We'd be reasonable," declared Jacob anxiously; "and, bein' friends of your'n, we hate to see you losin' money like you be."

"Course," said Barnabas. "I kin see jest how you feel about me. But I guess I'll have to stick it out. I'm fightin' for principle, you know—principle, gentlemen, one and all!"

"You're a illegal monopoly!" shouted Jacob.

"Maybe so—maybe so. 'Tain't my fault. Nobody knew it till you found it out."

"You raised your prices."

Here Martin Goodhand made his presence felt.

"If we pull off our band-wagon, will you promise to come back to your old prices and stay there?"

"I won't promise nothin'. This here fight ain't my fight. You started it, and when you git ready you kin stop it. I'll make out to git along somehow."

"You're losin' money every day."

Barnabas made no reply, and Martin kicked the table in disgust. His anger got the better of him.

"We'll show you, Barney Beagle! You can't go playin' no tricks on us. We'll fight this here thing to a finish, if every cent has to come out o' my own pocket. We'll bust you!"

"Jest a minute," returned Barnabas

soothingly. "Let's talk this over quiet. Let's see how long it's goin' to take to bust me, and how much it'll cost you to do it. Let's jest see. Now I guess I rec'llect right—you're payin' two-fifty a day for that old band-wagon, eh?"

Martin nodded.

"And two a day for the hosses?"

Again a nod.

"Who be you payin' it to?"

"Henny Richards, of course."

"Um," grunted Barney. "Now, let's look at me. I'm makin' a livin' with my bus. Even with the fallin' off in trade, I been comin' within a dollar a day of what I made before. But"—he paused and grinned amiably at Jacob—"I got other resources."

Everybody sat erect and stared.

"What d'you mean?" demanded Martin.

"I got a crowd of village councilors helpin' me out," Barnabas explained, with a broad grin; "payin' me a matter of four fifty a day, and two fifty of that is clear profit."

"What?" roared Martin, seconded by Jacob Whittle.

That gives me a dollar'n a half more profit than I was makin' before," Barnabas

pointed out. "You see, Henny Richards don't own that band-wagon, nor them hosses."

"What?" shouted the council in chorus.

"No," replied Barnabas happily. "I bought 'em from Henny just before Jacob turned up to borrow 'em."

"And then bid agin me to raise the hire!" yelled Jacob.

"You was wantin' competition," said Barnabas.

Martin Goodhand arose slowly.

"I guess we got it, all right—plenty of it! I reckon, Jacob, we better leave monopoly-bustin' to them that's used to it. For me, I'm satisfied."

Barnabas walked to the door, recognizing surrender.

"Seein's competition's withdrew," he said, "my charges comes down to the old figger. That was good enough for me"; and he went out. In a moment he poked his head in at the door. "If this here council ever wants to go on a picnic," he said, "I'd be glad to rent 'em a band-wagon I bought recent!"

So saying, he retired, to resume the guiding hand of the only monopoly flourishing unrestrained in Sand Hill.

IN THE SPRING OF SIXTY-ONE

IT seems as yesterday, the sun-bright morning
Before our village troops were marched away;
I went to meeting with my elder brother;
Orchards were blooming, and the month was May.

Well I remember with what boyish longing,
Beneath the beetling pulpit towering high,
The sunny green fields and the dark green river
I roved in fancy with adventurous eye;

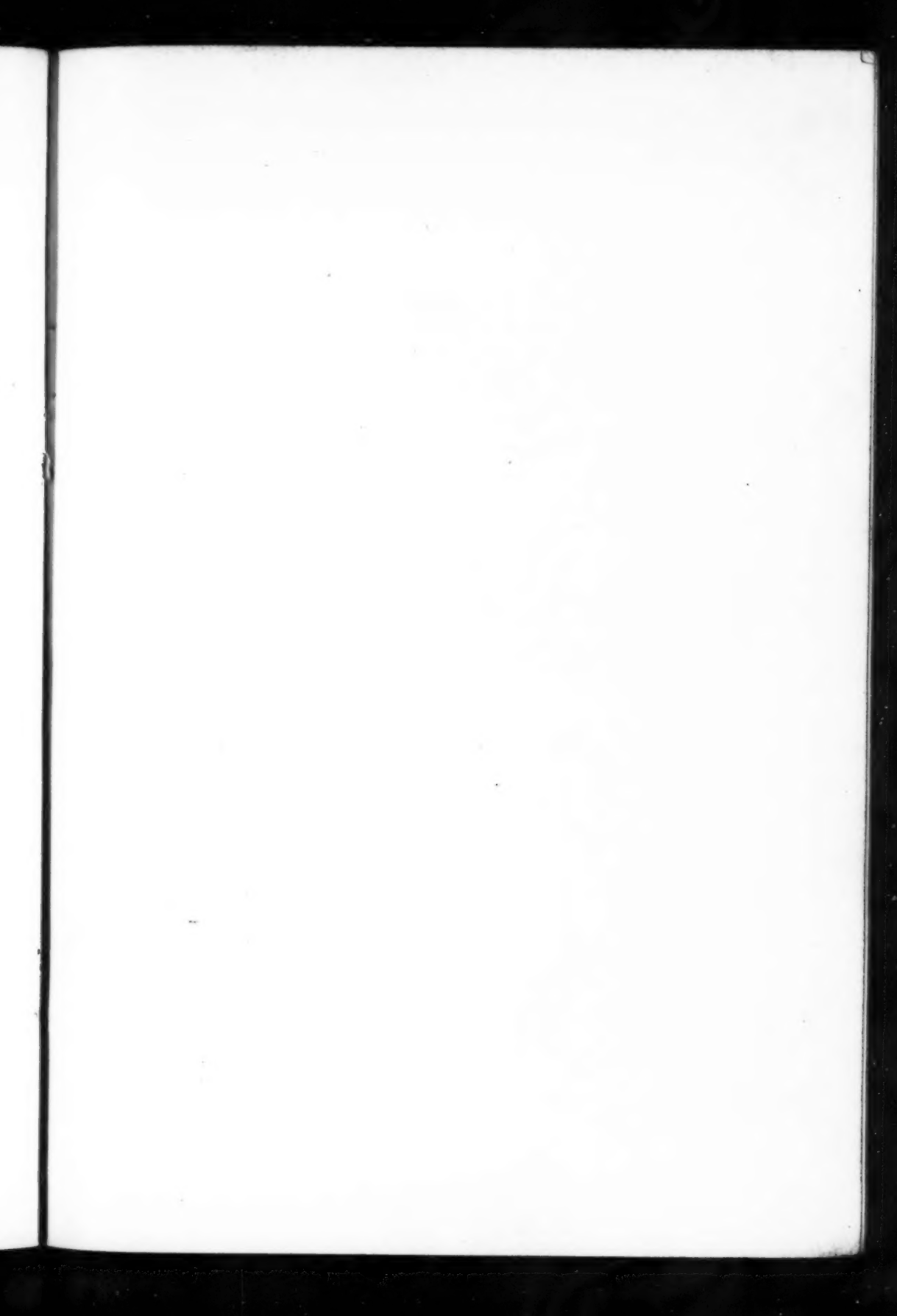
Till in the gallery the stern precentor
Sounded his tuning-fork once and again,
And a white damsel in a rose-lined bonnet
Began to sing that mighty Psalm's refrain:

"My hope, my fortress!" Still I hear her singing,
Where in my heart is neither moth nor rust;
Now rising high—"My castle and deliverer!"
Now thrilling low—"Defender, whom I trust!"

Turning, the congregation gazed and listened;
Only my brother, standing fixed the while,
Looked away steadfast toward the southward valley,
Dreaming a little, with a heart-locked smile.

He with his company, the bright flags flying,
Sailing at sunrise, to the southward stood;
The first to fall, beside a little river
Bloodily forded in a nameless wood!

Sarah N. Cleghorn





WHILE WE LOADED THE CANOE, EDNA AND MIN TOOK MAUDE OFF TO A LITTLE POINT,
OUT OF SIGHT OF THE CAMP

[See story, "The Clinging Vines," page 574]